



PALMS AND PYRAMIDS.

LARGER OUTLOOKS

ON

MISSIONARY LANDS

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES OF A MISSIONARY JOURNEY THROUGH
EGYPT, PALESTINE, INDIA, BURMAH, MALAYSIA,
CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE SANDWICH
ISLANDS

BY

REV. A. B. SIMPSON

WITH OVER TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES contain the substance of a number of missionary letters, written from the East in the winter and summer of 1893, with careful revisions and considerable additions.

These letters were written in the course of a very rapid journey ; and, while they had the advantage of the freshness and inspiration suggested by the immediate presence of the scenes and incidents described, yet they may bear the marks of haste, and they make no pretension whatever to literary merit.

Under ordinary circumstances, their publication in permanent form would scarcely have been justified ; but in this case, a large constituency of personal friends was kind enough to insist upon the privilege of preserving, as a permanent memorial, these messages from abroad, which they were pleased to value at the time with an appreciation which we cannot help crediting to their personal affection for the writer, and their deep interest in the mission fields and work described in these letters, rather than to any pre-eminent value in the papers themselves.

With a profound sense of this feeling on their part, the author and publishers have endeavored to set these sketches in as attractive a frame work as possible, and they sincerely trust this volume will be accepted by thousands of hearts, as a loving memorial of the affectionate prayers that sustained the author in his long journey with an intense and delightful consciousness of a fellowship in Christ, stronger than the barriers of space and time; and that it will be considered a grateful acknowledgment of the loving co-operation which these dear friends are still giving to him in the great object of his life—to hasten the evangelization of the world and the preparation of our Lord's return.

To promote this great end was the object of his journey abroad and the purpose which inspired these pages. If the reading of these sketches and the examination of the many beautiful pictures accompanying them shall inspire a deeper interest in heathen lands in the hearts of even a few, and shall lead the people of God to a more intelligent, self-denying and heaven-baptized consecration to the one great desire of the Master's heart, and the special work for whose accomplishment His coming waits—the world's immediate evangelization—we shall greatly rejoice, and feel that the labor bestowed on this modest message has not been in vain.

Once, it is said, a desert wanderer found a crystal spring of surpassing freshness. The water was so pure that he felt unworthy to drink it himself, and, after barely satisfying his thirst, he filled a leathern bottle with the crystal liquid and bore it across the desert as an offering to his chief.

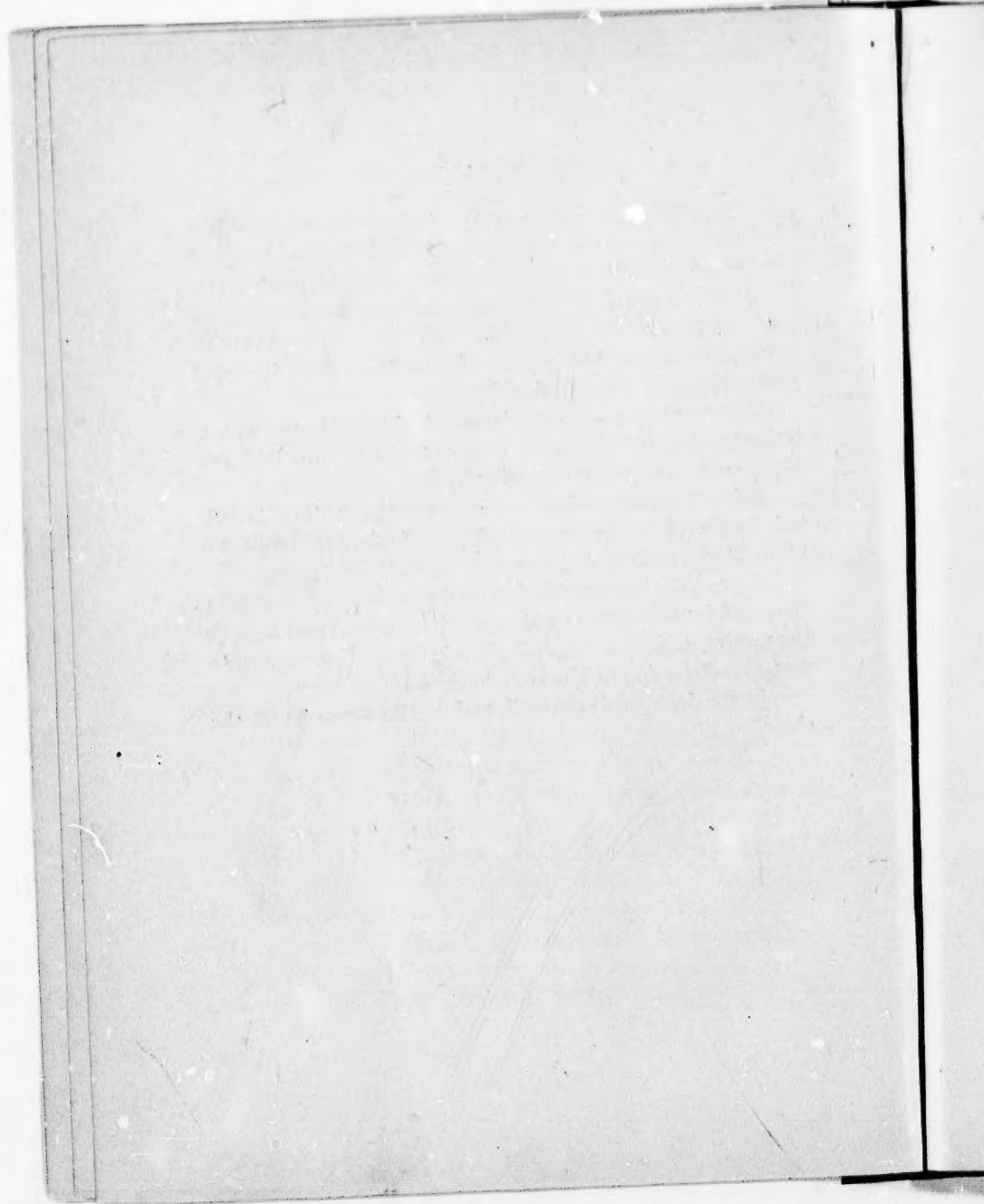
Days passed beneath the desert sun before he reached the palace, and when he brought in his offering and laid it at the feet of his master, it had become corrupted and putrid. But the king would not let his faithful subject even imagine that the water was unfit for use. He tasted the water with expressions of gratitude and delight, and sent back the loyal heart filled with joy and gladness.

After he had gone, the princes asked to taste the water, and expressed their intense disgust and surprise, that the king could even pretend to enjoy it.

"Ah" ! said the king, "it was not the water I tasted, but the loyal love that prompted the offering, and made it a most delightful draught, from the heart's crystal spring."

So our offering, like all that man can do, is marked by a thousand imperfections ; but we believe our Master accepts the motive, and we trust that He will make this message a draught of blessing to His household.

At His feet we dedicate it, and to His name be all the glory !



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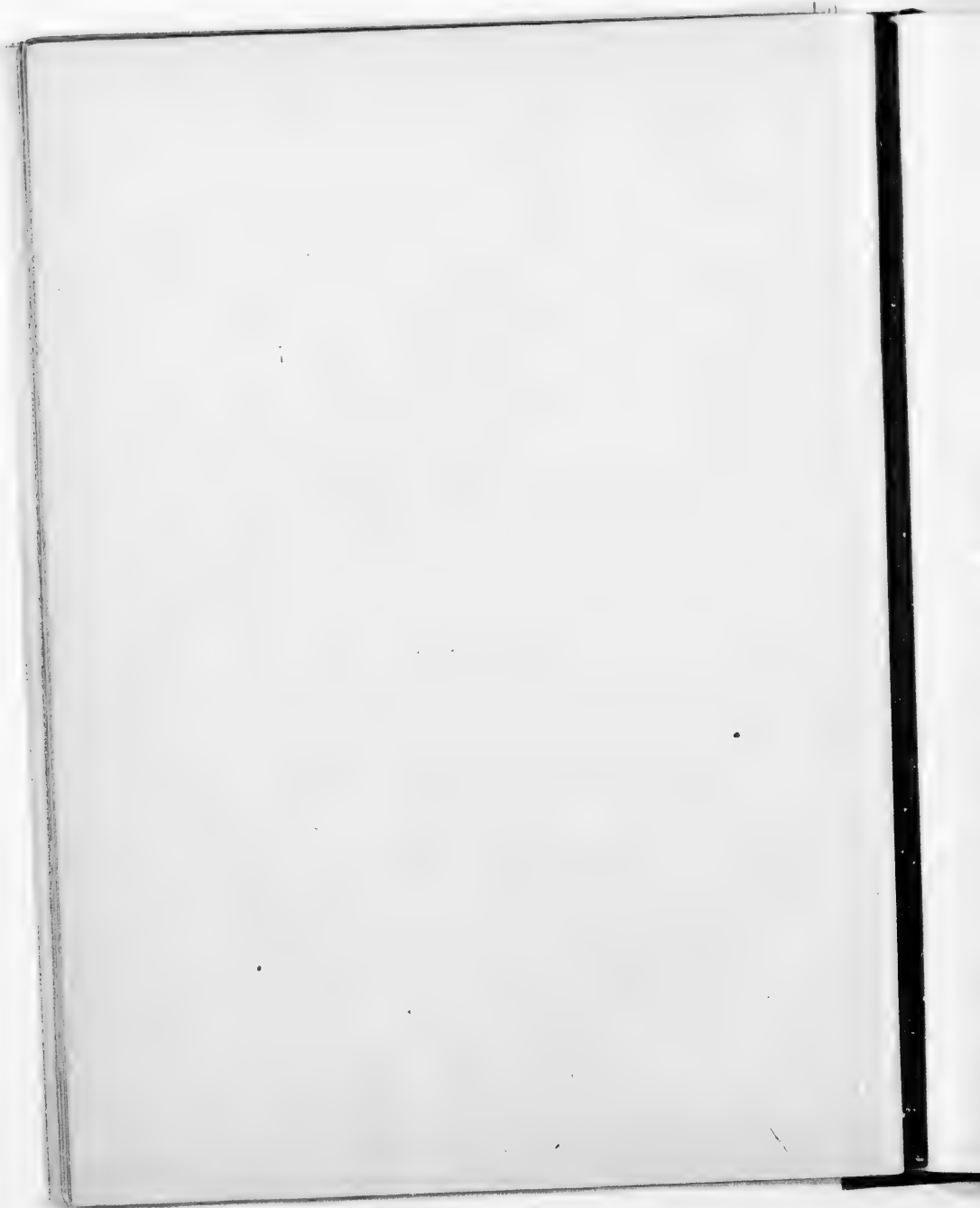
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I.

THE WINTER SEA.

IT would not have seemed quite consistent if the "Servia" had started on time. So she sailed half an hour behind time, and our friends were critical enough to say it was because we were on board.

For more than a month we had been getting ready to go away, and in order to gain a little on the already full schedule time, we had been obliged to work from sixteen to twenty hours a day. The last few nights we had scarcely dared to trust ourselves to a good sleep, and so it was a strange sensation to find ourselves on the "Servia" with an hour, nay, a week, perhaps, of actual leisure.

We cannot thank the Master enough for the delightful courtesies amid which we were permitted to begin our lonely journey. The farewell meetings in the Tabernacle were full of the Spirit of God and the simple, heart-felt kindness of His people. Thinking of twelve years ago, we felt like Jacob, when he said: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands."

We were permitted to leave quietly, only about a dozen

friends breaking through our request and accompanying us to the ship. We felt the sharp strain of many thousand heart-strings, but a sweet sense of God's approval and the unity and sympathy of all our dear friends in the purpose of our journey.

We left New York amid bitter cold, and our ship cut her way all the way down the Bay through thick and heavy ice. But when we got out to sea, we found the waves still and calm, and a mighty Presence seemed walking on the waters. It is blessed to go forth encompassed by such a cloud of prayer.

Before twenty-four hours had passed, however, we had a taste of the winter sea; and our second night on board was so rough that the trunks went crashing in all directions in the tossing ship, and few slept much. It was the effect of an old storm that had passed ere we came to sea. For twenty-four hours the sea ran very high, and we all kept quiet. By the evening of the third day the waters calmed, and we were able to do some work again.

On Wednesday we sailed into the Gulf Stream, and Thursday was almost like a summer day—the south wind laden with balm, and the sky clear and bright.

Most of our passengers are English people. It is a good school for character study. How comfortable and self-complacent some people are! It was refreshing to see a middle-aged Englishman knock his head against the hanging frame full of wine glasses, and smash some of them, and then summon the steward, and ask, with immense dignity, how

"this extraordinary thing could have happened." We should have been covered with confusion and apologies, and ready to pay for the broken glasses; but this comfortable gentleman seemed to expect an apology from the steward, and even from the wine glasses for hitting his head, or being there at all. Well, there are people and people. How some people waste their time! What would they not give at the end for a little! And yet they throw years away at the beginning.

The farther we get from the hallowed influences of home, the more do we feel the need of Christian fellowship and prayer, and the more do we thank the blessed Comforter for the bonds of communion that cross all seas and continents, and flash their messages of love and sympathy from land to land. The chronometer of our ship has gained nearly four hours since we left New York, but the clock of the heart keeps time to a second from heart to heart all around the world.

Yesterday was our Friday Meeting in New York. But we needed no calendar to tell us when it was three o'clock on Friday afternoon. The very cloud of the Sanctuary gathered round us, and we were held for three blessed hours in the innermost chamber, and at the very gate of heaven. We could almost feel the breath of those holy prayers, and for hours afterwards the sweetness lingered like the twilight after sunset, or the fragrance of a spice-laden ship from some tropical isle.

And so we are taking our dear readers with us as we go

forth in their name and His to look over a lost world, and seek to find some yet wiser way to win it for His crown.

Perhaps they will forgive these simple, personal lines that have come to us as we have thought of those we love, and longed for their sympathy and prayer :

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

All around the world I journey,
Over many a land ;
Bearing forth the great commission,
At the Lord's command.
Many a danger lies around me,
Many a dart is hurled,
But I know His love will guard me
All around the world.

There are cables underlying
Every ocean wide,
Chords of love and prayer are stronger
Than the Atlantic's tide.
There's a ladder up to heaven,
Everywhere we roam ;
And the gates of prayer can never
Find us far from home.

Hold me closely every moment
In the arms of prayer ;
Let me feel your fragrant censers
With me everywhere.
Let me know, as ever onward
I am swiftly whirled,
Hosts unseen are marching with me
All around the world.

Brothers, let us stretch our heartstrings
Wide as human woe,
All around this world of sorrow,
Let our blessing go.

Over every land and nation
Be His flag unfurled;
Send the gospel quickly, quickly,
All around the world.

With early dawn on Sabbath morning, January 21, we sighted Fastnet Lighthouse, Ireland's first landmark. We had sailed along an invisible pathway across the unmarked sea, and the unerring compass had guided us within an inch of our aim. The navigator's faith had located that promontory there, and lo! the vision of actual sight found it real. So our faith in God should sail in trackless waters and find the solid reality answer to our trust.

We had scarcely come abreast of the shore line when the fog-whistle began to sound, and we were enveloped in a cloud as sudden as it was dense. But it lifted as quickly as it came, and in a hour we were steaming up to Queenstown Harbor in a blaze of warmth and sunlight worthy of the national character. It seemed as if old Ireland was smiling all over in token of the welcome she was giving to the pastor and associate of some of her children in America.

A lovelier day we had never seen. After the cold winter sea it was indeed most cheering, and our inmost spirit kept whispering all day, "Then they are glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them to their desired haven." We just caught the "Etruria" in time to send our mails back to New York by her. Had we been an hour later our friends would have had to wait a week longer for their letters from us.

We waited at Queenstown only long enough to send

ashore a few passengers, and seven hundred mail bags from all western lands, including a great lot from China and Japan, and then we steamed away to Liverpool.

Our own Queenstown mail brought us kind letters of welcome from England and Sweden, with enough invitations to keep us from feeling lonesome in London.

Midnight brought us to Holyhead. Long and late we lingered on deck watching the fascinating play of the lights along the shores of old England. The system is a perfect alphabet of naval signals. Some were red, some yellow, some white, most of them flash lights, but with such different kinds of flashes ! Some would disappear altogether for a minute, then return ; others would wink three times in quick succession and then blaze away for two or three minutes ; and others hide their torches at regular intervals of ten seconds. We could see how a pilot could easily read the very names of every station along that bold and dangerous shore. Oh, that each of us might have a light so definite, so distinct, so clear and intelligible, that both earth and heaven might read it every moment, and others sail by it on life's dangerous sea ! And happy might we be, if, like these lights on the coast of Wales, even our very moments of obscurity and trial might only give to our shining a more emphatic and vivid glory and significance, so that our darkness and our light might both alike glorify our Father in heaven, and bless and help our fellow men.

II.

DAYS IN ENGLAND.

MONDAY morning, quite early, we were sent ashore at Liverpool, on the Cunard tender. We were met at the dock by our kind and attentive English agents, and they showed us every courtesy, helped us through the custom house, sent off our telegrams and letters, and saw us to the train for London. Mr. Mills gave us very interesting information about our recent missionary parties. He spoke especially of dear Clara Stroumberg, of the Congo party, and how she had endeared herself to many friends in Liverpool. Her face and voice were the last and brightest memories of the large party that had sailed out of Liverpool last summer for the Congo. Dear Clara swept swiftly through her heavenly orbit, but it was a very bright one, and now she is shining and singing over yonder.

Liverpool was thick with fog as Queenstown was bright with sunshine. We asked a young man in the hotel if it was often thus. He said he had not seen the sun for four months; but he added, with a cruel bit of selfish comfort, it was *nothing to London*. It was Dean Ramsay, we believe, who told of the Scotchman who, when asked by a disgusted traveler "if it always rained there," good naturedly answered: "Na, na; it sometimes snaws."

Well, rain or snow, beautiful England is beautiful all the same ! Here, in January, as we ride through the valleys and plains of Derbyshire, the fields are almost as green as summer ; the farmers are plowing, the sheep and cattle are grazing in the pastures, the ground is covered with crows ; there is no frost nor snow, and even the hedges have just been pruned, and are waiting to send out their first buds and branches in a little while.

What causes all this general fruitfulness ? We are far north of the latitude of New York. It is the Gulf Stream from the tropics, that bears a perpetual tide of balm and blessing to these ocean isles. Oh, if our spiritual lives could only abide in the great Stream of Life and Love that comes flowing down from the Summer Land beyond the unseen sea, what a temperature we should enjoy, what fruitful lives we should have !

"There'd be no sorrow in our song,
No winter in our year."

We reached London on exact time, and found friends waiting to welcome us. The home of dear Mr. and Mrs. Brodie is a home indeed, and has been the hospitable resting-place of all our outgoing missionaries. Words cannot express the obligations of the Alliance for the kindness of these dear friends, who combine the second and third epistles of John in very deed, and are the Gaius and the Elect Lady of our precious work. We found that dear Peter Scott had left and passed us on the way, returning on the "Germanic."

We found our friends in London had arranged to make the most of our time, and we are having a busy and blessed week.

Monday night we had the pleasure of addressing a meeting at the Friends' Meeting House, and met some choice spirits.

Tuesday found us in the City, busy enough, at our agents, our shipping office, and many other places. We were permitted an interview with the Honorable Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and obtained some most valuable information respecting the Soudan, and especially the Niger and Binnue Rivers. We were able also to make satisfactory arrangements with Messrs. John Snow & Co., Ivy Lane, London, for a full supply of our Alliance books, tracts, and weekly papers to be kept in London.

In the evening a very kind reception had been arranged for us through the courtesy of Miss Gurney and others. The meeting was held at the Hall, Adam Street, Strand, and was attended by many of the Christian workers of London, and those especially who had become interested in our work. It was a touching surprise and we trust a blessing to many. The Lord was present in great power, especially in the after meeting for prayer, which was one of the most blessed and solemn we have ever felt. The Lord permitted us to speak a little of the work, and more of Himself, and we were conscious of a delightful sympathy and fellowship of heart. Among those present were Miss Gurney, Rev. Evan Hopkins, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Mr. Mantel, Mr. and Mrs.

Reader Harris, Mrs. J. Hudson Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie, Prof. Bartlett, Miss Fannie Gregson, of Ceylon, and many others. Their loving sympathy was a breath of cheer on our long, lonely journey to the East.

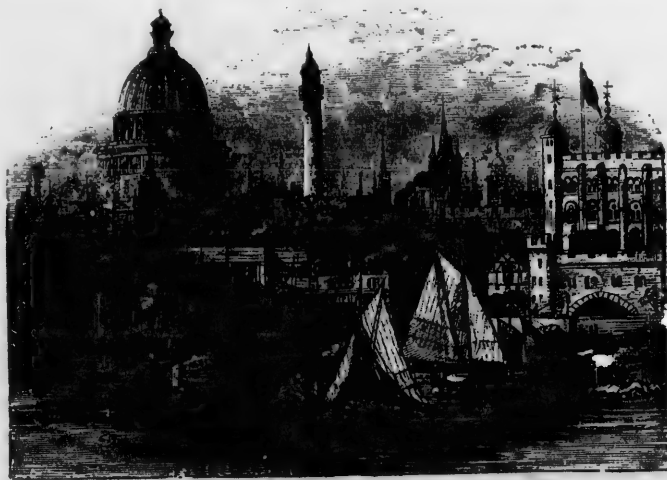
We have just heard from our Swedish party, and they will be here to-morrow, *D. V.*, on their way to Southampton and China. We had the pleasure to-day of calling at Finsbury Square, where our India party of missionaries stayed, and we were rejoiced to hear the gracious words of the Superintendent and others respecting the blessing they left behind them. They are now on their way to India, and the last section will arrive about February 1.

Wednesday morning found us at our business agents, our bankers and the Foreign Office, arranging for passports, visas, etc., in order to be able to go to Egypt and Palestine.

In the afternoon we went to Bethshan, and met many dear old friends. We felt the cloud of blessing as we turned the corner, and we knew God was still there. Mrs. Baxter was there, and led the meeting. Mrs. Boardman was also present with her quiet, triumphant spirit, after all the changes and trials of eight years. Mrs. Brodie has also become a regular worker at Bethshan, although this afternoon she was called out to attend a meeting of Jewesses in another room. Miss Murray is at present in Sweden, although she still retains her relation to the work. The Wednesday meeting is regularly kept up at Bethshan Hall, and God still owns the work and testimony by His healing power.

But the Bethshan Home has been changed, and is now

used not for guests who come to seek for healing, but as a Training Institute for Missionaries. The friends in charge felt that the various local homes in different parts of England were meeting the need which it has supplied, at least in some measure, and that more could be accomplished for God, for



LONDON.

the present, at least, by using it to meet the increasing needs of the missionary training work.

This work has grown steadily and substantially. Mr. and Mrs. Mueller, the former superintendents, have themselves gone out to India as superintendents of the mission in Berar that has grown out of this Institute; but a Christian

worker, formerly in Ceylon, has taken their place, and, assisted by Mrs. Baxter and others, is carrying on a most excellent work, and has a school of about twenty-five students. We have one of them, Mr. Bannister, in our work in Akola, and he is doing good service. We met one or two others who may yet be used of God in the Alliance mission work.

The Wednesday meeting at Bethshan was large and blessed, and many kind greetings cheered us on our way, and our important and most responsible journey was committed to God in solemn and believing prayer, for the wisdom and blessing we should so much require.

Among the many kind friends who came a long distance to meet us were our dear old friends, the Rivoltas, formerly of Blackheath, and Rev. Mr. Gregson, formerly of India, and his daughter, dear Miss Fanny Gregson, of Ceylon, whose little journal of brave and independent mission work has been coming to us for a good while, with bright words of testimony and experience. We hope to meet her later in Ceylon. Mr. Gregson has some very strong convictions on the subject of Holy Ghost mission work, derived from his experience in India, and is one of the few men who fully realize that the evangelization of the world must pass out of the hands of man into the hands of the living God if this generation is even to hear the gospel. We are glad to learn that the Keswick and other great spiritual Conferences are becoming more intensely aggressive and missionary.

One of our most valuable mornings was the one spent with good Hudson Taylor, who so courteously gave us that

precious thing whose value we so fully appreciate—his time—without stint. We need not say how much we were helped and how fully this honored leader of the most successful missionary work of our time was both able and willing to meet the many practical questions we are called to face, with his modest counsel and long experience.

There is no country in the world where missionary work has to meet more difficulties and to be carried on with more humble, holy wisdom than China. The mistakes of one missionary not only hurt his own work, but may cripple a hundred other missionaries by the reflex action. A riot incited in one city by the act of a missionary has been known to lead to the destruction of life and property hundreds of miles away. There are things which cannot be done in China that may be done anywhere else. We need to pray much for all the workers in that land that they may ever have the very mind of Christ. We have always had the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the authorities and missionaries of the China Inland Mission, and we were much cheered by Dr. and Mrs. Taylor's kindness.

One of our chief objects in staying a few days in England was to meet the outgoing Swedish missionaries. This also we were permitted to do, much better than if we had gone to Sweden. We found, as we expected, that they had been in England for some time. Three of them came to London to meet us, and we went down to Southampton to meet the rest, and spent Thursday afternoon and evening with them. It was a meeting of great importance, enabling us to get per-

sonally and quite well acquainted with each of the party, and judge, as we never could have done otherwise, of the wisest course to advise in connection with this important movement.

We have been very much touched to find the wider and deeper interest in our Alliance work which expresses itself from many quarters. We could spend a month very profitably in England, Scotland, and Ireland in meeting the calls that so kindly come. There is a blessed fellowship of prayer, love, and mutual help and service. We are sorry we cannot stay now, but will return, if the Lord will.

We left London Friday afternoon, after a few busy, blessed days, by a limited express train, with a view, *D. V.*, to catch the Mediterranean steamer at Brindisi. It was a real pain to pass dear friends who had written us from Geneva, Bâle, and Rome, to tarry with them by the way. It was very hard to give up the proffered pleasure and blessing of meeting that great and good man of God, Stockmeyer, at Bâle, but we could not do so without missing a week on the Mediterranean, and having to leave out a few brief days, if the Lord will, at dear Jerusalem.

Our last hours in London were by no means idle. Some good friends came in to meet us in English fashion at breakfast and morning prayers, and a party of missionary candidates from Scotland were waiting later, whom we were glad to meet. Then an hour or two with our stenographer—a great lot of letters of importance; an hour or two in the city with our agents and business correspondents, and we were ready to go to our special train.

We cannot sufficiently praise God for the wonderful help given us in our very short visit to London, in enabling us to meet *every one* of the engagements we had counted upon, and accomplishing so much that was upon our heart. Even at the last moment He graciously interposed to prevent our missing our train. We had got through all our work and left in good time, with twenty minutes to spare, at the Cannon Street Station; but, unfortunately, our kind agents, who had taken such constant trouble with us, and arranged everything so satisfactorily about our tickets and passages, had sent us to the wrong station, and we found, at twenty minutes to three, that we had yet to go all the way to Charing Cross, in the West End, more than two miles distant, or miss our train, and with it our steamer at Brindisi, and lose a whole week.

Our kind friends who were with us thought it impossible, but we lifted our heart to God in a quiet prayer, and told our driver to rush to Charing Cross, promising him an extra shilling if he got us there in time. We felt at rest, and knew that if we missed our train God would have something better. To make it more evident that God always loves to use the weak and foolish things of this world, our horse was old and stiff, and even the prospect of an extra shilling did not seem to put much new life into him. But God was equal to the emergency, and we got to Charing Cross with just three minutes to register our baggage for Italy, get our ticket stamped, hasten our things on board, say a hurried but loving good-bye to dear Mr. and Mrs. Brodie, and get off with an infinite sense of His quiet and loving care, while we learned with sorrow

that a dear lady was left behind notwithstanding the importunities and entreaties of her friend, who only got the answer : " We are going all the way to Sidney, Australia, and we cannot stop for anyone."

English officials in such an emergency are invaluable. There is a man with brass buttons for almost every conceivable thing you want, and a sixpence will accomplish wonders.

Upon the whole, the railway service of England and London is most excellent and convenient. Constant express trains run on all the leading railways, and, if you know the city, you can go almost anywhere in a very short time. Omnibuses go everywhere, and for a penny you can ride a long distance. There is no better way to enjoy the streets of London than from the top of an omnibus. But the hansom is a convenience and luxury too little known in America. For a shilling you can go anywhere within reasonable distance at a very quick pace, for they all drive fast, and their simple form enables them to thread streets and crowded passages where a carriage could not go. Then, you can find one almost anywhere. We saw the number 15,000 on one, and there are more even than that number in London. For a few shillings one can accomplish more business in a day in London than you could do in New York in two.

As if to enable us to see much in a little, we had the opportunity of seeing a real London fog the day we left. There was much of what we would call fog every day ; but when we asked our friend if that was a London fog, he smiled at our inexperience, and said, "Why no, this is *sunshine*."

But that morning, as we got down into the heart of the city, there was something we could feel as well as see. The air was literally thick, the smell of escaping coal gas was everywhere, the lamps, gas jets, and electric lights were all lighted both inside and out; and as we looked up into the sky, a strange yellow glare, like mud, seem to hang overhead, giving everything such a lurid look. "This is a London fog," said our friend; "but we often have it much worse than this." Really it was not a fog at all, we believe, for it was bright and clear all around London; but the smoke of the soft coal, and the dust of the streets, was held somehow in suspension by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, and forced back into people's eyes and throats.

Notwithstanding all this, we must say the climate of England, even in winter, is delightful. Even in southern France we passed through six inches of snow, and London was almost as warm as early spring all the time we were there. It is a wonderful little isle, and has much good within its rock-bound shores, although one feels the lack of that freedom and spring you are conscious of in our American atmosphere.

Most English audiences are a little heavier and less responsive than ours. And yet we must say we have rarely felt deeper, fuller tides of power and blessing than in the meetings we were permitted to take part in Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in London. At the last moment we had a very pleasant missionary surprise in being permitted to meet, just on the eve of their departure for the field, the two dear missionaries of the new Soudan mission, Mr. White and his associate, who, for

two years, have been trying to penetrate the Soudan, and reach Lake Tchad, from Tripoli or Morocco, on the coast, by the caravan route that passes through the desert to Lake Tchad and the Sokoto and Bornu country. They have now abandoned that effort, and are on their way to the Niger, with a view to attempt to reach the Soudan by the very route that our dear young friends, Mr. Gowans, Mr. Robb, and others desire to attempt. We had a little conversation with them amid the hurry of departure, and they have promised to write us fully. They seem to be young Englishmen of the right sort of stuff for pioneers. They are attempting the most hazardous journey of modern missions.

We had an hour's conversation with the Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society on this very subject. After two years or more of the most indefatigable and wise effort, on the part of Mr. Wilnot Brooke and several others, to establish a base of operations at Lakoja, at the mouth of the Binnue, the result so far is that Mr. Brooke has sacrificed his life, his English associates have either died or returned; and there is not a single white man at Lakoja, and but few at the mouth of the Niger or anywhere on it. They are reinforcing at present their Niger force, and a party of Englishmen is going out soon, but they do not advise, at present, any attempt to go further into the interior, nor have we been able, as yet, to advise our dear young brethren in America to ascend the Binnue at present, but rather to wait developments in connection with the movement already on foot there.

We are the more confirmed in this view since meeting

this party, who are on their way to this very spot, and from whom we hope to hear in the spring. We believe that if any persons can find such an enterprise practicable they can. They are men of true and bold faith, and have already had a valuable experience with the people of North Africa, besides having the language. We shall be glad to follow on as God clearly opens the way, but we do not feel that we are called upon to inaugurate what really must prove a great and hazardous enterprise of missionary exploration. But this movement on the part of these bold pioneers deserves our warmest sympathy, and we shall be glad to know, ere very long, that the way is open for our direct co-operation.

III.

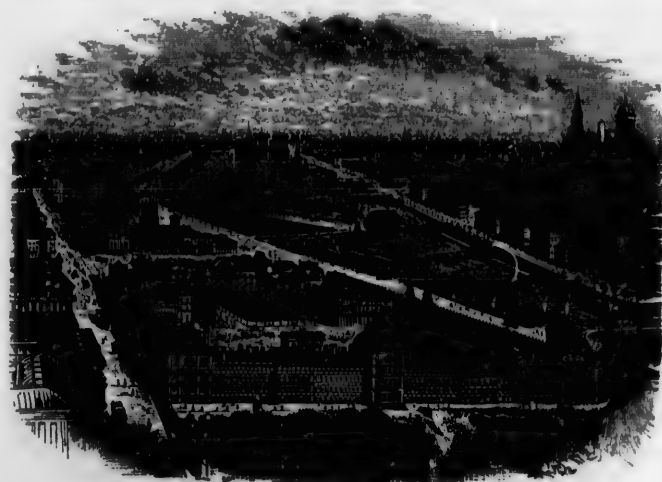
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

OUR route lay from London to Dover, and Dover to Calais. We found, for once, the English Channel as still as a mill-pond, and were able to walk the deck and watch for the headlights of France. The flash light at Calais is a magnificent revolving light, sending out great ribbons of electric brilliancy that seem as if they might reach a hundred miles.

We found ourselves at Calais in something more nearly resembling an American Pullman train than anything we have yet seen abroad. It has a dining car and a sleeper, with very considerable comfort. The train ran through, without change, in forty-eight hours to Brindisi, and is a great convenience.

Twenty-four hours from London brought us to Modane, at the entrance to the Mont Cenis tunnel. It is now just twenty-three years since we crossed these Alps the first time, and stopped also at Modane, on our way from Turin. But then it took us nearly an entire day. To-day we passed through the tunnel in twenty-five minutes and reached Turin within four hours. At that time we crossed the mountains by the little zizzag railway that ran over the tops of the passes. We could still see the old track and telegraph poles to-day, but we suppose it is never used except, perhaps, for mountain

views, which are very fine. The tunnel under Mont Cenis had just been completed that year, 1870, but was not opened; but we saw the works on the French side, and were told how wonderfully the engineers of both countries had succeeded



PARIS.

in excavating and tunneling up an incline from each side, so as to let the water run off, and yet meet in the centre in perfect line. The tunnel is a great success, and enables the express train to go through from Paris to Turin in nineteen hours, and from London to Brindisi in forty-eight hours, thus bringing Bombay within seventeen days of London, instead of two months, as it used to be before the days of the

Tunnel and the Suez Canal. The tunnel is nine miles long, and we passed through it without the slightest discomfort,—indeed, taking our lunch all the way through.

We found snow all through France; and, indeed, it



ALPINE SCENE.

would seem to a passing traveler, to be a thousand miles north of England, so different was the climate. The favored British Isles lie in the warm current of the Gulf Stream, and have, indeed, an exceptionally mild climate. Snow con-

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tinued until we reached Bologna. Indeed, this has been a bitterly cold winter in Europe, and there must be great suffering.

At Ancona it began to grow spring-like, and after Foggia, for the last 120 miles, we were in the summer land of



ITALIAN LAZZARONI.

Southern Italy. The route lay along the shores of the Adriatic, and its blue and placid waters were covered with white sails. We could count more than twenty at one time from our car window. The towns and villages are very old and picturesque. These plains and valleys have heard the march of eighty generations. The

houses are mostly pure white, some being highly tinted, but all artistic. The Italian cannot make a cabin or railway station without putting beauty and dignity into the lines. Some towns, like Ostuni, for example, stand on the very summit of a bold and precipitous hill, and with their white

towers and domes are very striking. The Italian people are always most interesting. Still the soldier is to be seen on guard at nearly every station, and the lazzaroni, with their countless devices for getting a few centesimi. The women do not seem so picturesque in their head-dresses as they used to be; we suppose Italy is getting modernized, like every thing else. The shepherds were in the fields, all over Southern Italy, with their sheepskin coats and ancient cloaks, and their great flocks. We saw one little boy, of about ten, herding a flock of more than a hundred lambs, and we thought of something even the children can do for Christ. If they cannot work like older people, they can be a blessing to one another. The gardens, orchards, and vineyards were luxuriant. Thousands of acres were covered with olive trees, and their leaves were, of course, green. There were orange trees and some fine groves at Brindisi, but they are mostly found in Sicily, a little further south.

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IV.

ON THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN.

WE reached Brindisi in good time for our steamer, which had come round from London, by way of Gibraltar and Malta, and been over ten days on her route already. We had to wait for the late mail from London, and stayed up to get some important letters which we expected. We had dictated a very large mail to our stenographer in London, but, like most Englishmen, we could not hurry him, so we had to come away without our letters, and have them sent on after us, for us to sign and dispatch on the way.

That evening at Brindisi was worth remembering. It let us see a little both of Italian and English wickedness in a seaport town. Boys not ten years old were running about as agents for the most infamous places, and women and children, dancing on the streets to their rude music, by scores. Brindisi has a fine harbor and is the great rendezvous for several great lines of steamers to the East. The Austrian Lloyd's, of Trieste, have several lines to Alexandria, Constantinople, and other points, and the P. & O. Company have two lines calling here. It is on the great high-road to the East, and, indeed, for ages it has been one of the landmarks of the Mediterranean. We are on historic ground, but we

would rather tread in one of Paul's footsteps than walk in triumph with all the Caesars.

We walked the deck for hours, and saw the same stars we had watched for years go down over the distant West, where our heart was lingering in love and prayer. Again the Master walked upon the waters, and the blue Mediterranean was literally as still as glass. It was very interesting in the warm sunlight and crisp air of the next morning to see the coast of Italy disappear, and sail by Corfu and the Turkish Islands with their snow-crowned heights beyond, that seem over 6,000 feet high. We were on "the Great Sea" of ancient ages and Bible times; but it is a little sea to-day beside the great Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. And yet it has been the *Mediterranean*, or middle sea, in the sense that it has been the centre of the world's history for more than three thousand years.

Our crew is an interesting study. Most of them are Hindus from Bombay. So that we are already in the heart of Asia. They are as dark as negroes, but have Hindu features. But how they ever live in this northern climate with their scant cotton clothing we cannot comprehend. They are nearly all barefooted, and none of them have more than a thin cotton blouse and linen pants. And yet last night these barefooted fellows ran up and down the gang-plank carrying the mail bags up for more than two hours, chattering and screaming like monkeys, playing all kinds of tricks on each other, racing down after each other like children let loose, and keeping warm by good nature and fun.

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MALTA.

Here they are to-day, by the dozen, walking about the deck barefooted and half naked, and we are glad to have our fur overcoat buttoned up to the chin in the sharp wind of the sea. Well, surely there is everything in getting used to things.

But our cabin passengers are a greater study. Some of them are business men going to India ; and a number are *en route* to Sydney and Melbourne; a good many are young men going out to fill situations or seek their fortunes in the East; two are, probably, from Bombay, see merchants and quite a number are going to the East. Two of these are Episcopal clergy- number are men, and a number are young lady missionaries.



LIGHTHOUSE, MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

On Sabbath evening we had service on board, and we were so glad, after seeing so much ungodliness on shipboard, to have an opportunity to worship God. The service was led by one of the Episcopal missionaries. He was evidently a graduate of the University, and we doubt not an earnest young minister of a little more than the average type, with a strong ecclesiastical tint. We enjoyed the hymns and prayers very heartily, but when it came to the sermon we had a very nice little essay on "What is the failure of life?" with

not even the formality of a text, and then a little of the gospel, in its weakest form, followed by the following practical applications which we give almost verbatim: "Are we then to give up the pleasures of life as Christians? Why should we? Are we not commanded to rejoice? It was Mr. Spurgeon that said he could smoke a cigar to the glory of God. And why cannot we play cricket, lawn tennis, etc., and enjoy the pleasures of life to the glory of God?"

We looked around with interest to see the faces of the listeners, and some of them were lighted up with radiant approval. Well, there are worse things than lawn tennis and cricket, but the idea of sending out missionaries to preach and practice such things was sad enough. One would think that if a person wishes to live that kind of a life, the right thing would be to stay at home and enjoy life like the world. But can we wonder if the type of missionary life abroad is no higher than the Christian life at home? A pleasure-loving church will develop a self-indulgent ministry, and the foreign fruit will be like the parent tree. We have not come abroad to criticise the workers in the field. We are much more grieved with the spirit of the church at home. But we may have to see and state facts as we find them, and shall do so kindly and fairly.

At late supper we saw some of the fruit of the sermon we had been hearing. One of the young ladies was helping herself to wine, in the midst of a little party that were evidently disposed to have the rejoicing type of Christianity that had been recommended, and she remarked amid a gen-

eral laugh: "This is not the way the China Inland would think about it!" Well, we hope that the China Inland missionaries are not ashamed of the reproach, and we are sure ours are not.

But we are glad to find that we have a real party of China Inland missionaries on board, and dear, good girls they are. There are eight of them, all ladies, on their way to their distant field, and we are quite at home with them already. They are just like some of our own girls, and are glad to meet us, as they know a good deal of our work. They are watching for opportunities of service on board, and are wise and earnest soul winners. We had the pleasure of spending an hour, the last day we were on board, in a blessed little Bible-reading with them in the saloon from 11 to 12, and the Master came near to all our hearts and cheered us on our way. We formed many common ties, and trust they, as well as we, received a blessing. On the evening of our arrival at Port Said, they gave a little account of their work in a public meeting on board, and much good was done in a quiet way.

We have been reading the story of Paul's voyage to Rome over this winter sea. We are crossing his very pathway, but how different to-day! And yet that lone man, with neither Society, steamboat nor modern civilization behind him, accomplished more in a life-time for the evangelization of the world than any whole generation since. The conditions of human life are different to-day, and God would have us adapt ourselves to them in sending his Gospel to the world. Oh, that we might ever catch His thought and meet His expectation for our generation!

The second night we sailed past the Grecian Isles in glorious moonlight, and the following day we were nearly all day long within two or three miles of the coast of Crete. Candia is its modern name, but to us it has a sweeter interest as the parish of Titus, the friend of St. Paul, and one of the early scenes of Apostolic Christianity. Its long western shore is bold and barren looking, and but few human beings seem to live on this rock-bound coast ; but, we doubt not, behind these naked hills is many a sweet valley, and many a throbbing human heart. The Cretians did not have a very high reputation when Paul wrote his letter to Titus, and they have not improved it in modern times. But it is one of the places we have claimed for Him who made all these scenes for Himself, and shall yet cover them with his grace and glory.

The blue Mediterranean is, indeed, as blue as it can be painted or described. We have been wondering what could possibly give these waters their exquisite hue. But we have found the cause : it is as simple as it is beautiful, and it is full of instruction. It all comes from the clear blue sky above. It is just the reflection of the heavens above from the calm bosom of the sea below ; and as these skies are clearer and bluer than in our murky West, so these waters, likewise, give back the glory they receive.

Surely, we need not interpret the figure. Would we have in our lives the heavenly glory we must also receive it from above. Our holiness is just the reflection of His Face. The Mediterranean is nearer the central zone and under the more

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direct reflection of the sun and sky, and so it receives the light of a brighter sky. And so the nearer we come to the very centre of His Presence, the more richly will we give back the glory of His life and light

May God keep us "beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, to be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord!"

V.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EGYPT.

THERE are moments which we never forget. Such a moment was that in which we caught the first glance of the lighthouse at the mouth of the Nile. It seemed to bridge over forty centuries, and to bring us into touch with the days of Abraham, Joseph, and the exodus of ancient Israel. Right over yonder we could almost see the young slave lad going down to the house of Potiphar, the little baby floating among the reeds of the Nile, and the holy Babe and mother passing down from Bethlehem to Egypt, very much as we have seen the peasants to-day, traveling along on their little donkeys or on the backs of their camels. There are things that speak to the heart beyond the power of words. There are realizations of things that no amount of reading can ever give, and these two short days in Egypt have photographed upon our heart and soul the strange life of this unchangeable East, as first impressions are indelibly photographed, and as no words of ours, we fear, can reproduce them to others.

The first light was Damietta, and, about two hours later, the flash light of Port Said burst upon us, and an hour or two afterward, we steamed in between the great breastworks that run two miles out into the Mediterranean, and were

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PORT SAID AND THE NORTHERN END OF THE CANAL.



anchored in the midst of a dozen other great ocean steamships, in the mouth of the Suez Canal.

It is about a quarter of a century since this stupendous triumph of modern engineering skill was opened, and it has revolutionized the trade of the East. It cost about one hundred million dollars, but is worth it. It has brought India within little more than a fortnight of England, and the volume of trade that has already poured through may be estimated by millions. The man, to whom more than any other its success was due, was M. De Lesseps, of France, who, to-day, stands before a Paris tribunal with a sullied reputation, and charged, along with others, with the grossest dishonesties in connection with the Panama Canal enterprise.

He was backed in his enterprise chiefly by English gold, and the British government has made this, in part at least, the occasion for the military occupation of Egypt, as a guarantee for the payment of the interest on the enormous national debt which has been increased by this and other great public works. In fact, Egypt is almost in the position of a British colony. This was made very plain the other day, when the young and headstrong Khedive got angry with his cabinet, and dismissed them summarily, without consulting the English minister. He was requested by the British government to reinstate them again in twenty-four hours, and a contingent of British troops, within a few hours, had landed at Suez to follow up the demand, if necessary, by prompt action. The only concession made to him was to allow him to appoint a new premier, but all the other members of the

Egyptian government, we believe, were replaced. In fact, most of the chief officers of the Egyptian army are English, and England intends to hold the country with a strong hand. The little breeze has already blown past, and the tone of public opinion seems to be with England. The only Egyptians we have talked with have condemned the Khedive as a foolish and hot-headed young fellow, who needed the sharp lesson he received.

We found on reaching Port Said, that we should have to wait two days for our steamer to Jaffa, and so we resolved to take a quick trip up the canal to Ismalia and Cairo, leave our heavy baggage there and return in time for the Saturday steamer. This has given us an opportunity to see a little of Egypt in passing, and on our return we shall have a few days more to wait, in which we shall hope to see much more of this wonderful old land. Wonderful, indeed, it is, a world as different from ours, as if it were another planet !

Here we are steaming slowly up the canal, while the half-naked children are running along the bank keeping up with the steamer, calling out for "backshish," and picking up, with eager delight, the oranges and pennies the people throw to them on the sand-banks. The blessed children are the same everywhere,—simple, happy, and beautiful ! The faces of these little bronze Egyptian boys and girls are most interesting, and some of them quite handsome, especially the boys. They have learned the art of smiling to perfection. When they want to sell you something, or get some "backshish" from you, they will look in your face as if you were the

dearest friend they had on earth. Sometimes you will stop and look hard at a turbaned fellow who is smiling as if he had known you for years, and you will stare at him and wonder where you have met him before; but, as you fail to respond with something more substantial, he will pass on,

with a look of disappointment, and try his fascinating manners on some one else.



EGYPTIAN BOY.

Yesterday at Ismalia, in the west quarter, we saw a butcher standing beside a sheep he had just dressed and hung up in the shambles, and it was a perfect study to see his face, as he stood rubbing it down and patting it all over, and with eyes lifted up to heaven, was calling out "Allah, Allah," and telling the

crowd what wonderful meat it was. He seemed quite overcome with his emotions, and we could hardly tell whether he was smiling or weeping, so deeply moved was he about the quality of that sheep. His fine acting was not thrown away, for the old women were gathering round, and, as we left, he was beginning, with much con-

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descension, to cut off little pieces, and let them have some of that celestial mutton at exorbitant prices.

Here is a caravan of a dozen camels, with half a dozen families, the women on the backs of the camels, the men walking in stately fashion beside, and the children trotting along behind. There, on our left, is a company of Arabs and camels, starting out from Kantarah along the road that leads to Syria. Here again are flocks of millions of birds, flamingoes, ducks, geese, literally covering the water. Here are stately palms as high as our forest trees ; and, on every side, are great heaps of desert sand, and away to the right and left the great billowy desert, as far as the eye can reach. We never saw such a color in the clouds. It seemed a sort of reflection from the desert sand. And the sunset over these western sand plains has a ruddy glow and a lingering glory we have not seen before

It took our steamer nearly twelve hours to steam slowly up from Port Said to Ismalia. There we disembarked in a steam launch, and the "Massilia" sailed on to India and Australia, while the dear missionaries stood waving their handkerchiefs from the deck in loving farewell, until we should meet again, if the Lord will, in China.

We had a few hours at Ismalia before the train left for Cairo, and we took a long walk through the town. The long avenues of acacias were very solemn and beautiful. The house of M. de Lesseps was here, and the headquarters of the canal works. But the Arab quarter was the most interesting. The kind and obliging dragoman of Messrs. Cook &

Son took us through the narrow streets and bazaars, and we got a good view of genuine Arab life which we shall not forget.

There are three or four thousand Arabs in this quarter of the town, and among them were almost all other nationalities, and, on very familiar terms, numerous families of goats, donkeys, dogs and camels. These people live just as they did in the days of Abraham. One gets a very vivid realization of Patriarchal life by looking at them. Here are the earthen pitcher, and water pots; here are the people with their beds of mats spread on the sidewalk, and sleeping all night on the pavement, and in the morning taking up their bed and going their way. Here are a hundred things that make the Bible real. But there is not much of Christ. One or two natives that we have met are interested in these things. The Custom House officer received us very cordially, and told us he belonged to the American Mission.

Here, at Port Said, Mr. Locke has a good Mission work among the sailors, and at Cairo the American Presbyterians have a most excellent Mission, both of which we expect, *D. V.*, to see before we leave. The majority of the people are Mohammedans. They are the most self-satisfied, unimpressible people in the world.

We passed, in our hurried journey to Cairo, the battlefield of Tel-el Kebir, where the British troops, under General Wolsey, decided the fate of Egypt, a few years ago. The next station to this is very interesting as being the site which the latest explorers have identified as Ancient Pithom, one

of the great treasure cities the Israelites built for old Rameses. This is the veritable land of Goshen, and while the desert lies now close up to it on one side, yet, on the other, the fields seem as fertile as ever in leeks and garlic and all sorts of vegetables. The land is rich and green. Even in winter the peach trees are in blossom, and the oranges are hanging from the trees, and they are deliciously sweet, and can be bought, even from the exorbitant fruit boys, for a cent apiece. The palms are magnificent, and the dates are sold at the car windows in great quantities, and are larger and finer than we get at home.

But from all these things the Master turns our hearts with a certain impatience to the things that are so much more to His heart. The great world rushes to see these things, and yet what does it care for Him? There is no person more thoroughly selfish than the modern traveller. Cook's agent here was telling us to-night of a party he took lately to Palestine, and they all began complaining about the inferior accommodations they were crowded into, until he, himself, although not a believer in Christianity, began to preach to them and say to them, "Here you are all going to the Holy Land, and professing to be drawn there by the love of the Saviour, who lived and died there, and yet the poor Mohammedan will put up with privations of every kind for months, on his weary pilgrimages to the shrine of his prophet, and even a heathen will bear anything to honor his god, while you Christians are all angry, because, for a few hours, you have an inferior room on account of an unusual crowd."

We should not want to be found long in the company of the sight-seeing crowd. God is pressing on our heart the need of this lost world, and we take a few brief days, as we hurry past these interesting scenes, to learn a little from their actual contact to enable us to make His word and His work more real to others.



KANTARAH, AND THE ROAD TO SYRIA.

But God is not much interested in Luxor, Karnak, Memnon, Thebes, or even Pithom. He is not living in the past, but in the future. The one event for which His heart is waiting and longing is the coming of His Son, and the redemption of the world for which He died. Let us go forth with Him in deeper earnestness, prayer and effort to claim

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it. The most disheartening thing about these people is their utter content with their false religions. Our guide at Ismalia yesterday, as he smoked his chebook, and leisurely drew the tobacco fumes through the long tube, and the vessel of water that cooled and moistened it, looked the picture of self-complacency. He told us he was a Mohammedan, and that Mohammedans did not drink or lie, or do anything gross or wrong. He, himself, had already been fasting for a month in the great *Rammadan*, or three months' fast, and he thought they were as perfect as people could be. Such people are sealed against the truth. Only the omnipotence of God can reach them. But, one by one, He is drawing a few, and we hope to have some fruit, even from the land of Noph.

VI.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF PALESTINE.

IT would seem as if God had not intended Palestine to be a commercial country, for it possesses no harbor on its coast.

It is often impossible for ships to land passengers at Jaffa at all, and within the last few weeks it has happened more than once that the steamer has had to sail past this port with all the passengers to Beirut, and then send down by the next steamer, and then find they could not land after all, and they had to take them back to Port Said. The only approach to a harbor is a ledge of rocks lying about a quarter of a mile from shore, parallel with the coast. On this the surf beats wildly, but inside there is comparatively calm water for small boats. But the entrance to this haven is narrow, and only a lifeboat can make it, and then only with a moderate sea running. When the waves are very high, no boat can cross this bar. Only a month ago a boat was swamped in trying to come in, and thirty passengers perished. We saw the remains of the wrecked Russian steamer to-day, from which our friends Messrs. Stacey and Sanford so narrowly escaped a year ago. It was lying on the rocks near the shore, still beating to pieces in the surf.

Therefore as we drew near Jaffa, on Sabbath morning,

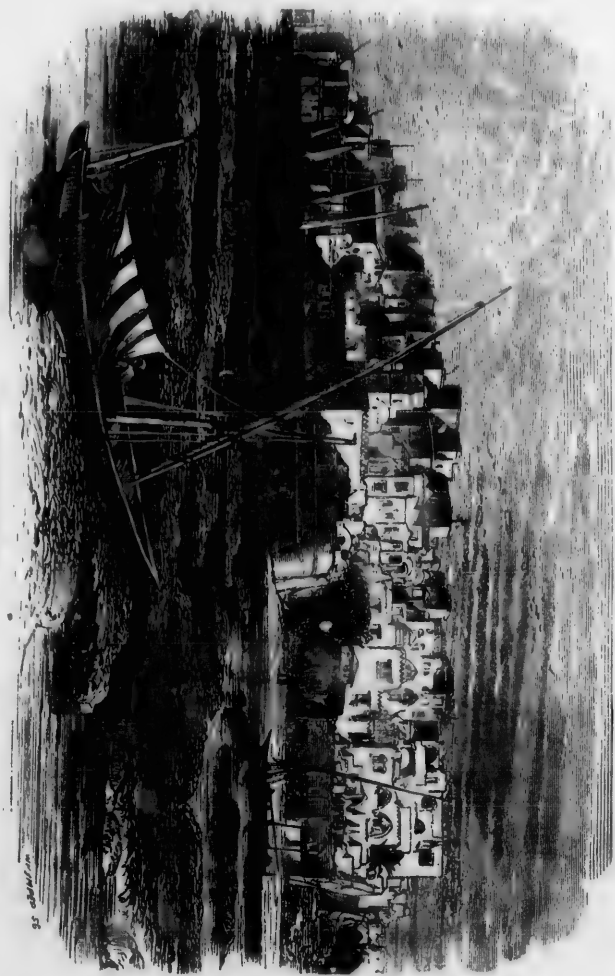
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JAFFA FROM THE SEA.



February 5th, after a somewhat unpleasant night, we came early on deck to see how things looked. It was just six o'clock, and the sun was that moment rising out of the hills of Judea, behind the rocky heights and bold, striking houses of Joppa. The clouds were glorious, the background grand, and the foreground superb. It was, indeed, the "city set on a hill which cannot be hid," a worthy gateway to a great and glorious land.

But the sea in front was rolling heavily, and the surf was dashing high against the reef of rocks. We had just anchored about two miles out. We could see boats moving about inside the breakers, but they did not seem willing to venture out. At last, after about an hour, they began to appear around the point, tossing like waifs upon the billows. But they manfully breasted the waves, and soon a dozen of them were alongside our ship, and a hundred turbaned Arabs contending for our baggage. We put ourselves under the care of Messrs. Cook & Son, and their sturdy boatmen soon had us all on board, and we rowed away to the shore.

By the blessing of the dear Lord we reached land in safety. Some of our party were a little frightened, and one corpulent American expressed himself more than satisfied with traveling, and said he was going straight to New York as soon as he could get away from this sort of thing.

It was very interesting to see how skillfully the boatmen watched the great waves, and rowed up and down their sides so as to escape their heaviest swell. The boatswain stood behind and gave orders. When he saw a great billow in

front, he would hold up his rowers until it melted down, and when he saw one coming up behind, he would shout out "*ruach ! ruach !*" which we suppose means *rush*, and they would fly like the wind.

One could scarcely imagine what a necessary and important institution the Tourist office is, abroad. It is more than worth all it costs, in the saving which it secures to the traveler, of infinite inconvenience and trouble. We heard to-day of an independent Englishman, who declared he could land at Joppa for a franc, and refused all Cooks' services. The result was, that before he got his baggage through the Customs and at his hotel, he declared it had cost him several pounds. They, certainly, are very kind and obliging, and although we have only used their tickets for landing and short journeys, aside from our main route, they could not have been more courteous and attentive if we had given them thousands of dollars.

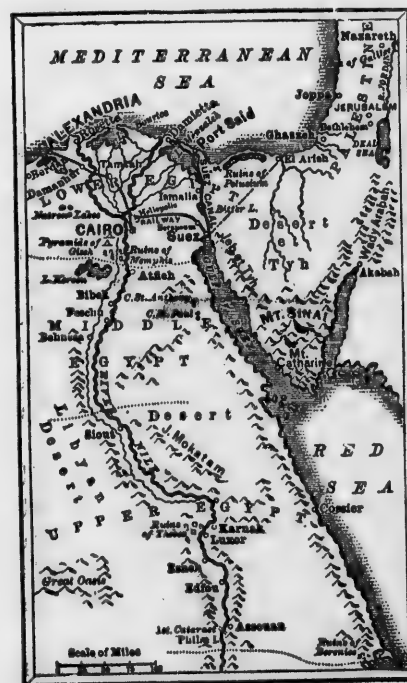
Well, after we once got ashore, we were repaid for all our trouble. Our first act was to get alone in our room, and on our knees thank God for His great goodness, and then claim this glorious land for Christ. Then, after breakfast, it was a perfect luxury to sit down in the garden, back of the hotel, and take in the whole situation.

Here, in midwinter, we were sitting in air as balmy as May, with flowers of every tint blooming all about us, acres of orange groves heavy with their hanging ripe fruit just over the walls, birds singing in the branches, and a strange ineffable sense of sweetness and sacredness all around ; and

over all else, the delightful consciousness that this was the land where He lived and died, and to which He so soon was coming back again. It was like a delightful dream.

The morning service in the English Church called us from these thoughts to worship God, for the first time, in Palestine, and it was a great privilege to be able to do so even in this special form of prayer.

In the afternoon, we took a walk to call on a friend in the English Hospital, and met a number of delightful Christian ladies there, and had an opportunity to see this well-managed Institution where



EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND.

quite a number of Syrian and Arab patients were becoming acquainted with the humane side of Christianity, and opening their hearts to Christ.

One of the workers told us that there was a real movement among the Mohammedans of Syria and Palestine toward Christianity, but few of these had the courage to come out boldly, as the persecutions were very bitter, some being liable to assassination by their friends, others to be drafted into the army and thus got out of the way. She said they were, however, laying a train of powder under the enemies' walls, and, some day, the great explosion was coming to this system, and then their work would tell.

We found, in talking with the intelligent dragomans and others, that there is a universal dislike to the Turkish government, which is the one obstruction to the progress of this glorious land. The Turk simply holds it to extort money from the people. The taxation is so heavy that it hardly pays to attempt any industry. An English lady lately offered \$180,000 to bring pure water from Hebron to Jerusalem, but the Turk only tried to get her money, and she was wise enough to refuse it unless she was permitted to construct the works, and this was refused. Jerusalem and Palestine are trodden down of the Gentiles, but the iron heel is lifting, and the day of deliverance is surely nigh.

We next went, of course, to see the house of Simon, the Tanner, and climbed up to the roof where Peter saw the vision from heaven and got his Jewish prejudices broadened. The building is, probably, no older than the time of the Crusaders; but the site is most likely the same as Peter's real home. We found it a good place, at least, to look up to the same heavens whence God gave him the first commission of

the gospel for the Gentiles, and on this, our first Sabbath in the Holy Land, ask for a renewal of our commission to give the gospel to the Gentile world.

Walking through the thronging streets, even on this holy day, we could not help seeing the strangest scenes. The bazaars were crowded with every sort of ware. The market-place was a living swarm of Arabs, Turks, Syrians, men, women, children, fowls, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and every sort of ware and vender.

As we turned to go down to Simon's house, a long funeral procession was just coming out of the Greek Church. It was most striking. A young man of wealth and influence had just died. The young men of the town were carrying the bier on their hands, high up above their heads, and chanting a plaintive cadence, about his goodness and his loss. The women were robed in pure white and were following close behind, screaming in a wild, piercing way, that almost sounded like acting. We were told by our attendant that they were not hired mourners, but his sisters and friends. As we came back, half an hour later, they were gathered around the grave in the cemetery, still making the same strange cries intermingled with the dirges of the men. We waited awhile, and the sad, wild notes still went on. We felt sad for the hopeless sorrow of the world. We asked our guide, who was a Greek Christian, if there was any hope in it, and he said, "No,"—it was all sorrow and gloom. He said, in Syria, they often kept up the mourning until some of the relatives died of grief within a few days after.

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As we turned homeward from this scene, we overtook a Moslem marriage procession. A little girl was walking in front carrying a long wax candle, to be presented by the bride to the bridegroom. A lot of women in white, heavily veiled, were walking behind, chanting, or rather screaming, some bridal song. But the notes and tones were just the same as the cries we had heard at the funeral procession—shrill, feminine shrieks, in a high key, and we could only hope that this was not a specimen of the tones in which the bride was to address her husband for their future life. Here our attendant told us that the marriage ceremony would be performed that night by the Sheik, and this taper would be kept burning all night while the wedded pair would sleep all the first night with a sword and a copy of the Koran between them, separating them first unto Allah, before they should be united to each other.

What absurd scenes meet one at every turn! Here is an Arab whose horse is running away. The Arab is sitting on his back, without bridle or rein, pulling fiercely at the horse's mane and trying to stop him, while he is calling out piteously, *oce, oce, oce* which means whoa! whoa! whoa! and calling on everybody to stop the animal. But the horse keeps on, leaping past the numerous Arabs that try to head him off, until he and his rider are lost in the distance in a cloud of dust. The Arab seemed determined not to lose his horse even if he lost his life.

Here is a little boy driving a donkey along the road. He is a very small boy and a very obstinate and shrewd donkey.

The boy is crying bitterly because the donkey won't go, but will insist on stopping at the nice bits of grass that grow by the hedge and having a leisurely breakfast. The boy is, evidently, afraid of the donkey, and the donkey, evidently, knows it. Every few minutes the boy, in a whimpering tone, goes up pretty near the donkey, tells him to go on, pretends to strike him, but keeps far enough off just to graze his tough back. And the donkey in the most amusing fashion just turns his hind legs in a threatening manner, which seems to say more loudly than words, "Now, you just look out!" The animal does not mean to hurt him, for they are harmless little creatures not much bigger than sheep, but only to scare him, and this he has already done most thoroughly. At last, the boy does the most sensible thing in his power, he appeals to a big Arab, who takes the club out of the boy's hands, gives the donkey such a thrashing as he will not soon forget, and sends him on his way a more penitent and willing donkey than would have been possible any other way.

Well, there is one thing we can all do when our enemies are too strong for us. If we have not courage to face them ourselves, we can call on One that is stronger than we or they. The devil is not afraid of us; but he is of Him.

We have met some very excellent Christian people. Just before leaving Port Said we called on the excellent missionary of the Sailor's Rest, Mr. Locke, a former Salvation Army worker of Toronto. He is carrying on a work of faith, for the sailors of all nations, who crowd that port.

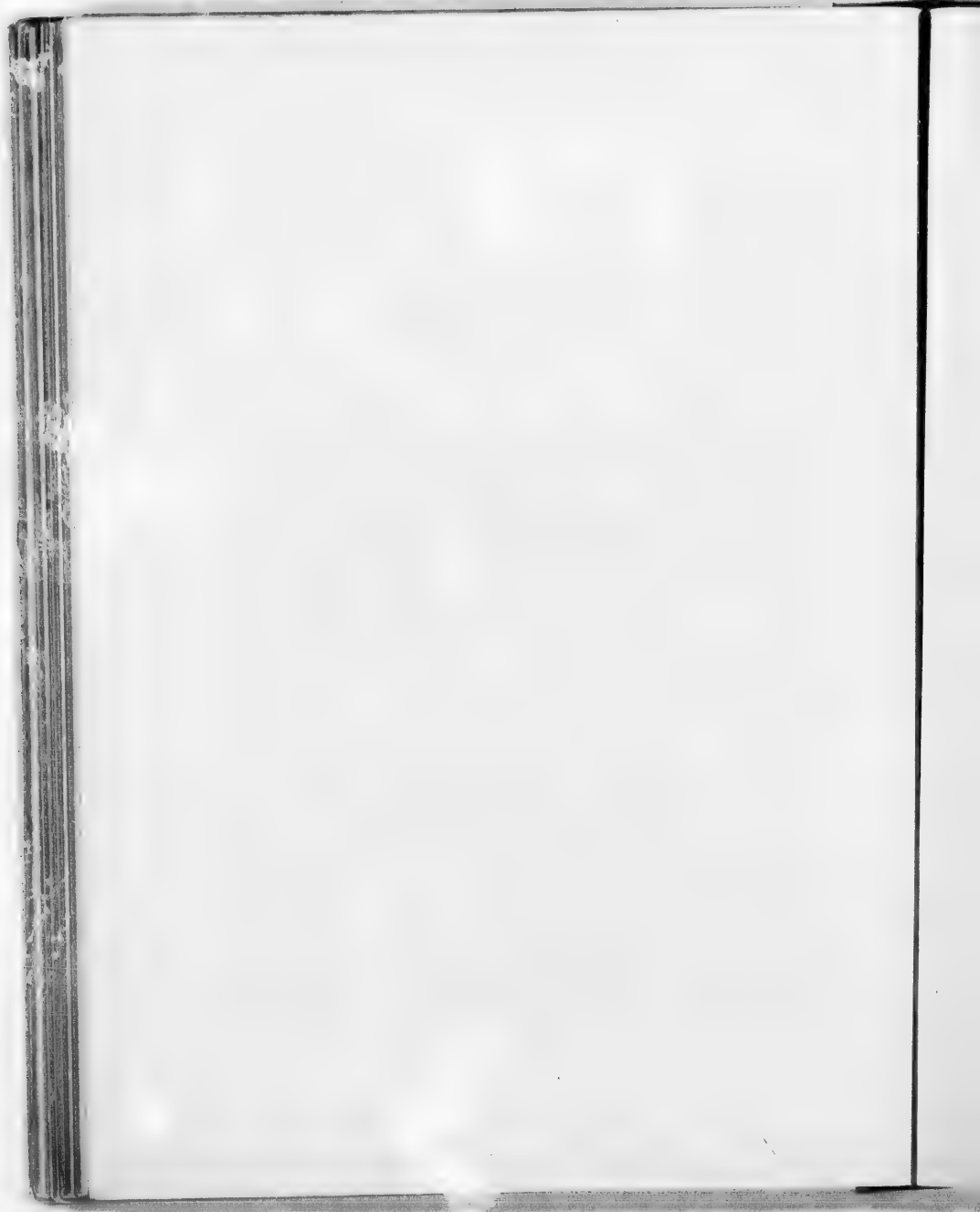
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EGYPTIAN DONKEY AND VEILED LADY.



We met at the same place a brave pioneer missionary, who is laboring upon Karak Moab. This is, perhaps, the ancient Kir, mentioned so often in Isaiah. He is far beyond the limits yet reached by other missions in Palestine, and is now on his way to a very bold, exploring journey, in company with a friend, to cut his way through the heart of Arabia, from the Persian Gulf, and see if he can open a line for missionary work into that yet unoccupied land. We have just met at Jaffa the Missionary Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of England, who has been planting branches of the Y. M. C. A. at Gibraltar, Malta, Cairo, and other eastern points, and has formed a fine branch in Jerusalem.

So God is girdling the earth with points of light, and preparing to gather His people out of all nations and kindred and peoples and tongues for His coming.

VII.

DAYS IN PALESTINE.

THEY have not been many—only seven—but they have been memorable. We came from Egypt to Canaan, only a week ago, and now we go forth from Jerusalem, as the Lord may enable us, to the uttermost parts of the earth. This is surely the divine order ; may it be in the fullness of the divine blessing !

It never occurred to us, until we reached Jerusalem that we were beginning our visit to the heathen world at Jerusalem, exactly according to the apostolic plan. We are very glad it has been so arranged, in the wise and precious providence of God, for it has enabled us to look at the field, we believe, from the Master's standpoint, and from the true centre of all Christian work.

We left Jaffa for Jerusalem on Monday, Feb. 6th, by the new railway. It seemed almost a desecration to hear the locomotive whistle among the sacred hills of Judah, but after one has travelled ten hours by carriage or horseback over a modern Palestine road, he will vote for the railway every time he has an opportunity. We are very glad to know that two more are under way, farther north, connecting Haiffa, Beyrut, Noblous, Damascus, and the Persian Gulf, and we pray that they may be hastened

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The new road to Jerusalem leads across the famous and fertile plain of Sharon, where we gathered a few of the beautiful scarlet flowers, of the anemone family, that were out in carpets of bloom, and which some have called "the Rose of Sharon."



LYDDA.

Our first station was Lud, or Lydda, where Eneas was healed. The road then passes south to Ramleh, a mediæval town, where a Latin convent and tower still stand, and then runs through the old country of Samson. We passed close to Ekron, Timnath, Sorek, Zorah, Beth She-mesh, and other places familiar in the Sacred Story, and on

LARGER OUTLOOKS ON MISSIONARY LANDS.

our left we could see Bethhoron, where Joshua fought his great battle, and Gibeon and Ajalon, and where he commanded the sun and moon to stand still and prolong the day, until his victory should be made complete.

The road follows a natural *wady* or stream in the mountains, and really has no serious engineering difficulties to contend with. It climbs the mountains by an easy grade, twenty-seven hundred feet, to the level of Jerusalem. The valley through which it runs is a fine sample of thousands of others in this wondrous land, and the moment we saw it we understood the secret of ancient Israel's prosperity and teeming population.

These hills have all, at one time, been terraced from valley to summit in narrow ledges, built up like steps of stairs, each little terrace supported by a wall of stones, and covered above with earth, and then planted with vines, figs, and olives. In ancient times it must have been a beautiful sight to see these long and winding valleys, reaching away up to the clouds, and covered with their thick, rich terraces of green and bloom.

The effect of the hills was, of course, to multiply the extent and size of the land many times over, and really give the country an area and extent greatly exceeding its apparent size. A Scotchman once said to a boasting Englishman that if the hills of Scotland were all flattened out it would make two Englands. The same is really true of Palestine. Many of the terraces are in ruins, much of the soil has washed away, and few of the vines, figs and olives are to be seen;

but one can see from the ruins what the past must have been. There is much desolation in this land ; thousands of hills



THE TOWER OF RAMLEH.

and valleys, once green and fruitful, are but heaps of stones ; but there is not as much desolation as we expected. Again and again have we seen beautiful plains, like Sharon, fer-

tile as a garden, lovely vineyards and oliveyards, like these of Ramaleh, Beeroth and Hebron, where for acres, and almost miles, there was nothing but luxuriant trees and plants, and the amplest evidence that, with proper industry and cultivation, and the blessing of God, the land could soon be restored to its former prosperity.

Most of the numerous colonies planted in Palestine by Rothschild, Hirsch and others, have been completely successful. Many of them have to-day the most flourishing vineyards, oliveyards, orchards and industries of various kinds, and are fully paying all expenses and a good deal more. The oranges of Jaffa, the grapes of Hebron, and the figs and olives of the whole land are equal, if not superior, to any in the world.

The rains are truly returning to the country. The very best authorities, persons that have lived here for more than a quarter of a century, have assured us that the climate is, indeed, changing, doubtless from the direct blessing of heaven, and partly from the natural effect of increasing cultivation. The greatest hindrance is the wretched government. It does all it can to keep back western progress and improvement, and to hold the people down by the yoke of taxation and every kind of selfish, depressing policy. The effect of this is to discourage a people naturally indolent, apathetic and indifferent. A more industrious, intelligent and aggressive people would soon make Palestine a land of prosperity. One need only look at the roads where travelling is dangerous from the heaps of stones that, literally, lie piled on every path, when a very trifling amount of labor would clear the tracks

and make splendid macadamized roads, for the foundations are as solid as rocks, ever since the days of the Romans who built them.

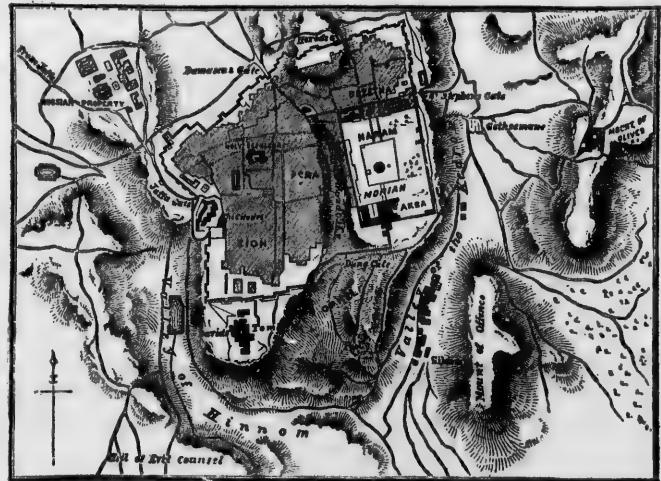
Many of the fields are just as bad, literally packed with rocks, and yet a lazy Moslem will go in with his crooked stick that he calls a plough, and scratch up the soil a little, and throw in some grain among the rocks, and let it come up and grow the best it can, and he calls this farming; while a little farther on, a thrifty Greek or foreigner has gathered out the rocks, built a nice fence with them along the side of the field, and has a beautiful and bountiful harvest.

But we have reached the suburbs of Jerusalem. On our left is the German colony, which has been growing up for fifteen years, and now looks like a prosperous city by itself, with its new well-built stone houses and good streets. A few scattered houses stand in other directions, and in the distance a straggling point or two of mosque and minaret tell us that over the edge of yonder hill lies—Jerusalem.

We step from the car. Our dear friends, Miss Robertson and Miss Dunn, are waiting to welcome us; and, indeed, it feels like home. Of course, we walk to their home. This first vision of Jerusalem must not be shut out by carriage windows. And so, giving our baggage to an Arab, and sending our dear sisters on by the short road home, we accept the kind invitation of a good missionary brother to walk with us around the wall, homeward, and get, at least, a partial view of the City of Ages.

Ah! there it is at last. We have reached the brow of the hill, and, lo! it lies at our feet.

That is the valley of the Gihon, running into the valley of Hinnom, just below us. Right across it is the height of Zion and the tower of David. Farther away, on the other side of the City, the great valley of Jehoshaphat runs down to meet Hinnom, and about where they meet is Aceldama;



GROUND PLAN OF JERUSALEM.

and then it sweeps on, away down to the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan, whose great, black, rocky walls rise yonder at the end of Jehoshaphat's Vale, apparently only two or three miles away. Across the valley of the Jehoshaphat is another mountain with a tall tower on its summit; that is

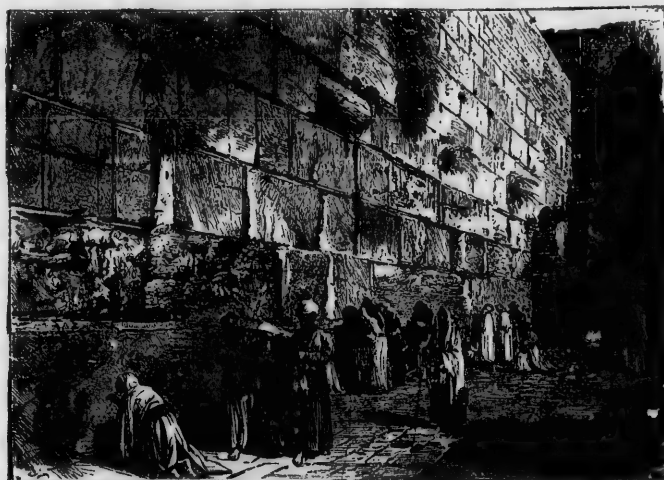
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—Olivet. Farther to the right is the Mount of Offence, and away to the left are the white houses of crowded Jerusalem.

We walk through the Jaffa Gate and the Street of David, and through a lot of dark, overarched lanes thronged with Arabs and their children, and their sheep, and their dogs, and



WAILING PLACE OF THE JEWS.

their wares, past great ecclesiastical buildings and streets, and scenes that call up a thousand associations, out the Damascus Gate on the north, and on through the new city that has grown up outside its northern walls, until we reach an iron gate and a pleasant house front. We cross the thres-

hold, and we are at home in Jerusalem, in the house of our dear Martha and Mary, only both are Marys; and the Lord is also there.

They were days like a dream,—busy, blessed, sacred, useful we trust—God-touched we know, and impossible to describe or reproduce to our readers we fear, but never-to-be-forgotten days in dear Jerusalem.

The least part of the interest and blessing of those days was the opportunity of seeing the city and the land. And yet this was a great pleasure and opportunity, even in the limited time we had, and we were enabled to see much, and understand and realize what years of study, at a distance, could never have made so real. Of course, the time at our disposal would not permit our going to Northern Palestine, and so we confined ourselves to a few of the chief scenes of interest within twenty miles of Jerusalem.

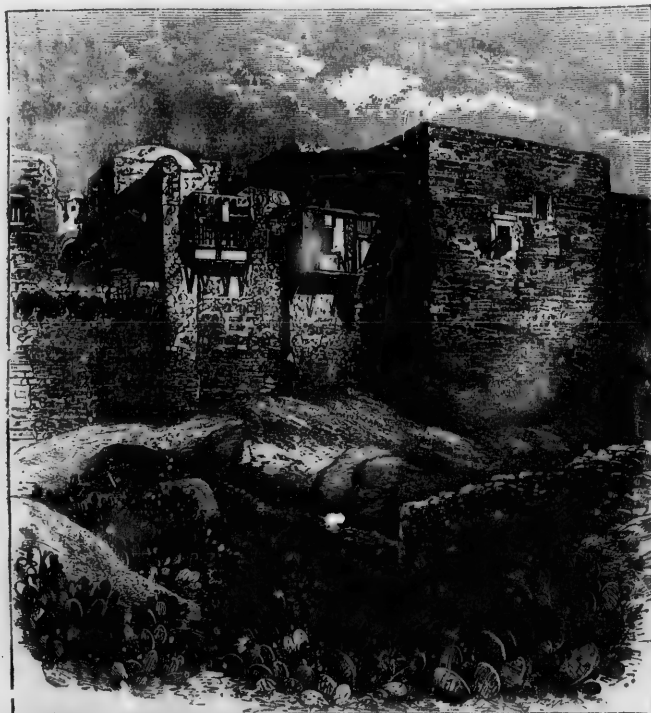
Jerusalem must ever be the centre of interest for every Christian traveler in Palestine. There are many things there which chiefly interest the antiquarian and archæologist. For us, there were three or four spots which overshadowed all else. We cared little for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for we were quite sure it was not the scene of our Saviour's death and resurrection, and all its clouds of incense, priestly mummeries, and splendid decorations only wearied and disgusted us. We took no interest in the mosaics and carvings and splendid stained glass windows of the Mosque of Omar, and only wanted to see the place where Abraham offered his sacrifice, and David and Solomon reared the Tem-

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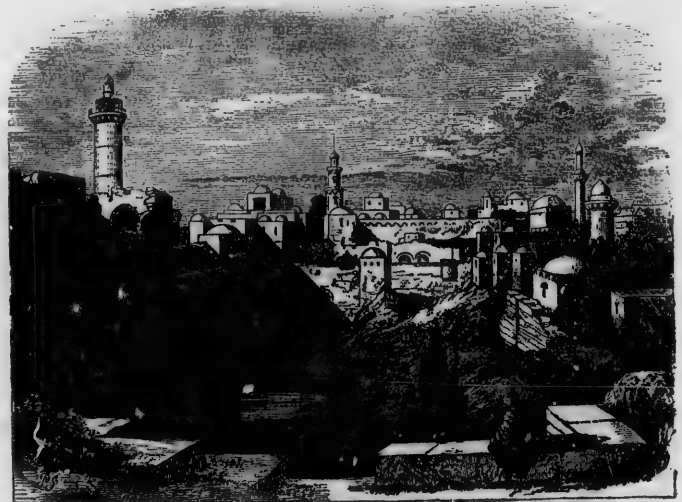


TOWER OF DAVID.

ple, and Jesus walked in Solomon's porch, and uttered His last words; and this was a real delight. The site of the temple on the bold face of Moriah is grand beyond description, and we walked down from its front to the Golden Gate,

through which most probably He passed that Wednesday night as He went out to Bethany, and delivered His predictions respecting His second coming. John xiv ; xv ; xvi.

We were interested, of course, in visiting the tower of David and the place of his tomb on Mount Zion, and seeing



POOL OF BETHESDA, JERUSALEM.

in one of the deep excavations some remains, probably, of the very masonry erected by the Jebusites, from whom Joab captured the stronghold, three thousand years ago. Many a Greek and Latin and Armenian structure we saw commemorating some supposed scene of sacred history, the Via Dolo-

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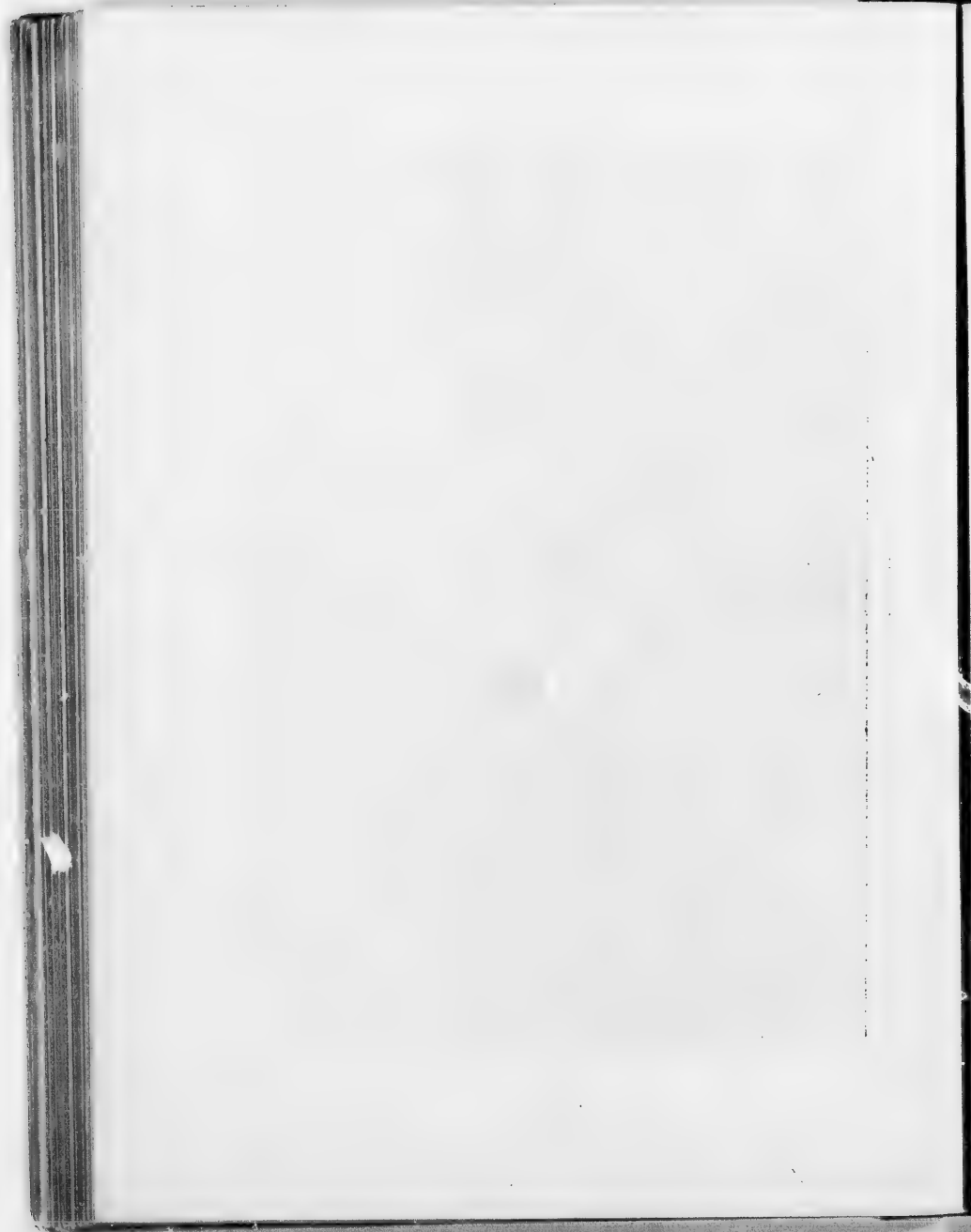
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CALVARY.





rosa, the Judgment Hall, the Pool of Bethesda; all these were interesting in their way.

But there were three places that were all-absorbing. The first was "the place called Calvary." At a glance it was evident that it could not have been the spot where Greeks, Latins and Armenians have contended for centuries for preeminence, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, for that is far inside the walls of Jerusalem, and must ever have been so. But outside the Damascus Gate, or rather St. Stephen's Gate,

"There is a green hill far away,
Beside a city wall,"

and even a glance impresses one almost instinctively that this must have been the place. It is the very shape of a skull, as Golgotha was. And right beside it is a garden, and under its brow an unfinished tomb, where only one seems ever to have lain, and where can be dimly traced a sign of the cross; and here the enlightened scholarship of the last few years has almost unanimously located the scene where Jesus died and rose again.

It is now a Moslem burial place, covered with tombs. There is one great rock in it, all torn to pieces, as if by a violent earthquake. There are no offensive Greek and Latin churches and superstitious rites, but all is simple, natural, plain, and indeed bare, and almost desolate-looking, as befits the true significance of His cross. We lingered awhile, looked into the locked tomb, where, perhaps, John had once gazed, gathered some hyssop from the wall, and passed on.

Our heart was not as deeply touched as it was later. He was not there. Every instinct pressed us forward to a more sacred spot.

A little walk took us to the Kedron and the gardens that cover quite a considerable area around the place where He must have crossed. The Latins have enclosed one of these

spaces and called it Gethsemane, and all around these walls have set up their graven images and painted representations of the various scenes. They have also a chapel of the Virgin, and her tomb. There are many olive trees, and one that is at least one thousand years old. We got a few leaves



TOMB OF ABSALOM.

from it through the kindness of the monk in charge. We could but wish that some of the more quiet places around were the true places. The English Christians are fond of going a little farther out to an unmarked garden and praying there in remembrance of His night of agony.

But our hearts were not able to rest even here. Onward with our guide, a Christian gentleman and a mission-

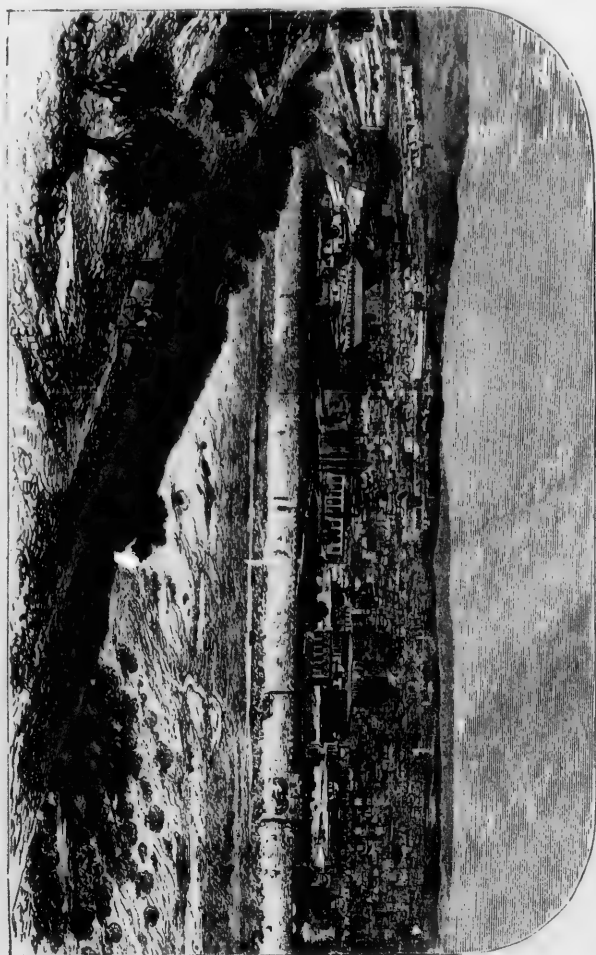
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JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



ary, residing in Jerusalem, we passed near where He had passed, up the side of Olivet, which we found much nearer than we had supposed, not half a mile away. Half-way up the mountain we got a grand view of Jerusalem, which is the best point of view by far. Absalom's tomb stands in the foreground in the valley with a few old olive trees, and across the valley of Jehoshaphat on the walls of Moriah and the Mosque of Omar, where the Temple stood. Back of this lies the great city with its many buildings, almost every one visible having some strange story.

But this was little to us. We still pressed on until we reached the summit of the Mount, and climbed the high tower, from which we could see the whole land and the deep valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea on the west. From the Greek Church near by a distinguished funeral procession was passing. We paused a little and still pressed on,—on to Bethany, which lay round the mountain on the north side and beyond a second little hill-top. It was to this our heart was pressing forward—the Mount of Ascension. Yes, this was the climax of all our journey, and all His, too. “He led them out as far as to Bethany, and He lifted up His hands and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.”

There on the rocky hillside we sat down, with the little town at our feet, and the higher mountain top above us, just hiding the great city from view, and a deep divine, unspeakable sweetness fell upon our spirit. We were so glad there

was no church to mark the spot. We were so glad the great city was shut off from view. We were so glad the noisy Arabs, with their cries of "backshish," came not there. We were so glad that God had kept this holy place from the



TOMB OF LAZARUS, BETHANY.

swinging censers, and noisy chants, and tumultuous processions, that have desecrated almost every sacred spot in Jerusalem. There was no one near us but the Christian friend by our side, and the Presence that brought back all the Past, and filled the mountain-side with living forms again.

We gave up our whole heart to the luxury of that mo-

ment. We knew He had met us. We realized in the depths of our being that He was our Living, Everlasting and Present Lord. We felt He had gathered us into the Company of the Ascension ones, and with us a great and glorious company of many dear ones away across two seas, whom He made so real, in that moment, to our affection; and together He took us into the Heavenly Places, and the Ascension Life, and we knew that we should be gathered on that sacred spot once more, ere long, when He shall come again, "and His feet shall stand in that day on the Mount of Olives."

It was one of those moments that seem to focus a lifetime and all we have ever known and felt and hoped into one instant of intense and divine realization. Hours afterward, the deep, sweet thrill lingered above every thought or sensation, and it lingers still, and forever will linger—a mountain-top of memory, hope and love.

Sweet Olivet, sweet Bethany,
My heart shall oft remember thee;
Where Jesus left for heaven above,
With hands outspread in parting love,
And where some glorious day He'll come
To bring His scattered children home.
Sweet Olivet, sweet Bethany,
Sweet Lord, I will remember Thee.

We made a pleasant missionary call at Bethany on a lone and faithful worker, and found that there was a good deal of interest among the Moslems of the place in her work. This dear sister, Miss Crawford, of England, has built a house here, and is living at her own expense, and working among the people with a good deal of encouragement.

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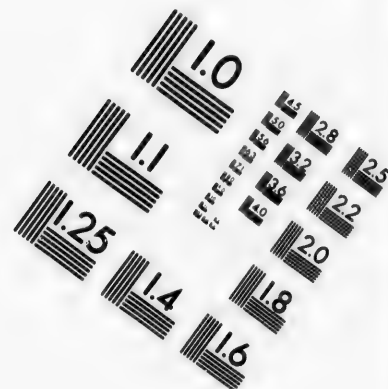
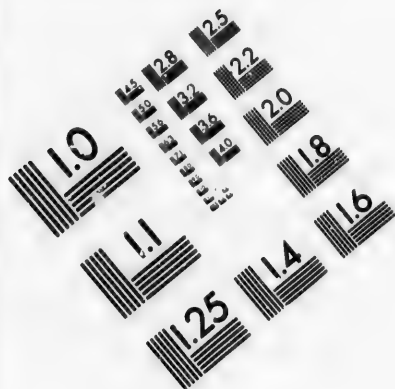
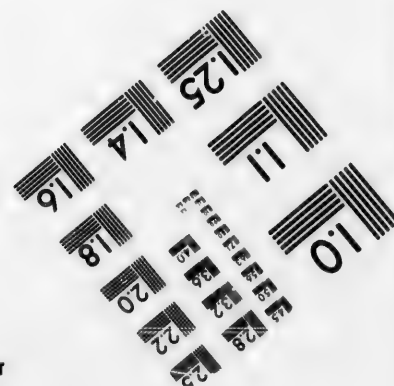
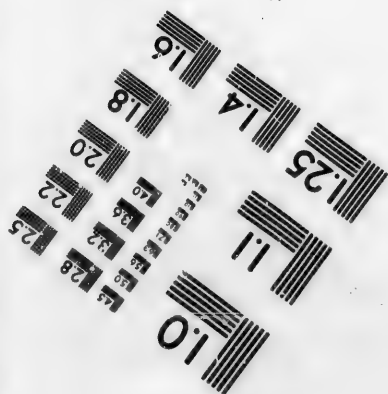
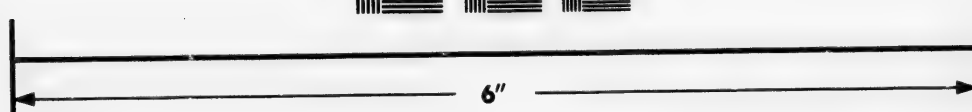
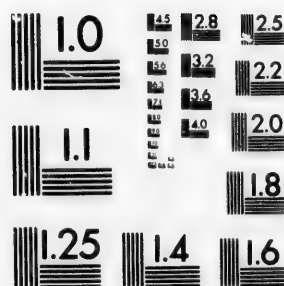


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BETHANY.

Another English lady, Miss Atley, has also a mission home and work on the summit of Olivet. Our limited time did not permit us to meet her, but we had very delightful fellowship with her excellent father, who usually resides and labors with her, but whom we met at Jaffa, where he is at present supplying a post of service temporarily.

The walk home took us along the Jericho road, and the very route, no doubt, that Jesus traversed when He came down from Bethpage and Bethany, on the little colt, and met the multitude, and afterwards entered Jerusalem in the triumphal procession. There is a point where the road makes an abrupt turn around the mountain, and the city comes fully into view. It was here that Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and predicted its speedy and utter overthrow. Luke xix : 41-44.

We reached our home about two o'clock, having lived years in one brief, eventful morning. The afternoon was spent in visiting many objects of deep interest in the city, and the evening found a delightful company of Christian workers and missionaries gathered together at the home of our dear hostesses to welcome us, and hear some message from the Master, whose presence seemed so near.

Blessed "City of our God, and mountain of His holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the City of the Great King. Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

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THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

For this is our God forever and ever : He will be our Guide even unto death."

Nay more : "For they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever."

Psa. xlviii : 1, 2, 12-14 ; cxxv : 1, 2.

One very pleasant day of our short stay in Jerusalem was spent in a horseback journey to the North. Rising before daylight, a party of four started as soon as we could get off, along the road that leads up the hill of Scopus, and out towards Nablous, Tiberias and Damascus.

The first point of special interest was the old town of Anathoth. It had for us an intense interest as the home of Jeremiah, and the scene of that beautiful incident, Jer. xxxii : 8-9, where the prophet, in Jerusalem's darkest days, when the Chaldeans occupied the land and the city was about to fall, was commanded to take a bold, and apparently unreasonable step of faith, by investing his money, perhaps all that he had, in a field in Anathoth, as a guarantee that the land was coming back again to the people of God. Often has the old story taught us the secret of faith, and the necessity of stepping out in advance of all seemings, and trusting God in the dark.

It was very interesting to stand for a little on the echoing hill-side that looks down upon the deep valley of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and hear across twenty-six centuries the echo (for that is what the word Anathoth means)

of the same old faith, which has ever been the watchword of God's host ; and, we trust, we were enabled to echo back again the words, "I will trust."

Returning to the main road, we passed on by Nob,

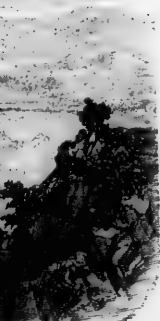


ANATHOTH.

I Sam. xxi, xxii ; Gibeah of Saul and Micmash, I Sam. xiii. xiv ; Ramah, the home and burial place of Samuel, and many other places teeming with sacred associations. This was the highway of the Assyrian and Chaldean armies, when they marched against Jerusalem ; Isaiah has given a most vivid

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picture of this whole region, in his dramatic panorama of the Assyrian March, Isaiah x : 28-32 : "He is come to Aiath, he is passed to Migron ; at Micmash he hath laid up his carriages ; they are gone over the passage ; they have taken up their lodging at Geba ; Ramah is afraid ; Gibeah of Saul is fled. Lift up the voice, O daughter of Gallim ; cause it to be heard with Laish, O poor Anathoth. . . . As yet he shall remain at Nob that day : he shall shake his hand against the mount of the daughter of Zion, the hill of Jerusalem."

And so, in succession, the eye of the seer beholds the conqueror's approach, amid scenes of terror, through the villages that mark this road. Our objective point, however, was Bethel, the place of Abraham's altar and Jacob's Ladder, and the symbol of Jehovah's Covenant with His people in all the generations. Often had we sung and prayed—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,
Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

"Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread
And raiment fit provide ;
O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace."

The promise that has been sustaining us all through this journey was the gracious word spoken to Jacob at Bethel: "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done all that I have spoken to thee of." It was very blessed to receive it afresh at Bethel, perhaps on the very spot where Jacob's eyes beheld the Mystic Ladder, and found the house of God and the Gate of Heaven. Hosea says, "He found Him at Bethel, and there He spake with us." And so again He spake with us, and we realized that

"There's a ladder up to heaven
Everywhere we roam,
And the gates of prayer can never
Find us far from home."

The modern village of Bethel is of considerable size, and its olive and fig orchards are very flourishing. A little way off are the ruins of the ancient site, and there we encamped and took our lunch. Back of the ruin is a lofty hill, where it is said Abraham looked out over the land, when God said, "Lift up now thine eyes, northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward; for all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever." "Arise, walk through the land in the length of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee."

From this point it would not be hard for Lot to see the beautiful valley of the Jordan. But Abraham saw farther, and got much more, including even all that Lot so selfishly

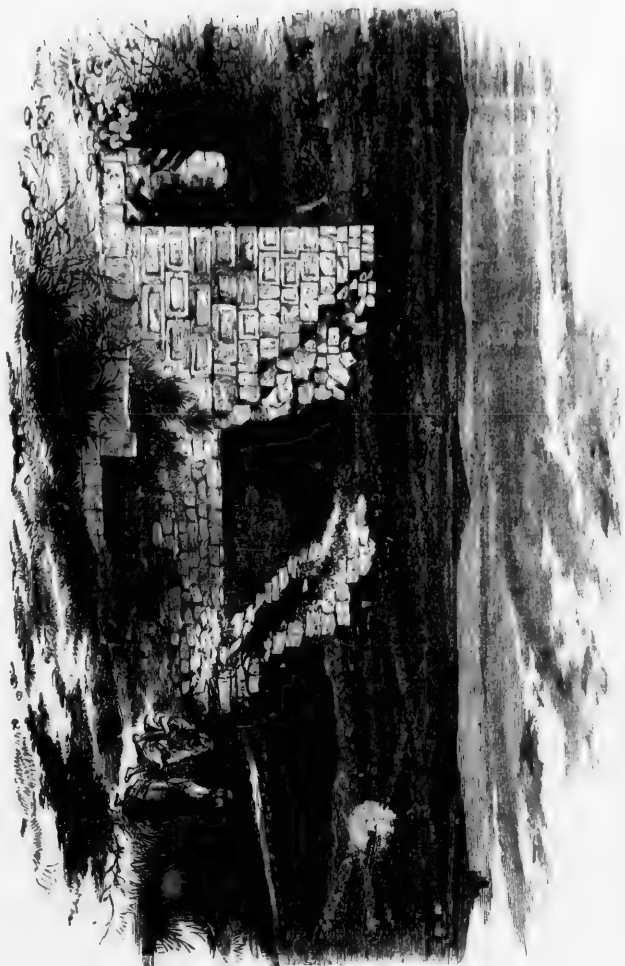
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chose. Often had we taken Abraham's look of faith, but, to-day, we asked the Lord to let us see a good deal farther even than this fair vision.

In later centuries Bethel became the seat of Jeroboam's calf-worship, and one of the towns of Israel's Kingdom of the Ten Tribes. It must have been the southern boundary.

Our dear sisters in Jerusalem have taken it as the name of their Home, and we trust that the Jerusalem Bethel may, indeed, ever be "the House of God and the very Gate of Heaven."

We noticed, as we have often read, that the terraced hills at Bethel seemed just like great steps of stairs leading up to heaven, and we can easily imagine how the last sight Jacob's eyes beheld, as he fell asleep, should suggest the beautiful vision of his dream, a great, white stairway leading up to the skies.

We passed a large cave at Bethel, where it would seem the most natural thing for him to sleep that lonely night, and we brought away some memorial vines from its walls.

The road back led through the Christian village of Ramaleh, where there is scarcely a Moslem family. We found a most prosperous little town, and all around, the rocky hillsides were in the very highest state of cultivation, with splendid vineyards and comfortable homes, showing what Palestine could become with proper culture and people. We had the great pleasure of meeting with the American missionaries there, the Leightons, of the Friends' Mission. We spent half an hour very pleasantly with them, and saw their little

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JERUSALEM AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM SCOPUS.

school of about thirty bright children, whom we had the privilege of addressing. It gave us quite a home feeling to see one of our little hymns, "Himself," translated into Arabic,

and we promised to send them the music for it. We found them on intimate terms with our dear workers ; and, indeed, we were pleased and surprised to find the very friendly relations existing among all the missionaries.

We got home about dark, enjoying a very fine view of the city from the hill Scopus, just north of Jerusalem, and noticing the rapid and remarkable growth of the city in this direction, where a new city has grown up outside the walls in the past five or six years. This is supposed by many to be the very district described by Jeremiah in his wonderful prediction of the future growth of Jerusalem, Ch. xxxi : 38-40 : "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the city shall be built to the Lord from the tower of Hananeel unto the gate of the corner, and the measuring line shall yet go forth over against it upon the hill Gareb, and shall compass to Goath. And the whole valley of the dead bodies (and this very valley is full of ancient tombs), and of the ashes, and all the fields unto the brook of Kedron, unto the corner of the horse gate toward the east, shall be holy unto the Lord ; it shall not be plucked up, nor thrown down any more forever."

This is the part of Jerusalem where nearly all the Protestant mission work is located, and where our little mission is, and already it has been made "holy unto the Lord," and is rapidly filling up with houses and people. Let us take hold with our dear ones for a glorious blessing !

Already in a quiet, humble, but very clear, wise and marked way the blessing has begun. Our dear friends have been led by the Master in much prudence and faith, and the

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Lord has already given them a very blessed place in the confidence of the other workers, and in the beginning of Jerusalem's restoration.

The Christian work in this city must be very quiet or the jealousy of the Turkish authorities will be excited, and sometimes the work suppressed. It is not best even that we should say too much about it publicly, or attract undue attention to it from its enemies. But we can speak most hopefully and thankfully. We have no doubt that the Lord has led our sisters to come here, and has guided them every step of their way. We have not felt at liberty hitherto to encourage any considerable number of new workers to come to this land, in view of the limited opportunities and population of the land. But we are satisfied that there is room for a few more laborers, even at this time; but they should be of the highest kind, and know the Lord so well that they will be saved from rashness and serious mistakes.

We believe the work in Jerusalem might be greatly strengthened by the addition of a man able to conduct public religious services, and gather around this little nucleus the spiritual elements that are wanting, and gradually establish a strong centre on simple, Scriptural and Pentecostal lines.

Never before have we been so much impressed with the place of Jerusalem in the plan of the world's evangelization. This was the Master's command, and it is still in force. We believe that this means not only the people, but the place, and we are somewhat strongly impressed, that from this centre the Lord wants very powerful spiritual impulses and

influences to go forth, in this last great missionary movement, for the evangelization of the world. None of us may quite understand all He means by it, but we are impressed that there should be a strong centre there, and that the Master's heart is still looking out upon the whole world from Jerusalem as a centre more than we, perhaps, have dreamed.

"When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, He set the bounds of the people according to the number of the children of Israel." Deut. xxxii : 8. And still He is working according to that rule. Men may scorn the Jew, but he is the key to the problem of history.

As we spent our first night in Jerusalem, we were glad that God had permitted us to begin our missionary journey and visit our first missionaries at Jerusalem. And we could not but feel that this little beginning was yet to be felt in all lands. We were glad to receive from our dear Lord this precious promise for workers in Jerusalem : "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains ; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon : and they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth." Psa. lxxxii : 16.

We were agreeably surprised to find a little company of Christian workers and missionaries waiting for us at Bethel Home, our missionary home, on Tuesday evening, and as we talked of our work, and all that was upon the Master's heart for Jerusalem, Jesus Himself drew near, and we were all refreshed and comforted. There were Presbyterians, and Episcopalians; and almost all the missions were represented.

On the following evening we were invited to meet the workers in another Home, and here we had the pleasure of meeting with a still larger company, including several of the ministers and missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, the oldest society and the largest in Jerusalem; also some from the Moravian and London Jews' Society. The spirit of loving, humble and most brotherly unity was most cheering, and we were so glad that our dear workers had come into this pleasant atmosphere so soon. In many hearts there was a real longing for deeper spiritual life, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Of course there was not quite the freedom that we so happily enjoy where all restrictions are removed; but there was much more than we expected, and we believe God is preparing a little company in Jerusalem, in many of the missions, through whom He can accomplish much for the world.

The two leading societies are the Church Missionary Society and the London Society for the Jews. The former has seven central stations and forty outstations in Palestine, and the latter is also doing an extensive work. The Moravians have also a special Mission to the Lepers, and a Home for them. We had a special commission given us for this class, and we have met many of them on the road to Olivet, and endeavored to fulfill our trust to the best of our ability. We found many of them professional beggars, and not the most honest people in the world. But their cries were distressing and their need great. They are still outcasts—without the city gates. But the government has provided a Home for

all who will go, and the Moravians have another, and there is no need that any of them should be in utter distress.

The cry for "backshish" is one of the nuisances of this land, and the mendicants are often unworthy. One old rascal met us in rags at the Jaffa gate with outstretched hands,



TOMB OF RACHEL, ON THE ROAD TO HEBRON.

and our guide told us that he owned one of the finest estates in the country.

We spent one pleasant day visiting the country south of Jerusalem. Abraham removed from Bethel to Hebron immediately after his separation from Lot; and so we also passed on the following day from Bethel to Hebron. There

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is a fine carriage road, and the distance from Jerusalem is eighteen miles. It is a ride of about five hours each way.

The road leads near to Bethlehem, and passes directly through the valley of Eschol. It was there that the spies found the enormous grapes which two men had to carry on a pole. The valley is still highly cultivated and filled with vineyards, and the grapes are said to be as fine as ever.

Hebron is a fine city of eighteenthousand inhabitants. It seems to be most prosperous. We saw them making the famous skin bottles out of goat skins, which are tanned



ABRAHAM'S OAK, HEBRON.

and sewed together so that they look exactly like a stuffed goat. We looked into one of the Moslem schools, and saw the dominie sitting in the corner cross-legged, on a plank, which one of our party called the school *Board*, and a dozen little Arabs around him repeating and reading, from a tin slate, passages of the Koran. We tried to buy one of the slates, but they said it was a sin, as the Koran was written on it.

However, money always prevails with an Arab, and a six-pence secured an old one, which we have for our missionary



HEBRON, AND MOSQUE OVER THE CAVE OF MACHPELAH.

museum. The Pool of David was there, and the tomb of Abraham and Sarah, in Machpelah's cave. The plain of Mamre is there, and an oak, at least one thousand years old,

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no doubt just like the one where Abraham sat with the angels and the Lord. The hills are there that Caleb won for his inheritance from the Anakim.

We found two dear missionaries there who are working



MISSION HOUSE, HEBRON.

in sympathy with the Alliance, and are members of the "Bible Correspondence School," in New York. They are Mr. and Mrs. Murray, worthy Scotch people, and are doing an excellent work, and have much access to the Moslems, often being permitted to sit for hours in the vineyards and read to them the Word of God. We also had the

great privilege of assisting in the opening of a new Mildmay Mission and Hospital at Hebron, under the charge of Mrs. Bowie of England and other workers ; and it was very sweet to sit there with a little company of about a dozen, and read the old story of Caleb and Hebron, and claim a great blessing upon the work.

There seems to be a better opening in Hebron at this time than in any part of Palestine. One reason is, perhaps, that the Greeks and Latins have never got into the place, and the Christians are not (mis) represented by them as they are in so many other places.

On our way home we stopped at Bethlehem, looked at the Shepherd's Plains, the well of David, and the little limestone cave in the Church of the Nativity, which is probably the birthplace of the Lord of glory. At least it spoke to our heart, in the Spirit, as Calvary and Bethany had done, and we are glad it was the last holy place we should have time to see in Palestine, for it left, as our last thought—that which was our Christmas message, and has become more and more the sweet watchword of our simple life—"as a little child."

How much there is in this wondrous land that speaks of the Master and the Bible ! The little sparrows are still here, of which He taught. The birds of the air are here that one can still see devouring the seed as it falls by the wayside. The flowers are everywhere, and they grow without care where nothing else will live. The children are still sitting in the market place ; and how one little fellow on Olivet did remind us of the Master's words, "We have piped unto you,

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and ye have not danced ; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." The little Arab wanted backshish very badly. He began by asking it directly, and my friend, who



BETHLEHEM FROM THE EAST.

could speak Arabic, tried to reason him out of it as a bad thing for good boys. He became very good all at once and followed us half an hour without opening his mouth. But,

as he saw this did not bring any backshish, he began to "pipe" to us. He went through the greatest lot of tricks and antics, laughing, dancing, and telling us how he loved us. This was all unavailing. And then he began to mourn to us; he showed us his ragged clothes, he wailed most piteously, he entreated, implored, until at last, after he had walked half round Olivet, we relented, and we gave him a little coin, not much, but enough to send him home happy, and, as our friend said—spoiled.

Here are men plowing in the field, contrary to the Mosaic law, with a donkey and a heifer. And they all hold the little crooked stick of a plow with *one hand*, and the oxgoad with the other. It is just as He said, "He that putteth his *hand* to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God." There is only one hand at it, and it must never let go or the work is ruined.

Here are the two women grinding at the mill, for the big millstones are too heavy for one. One pushes the crank half round, and then the other pushes it the rest of the circle. Here are the sandals, the waterskins, the little gate, called Needle's Eye, and a thousand things that bring one into the very atmosphere and native element of the Bible, and make one feel what a marvelous teacher Jesus was, to fit His parables and discourses so wondrously into the common life of the people, and make them alive with the images which expressed their daily life and experience.

What is the actual condition of Jerusalem and Palestine, and the so-called Jewish movement? There is no doubt

that there is a movement, a forward movement, and a remarkable one. Of course, compared with other countries, Palestine is yet, in many respects, a disappointment and a desolation. The land and even the roads are still covered with barren rocks and desolate ruins. But, compared with itself a quarter of a century ago, or even fifteen years ago it is making extraordinary progress.

There is now a railway running from Jerusalem to Jaffa, and three more are under way in Northern Palestine. Jerusalem is a city of nearly 70,000 people, and Nablous,—ancient Shechem—100,000, and both growing rapidly. Jaffa, Haiffa, Nazareth, Hebron, Beyrut, Damascus, are all prosperous. Inside of five years, the great mail route from England to India will most probably pass through Northern Palestine, and will save over seven days on the time now occupied by the Suez Canal. We were not able to visit Galilee, but were told by gentlemen just from there that it is in every way far in advance of Southern Palestine, and most of the soil good and productive. The Jewish colonies have been most successful, and the foreign capital and enterprise that have been invested in the country have paid well, where wisely directed.

What about the Jewish movement? Undoubtedly it is making all the progress it can. There are 40,000 Jews, at least, in Jerusalem, several thousand in Tiberias, and a good many in the colonies and at other points. There would have been far more if they had been allowed. Just after the Russian persecution they began to arrive in whole shiploads. The Turks and others at Jerusalem became alarmed and sent

a petition to the Sultan, and the whole movement was stopped, and no more Jews permitted to land. This, perhaps, was providential, as such numbers would have brought plague and starvation if they had continued. But they are still coming in, more quietly.

The Sultan has lately passed a firman forbidding Jews to buy any more property in Palestine. But this cannot last. There was much destitution among the Jews in Jerusalem a year ago, and there still is among some of the poorer classes; but many of them are engaged in industry and trades, and whole streets are occupied with their shops. There is also a very large fund contributed by Jews in all parts of the world for their poor brethren in Palestine.

What are the prospects of Christian work among them? Much of the Christian work in Palestine is among the Moslems and Greeks, and the prospects among the former are more hopeful than in any other land. But there is also much good work among the Jews, and some result.

We talked with a very earnest young Hebrew at one of the meetings, who was just about ready to confess Christ, and seemed most sincere and intelligent. One of the missionaries speaks of a movement even among the Rabbis. At least the door is open to give them the message, and this is our business,—the rest is the Lord's.

Upon the whole, we are much more favorably impressed with Palestine, with the spirit of the workers, and with the prospects of Christian work there than we expected to be. We looked for greater desolation than we found, and we

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Let us pray mightily for the breaking of the Turkish yoke, the influx of a new population, and the preparation of the way for the return of the best classes of the Jewish people, the true "Kings of the East."

And, above all, let us plead for "the Spirit of grace and



POOL OF DAVID, HEBRON.

supplication to be poured out upon the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem," and a baptism of heavenly power in the Holy Ghost on all who labor for the Jews.

When we were at Hebron they showed us the Pool of David, and remarked that it was full this year, and there would be a good and prosperous year, for the rains had been abundant, and the crops would be good. The Pool of David was the criterion of the rainfall and prosperity of the country.

There is another pool,—the blessed Holy Ghost. O, when that is full in every heart, and every mission field, the harvest of the world will be all right. That is the need of Jerusalem, of Palestine, of the heathen world, of the churches and land at home. For this, let us cry “until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest.” Isaiah xxxii : 15.

ZION'S AWAKING.

Awake, awake ; O Zion,
 Arise, Jerusalem ;
 Shake off thy chains and sackcloth,
 Put on thy diadem.
 Thy night is almost over,
 Thy dawning draweth near,
 Thy day o' Promise hasteth,—
 Thy King will soon appear.

Long hath thy midnight lasted,
 Hard hath thy bondage been ;
 Cruel the shame and anguish
 Thy weeping eyes have seen ;
 But lift thine eyes, O Israel,
 Forget thy Wailing Place ;
 Once more thy King is coming
 In glory and in grace.

Thy sons are crowding to thee,
 Thy wastes are tilled once more,
 Thy latter rains returning,
 As in the days of yore ;
 Thy vineyards and thy olives
 Once more the mountains crown,
 And 'neath their vine and fig-tree
 Once more thy sons sit down.

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DAYS IN PALESTINE.

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Once more the grapes of Eschol
In Hebron's vale are seen ;
Once more the plain of Sharon
Is clothed in richest green ;
The orange groves of Jaffa
Hang rich with harvests rare,
And hill and valley blossom
With flowers sweet and fair.

Thy streets and walls are spreading
With many a structure fair ;
Thy thoroughfares are crowded
With traffic everywhere ;
Thy limits stretching northward
Fulfill the sacred sign,
And soon thy walls will cover
The Prophet's measuring line.

And many a town and hamlet
Is growing o'er the land,
The harbinger of progress,
And brighter days at hand.
And many a little circle
Of Israel's sons has come,
And in thine ancient valleys
Has found a prosperous home.

And now the engine's whistle
Is heard on Sharon's plain,
And Judah's mountains echo
The rushing railway train.
Yes, and o'er Syrian railways,
They tell us soon will pour
The trade of western nations
To India's distant shore.

The messengers of Jesus
Are gathering at thy gates,
And many a faithful watchman
In Zion works and waits ;

Once more from Zion's threshold
The stream begins to flow,
Whose deeper floods of blessing
To all the lands shall go.

From many a cruel nation
Thy suffering children flee,
Not knowing God is planning
To drive them home to thee.
Thy strange, pathetic story,
Men cannot understand ;—
A land—without a people,—
A race—without a land.

But Israel shall be gathered,
From every race and clime,
On Zion's holy mountain
In God's appointed time.
But first, the chosen "remnant"
Their Saviour must receive,
The "first fruits" of the nation
The gospel must believe.

And then, from Gentile nations
The Lord must bring His own,
And "unto ever creature
The witness be made known."
Then, He hath surely promised,
The glorious end shall come ;
The King shall come to Zion
An l Israel gather home.

We hail that glorious morning ;
All things in earth and sky,
And even in scattered Israel
Proclaim its advent nigh.
Awake, awake ; O Zion,
Thy day begins to dawn !
Lord, haste its glad appearing,—
Help us to speed it on.

VIII.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

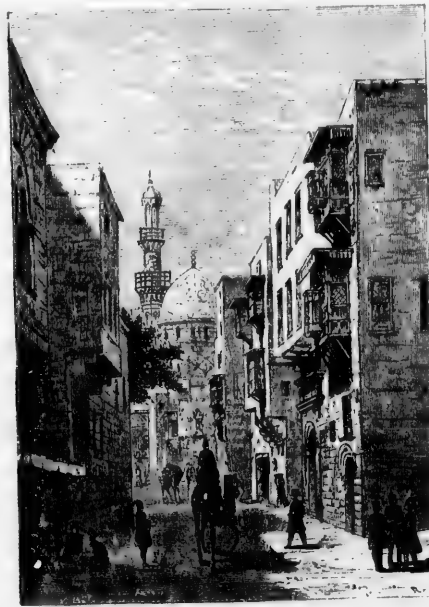
ALTOGETHER we have spent a week in Egypt, and although yet it has been much broken, it has been enough to give a very vivid, and perhaps fairly correct, impression of this oldest country of the world. Three days have been spent in Cairo—which is not only the centre and capital of Egypt, but, in a sense, a miniature of the world, for almost all nations and religions are represented in its curious and motley crowds. Our business at this time is not sight-seeing, but the higher business of the Master. We have had time, incidentally, to read many pages from that marvellous book of time and history, which so strangely emphasizes and confirms in every line the grander Book of God.

Cairo, even as a modern city, is intensely interesting. It is the second city in the Turkish Empire, and the largest in Africa. It has a population of nearly 400,000, of whom 20,000 are Europeans, and the rest are Egyptians, Abyssinians, Arabs, Turks, Syrians, and representatives of almost every country in Western Asia and Northern Africa. The streets around the new hotels and the Esebekeyah Gardens are quite modern and very handsome. Three or four of the hotels are very fine, large and fashionable, and, at this season, are overcrowded with English and American travellers.

The most interesting portion of Cairo is the older city, which dates back to the time of the Caliphs and Saracens.

Its streets are very narrow, crooked, and crowded with bazaars of every kind, where every ten feet an Arab, or Turk, or some other curious-looking man is sitting cross-legged at a

little hole in the wall, like a little prairie dog at his den, and surrounded by his special wares. Most of them have factory and warehouse all in one small space. In Cairo each trade has a separate bazaar, and so you will find the shoemakers and slipper vendors on one alley making and selling their wares at the same time. A little farther on is the brass bazaar, and there you can find the workers in brass,



A STREET IN CAIRO.

making and chasing with their fine tools their vases, coffee pots, candlesticks, urns, and all sorts of brass goods. The goldsmiths have a quarter, the rug and carpet dealers, the silk embroid-

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erers, the dealers in prints, etc., and one's eyes are dazzled and bewildered by the most glaring colors, and his ears almost deafened by the jargon of many tongues and cries of eager vendors and bargain makers. If you want to purchase



CAIRO.

anything you may always count on a reduction of from 50 to 60 per cent., and although the Arab will stoutly assure you that he has only one price, yet the sight of the money, and your back as you turn to go away and really mean it, always brings him to terms, and he consents to let *you* have it for

that low price, and then you may be pretty sure, in most cases, that he has the best of the bargain.

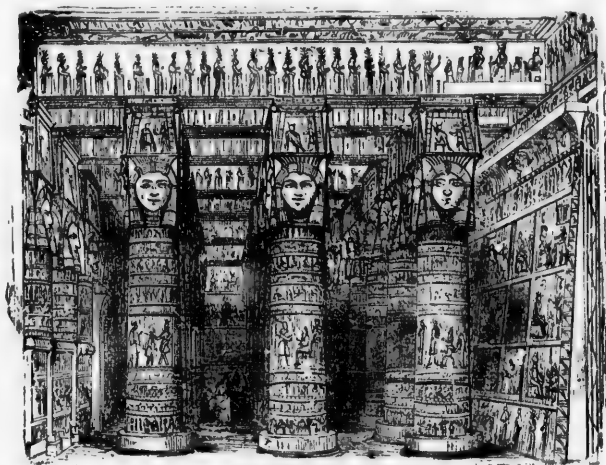
The view of Cairo from the citadel is surpassingly beautiful. The elevation is quite high and commands a wide and striking panorama. All around you is historic ground. The balcony on which you are standing is part of the most beautiful mosque in Cairo, perhaps in the world, the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, whose graceful minarets and magnificent dome are but indexes of the exquisite interior, surpassing, we think, except only in its windows, the interior of the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

At our feet Cairo lies spread, a brilliant panorama of houses, streets, minarets and domes. More than three hundred mosques are in the picture, a forest of graceful spires and minarets, unequalled for striking beauty of design by anything in the world. At night the tops of many of these minarets are lighted all round the narrow windows which surmount their graceful summits, and they look like lamps suspended from the skies. To the left, lies old Cairo. Away in the distance the Nile runs, like a silver thread, as the western boundary of the modern city. Across the Nile rise the massive Pyramids, about five miles distant. Fringing lines of acacias and palms stretch gracefully along the river, and fields clothed in living green spread away off to the right—down to the luxuriant Delta,—while beyond the Pyramids to the west, the sandhills and plains of the desert stretch out till they meet the distant horizon.

Looking up the Nile to the left you see the outlines of other pyramids, sharply cut against the sky—about ten or

twelve miles away. This is Sakkara, the site of ancient Memphis, once the capital of lower Egypt, and the seat of the Pharaohs, where still are to be seen many wonderful monuments and tombs.

You are looking on the relics of fifty centuries. The well beside you is called the well of Joseph ; the pyramids



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

before you were there when Abraham entered the land. The little island of Roda, yonder beside old Cairo, is said to be the place where Moses was found, but this is more than doubtful. But yonder ruins at Memphis doubtless mark the site of the splendid court where he might have reigned ; and had he not refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daugh-

ter, his mummy would probably to-day be found in the royal company that stand in a row in the famous museum yonder that we visited to-day. Well, Moses had a grander tomb on Nebo's height, and he stands to-day in the glory which shone out for a moment on the Transfiguration night, with a body which poor old Rameses would give all Egypt to possess and beside which all the obsolete grandeur of Memphis, Thebes, Zoan, Luxor and Karnak are poor and contemptible indeed.

Of course we went to the Pyramids. It is a delightful drive of about two hours, over a splendid road built by old Ismail Pasha, the Khedive who gave Egypt nearly all her wonderful improvements; and, in order to do it, loaded her with the enormous debt that has brought in the English army of occupation, to guarantee the interest to the English capitalists who hold the bonds. This has reduced Egypt to the condition, practically, of a British province. It is said, the old Khedive, after visiting Paris, resolved to make his fair capital a second Paris; and so he went on cutting boulevards, laying out gardens, planting avenues, building palaces, and rearing mosques, until he had realized his fond ambition, and, at the same time, reduced his country to bankruptcy, as the price of his beautiful dream.

The road to the Pyramids is lined with fine acacia trees, and thronged with long lines of loaded camels, donkeys, and women coming into market. The camels carry more than half a ton on their immense backs; the donkey, about one-sixth of the size, has nearly half as big a load. After seeing

the donkeys of Palestine and Egypt, we shall never again joke nor suffer others to joke about the noble ass.

Our horse in Palestine stumbled and fell on us ; but our donkey in Egypt carried us about with luxurious ease, and all the arts of horsemanship were quite unnecessary. You have only to sit in the comfortable saddle, and let him trot or canter along as he pleases, while your donkey boy runs behind, goading and guiding him whither he will. He always manages to go right, and gets through places no other creature ever could. He can go on stony paths or mountain passes, or crowded thoroughfares, or narrow passages, with perfect coolness and safety ; and stands with a patience, which many a Christian might well imitate, hardships and cruelties which have often made us feel ashamed of the master and proud of the soulless brute. They beat him, sometimes they half starve him, they load him down till his knees fairly tremble, and he just goes on his way fulfilling his useful course with a patience worthy of a higher nature. Some one in Palestine asked an Arab how long a donkey would live. "If you feed him," replied the Arab, "he will live forever." One would think so, when you see how long they live with their present treatment. No Moslem nor Arab ever feels insulted when you call him an ass. You can hardly pay him a higher compliment.

But there is another burden bearer in the train. It is the Egyptian woman. Everywhere you can see her with her big basket or earthen pitcher on her head, walking erect as a statue, and carrying it without a quiver, and without even

touching it with one of her fingers. We saw a woman yesterday trying to take up a burden which she could not lift to her head, but had to get a man to help her to load it up ; but, when once she got it on the little cushion upon the crown of her head, she started off as easily as if she had only an ostrich feather there.

Most of their faces are covered, except the eyes and brow, and a great many wear a hideous brass ornament between their eyes, that gives them an outlandish expression. The one thing lacking in all these scenes is the face and presence of a true woman. One sees the dear children everywhere, in all their simplicity, freedom and real beauty, but we look and long in vain for the women we are accustomed to see in our Christian civilization. Woman is left out of oriental society, and life is withered and blighted by the unnatural omission. The higher classes are shut away in idle, luxurious isolation ; the lower are almost beasts of burden for their lords and masters. The softening, refining, elevating influence of woman's society is wholly lost.

Some of the missionaries told us what a surprise it was when they invited Moslem gentlemen in to spend a social evening, to find they could sit and talk on social terms with women. It was to them a new, and, we are glad to believe, to many a delightful world, and gave them an attractive view of the sweet, human side of Christianity. Little does woman know what she owes to Christianity, and little does man realize how much woman's elevation has benefited him, and lifted up his life and happiness.

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THE PYRAMIDS AND THE RIVER NILE.

One beautiful picture we must give. It was on that same road to the Pyramids. Among many others, we met a woman carrying a great load upon her head. But in her arms she also held a babe; and we noticed that she had both her arms about her child, and trusted the burden to her skill and strength, but held her precious child in a mother's loving arms. It was the mother heart triumphing over even the thought of her material interest. It reminded us of Him who carries the government upon His shoulders, but He holds His children in His arms!

But we have got to the Pyramids. Yes, there they are!

"These mighty Pyramids of stone,
That wedgelike cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic steps of stairs."

But what enormous stairs they are! Four hundred and seventy feet high, and twice as wide at the base. And the steps are great stone blocks, about a yard high, so that you have to be pulled up by three stout Arabs, and coming down, held by a long turban tied around your waist to keep you from falling down headforemost.

We need not stay to give their history. They are great tombs built by one of the oldest of the Egyptian kings—Cheops—before the time of Abraham. The interior consists of a long passage downward, for a while at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then upward, followed by a level passage, ending at last in a large gallery, called the King's Chamber, under which is a smaller one called the Queen's Chamber.

Here were found the sarcophagi and mummies. The passages are ventilated by air shafts from above. O, what a waste of toil and treasure for a transient tomb !

In keeping with this was the skill and expense bestowed upon the embalming of the dead. The Egyptians built the houses of the living of perishable brick, and the houses of the dead of enduring granite. Was it the fear of death that made them struggle so hard to resist its ravages ? Was it the idea of immortality that made them long to keep the very dust from perishing ? Or was it their strange idea that while the body lasted, the spirit continued to exist in Paradise ; but if the earthly frame should vanish, the spirit-life would forever fade away ? Poor things ! how vain their tremendous fight with death ! How ghastly and ineffectual the triumphs of all their splendid mortuary architecture ! How easily faith leaps at a bound from yonder open grave at Jerusalem into the glorious reality which all these mummies, tombs and pyramids only shadowed faintly and afar off ! Oh, how we thank Him who "has abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Many of our readers know that a very elaborate effort has been made by such writers as Piazzì Smith, Dr. Seiss, and others, to prove that the internal passages and chambers of the great Pyramid are prophetic of the future ages. They have found in the scales of measurement, and the relative dimensions of the passages, and many other most interesting particulars, a sort of diagram of the course of time up to the Lord's return ; also they believe that the "pillar on the

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border of Egypt," mentioned by Isaiah, is nothing else than this old Pyramid of Ghizeh.

The argument is certainly very plausible, and the coincidences strange; but to many it is probably somewhat strained, and, at best, a system of very extraordinary correspondences. Happily, we have "a more sure word of prophecy" than old Pharaoh's necropolis.

The Arabs, donkeys and camels were almost as interesting to us as the Pyramids. They (the Arabs) had a great fight for half a piastre, which one had failed properly to share with the others. There were screams and blows, and, for a while, nearly all the crowd took a hand in it, but nobody was hurt. The coin in question is only about three cents.

The Sphinx is wonderful. It stands quite near the great Pyramid. The actual view of that face of stone is very touching. The expression of calm repose and gentleness is not imaginary. It seems like old Father Time, looking down on one hundred and fifty generations of his children, and smiling at

"Their claims of long descent."

What children we all are under the shadow of that face of nearly five thousand years ago! But even thou, O ancient Sphinx, art but a shadow of the "Rock of Ages,"—that Blessed One who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," with whom "a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years," and whose heart has been "our dwelling-place in all generations."

The most wonderful Museum in the world now stands

midway between the Pyramids and Cairo. It is the famous Museum of Egyptian antiquities, established through the labors and researches of Mariette, Brugsch Bey, and other Egyptologists, and contains nearly all the best results of the explorations and discoveries of the past few years. It was formerly at Bulak, but has now been removed to the old palace of the Khedive. The building is most magnificent, and the gardens luxuriant beyond description.

One gets some idea, from looking at this palace and grounds, of the selfish indulgence of oriental despots. Grottoes, fountains, walks, bridges, hanging gardens, summer houses, trees, shrubs, flowers of every kind, make it like a dream of beauty. The very walks, for miles, are mosaics of inlaid stones, and the garden walls are built of stucco and coral, with niches in the masonry for the trees and flowers, and all so wound together as to look like natural rocks and pine-covered terraces of tropical luxuriance. And all this was supplied by the toil and suffering of a whole nation for the indulgence of one selfish man, and, perhaps, three or four hundred poor women, whom he held in luxurious slavery in this and half a dozen other similar palaces. What a farce the government of this world is, and how we long for the true King!

The interior of the palace is still more splendidly decorated. But it is now put to a better use, as the repository of the treasures of Egypt's tombs. The only defect about it is the lack of proper provision in case of fire. A single hour might destroy, by sudden conflagration, treasures which could not be bought for hundreds of millions.

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We were informed that no less than one million dollars were offered by some parties in the United States for the privilege of exhibiting the mummy of old Rameses in the United States for a short time. Of course, it was refused; and many millions could not buy it.

We were surprised at the great number of monuments that are preserved from the fourth and fifth dynasties,—long before the time of Abraham. The amount of costly and exquisite jewelry found on the mummies, and preserved in the Museum, shows how advanced the fine arts were in the earliest periods.

Of course, the great object of our interest, and the centre of attraction to all the visitors, was the great Central Chamber



RAMESES II.

where the royal mummies are on exhibition. There the centre of interest was the great Rameses II., the oppressor of the Israelites, and his face and head were even more ex-

pressive of character and force than even the excellent photograph that most of us have seen. There was his father Seti, and most of his successors for a long time, with the strange exception of his son and successor, Menepthah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Where is his body? Why do we not have his mummy? Will it yet be found, or is it in the bottom of the Red Sea? Strange, the revenges of history and Providence!

We should think that every Jew would like to go and look at that helpless face. The man that cast little Moses into the Nile, and ground the lives of three millions of people to the dust, is not terrible now. The humblest Hebrew can look in his face and laugh him to scorn. So will all our terrible foes be some day. Only wait!

The story of the finding of these mummies was very wonderful, and was surely one of those providences which are so strangely making the ages meet in the last age of time, and causing the records of nature to confirm God's Holy Word in the face of man's proud infidelity. It was this:

Up at ancient Thebes, which was the favorite capital of old Rameses, they had his tomb and the tombs of many of the preceding and succeeding kings, and there was no doubt of the identification; but they could not find the sarcophagus or the mummy. All the tombs, indeed, were empty. They searched in vain, and it seemed as if the mystery would never be unsealed. But, one day, it was found that an Arab was selling some costly relics that evidently belonged to these tombs. Mr. Mariette, one of the leading Egyptologists,

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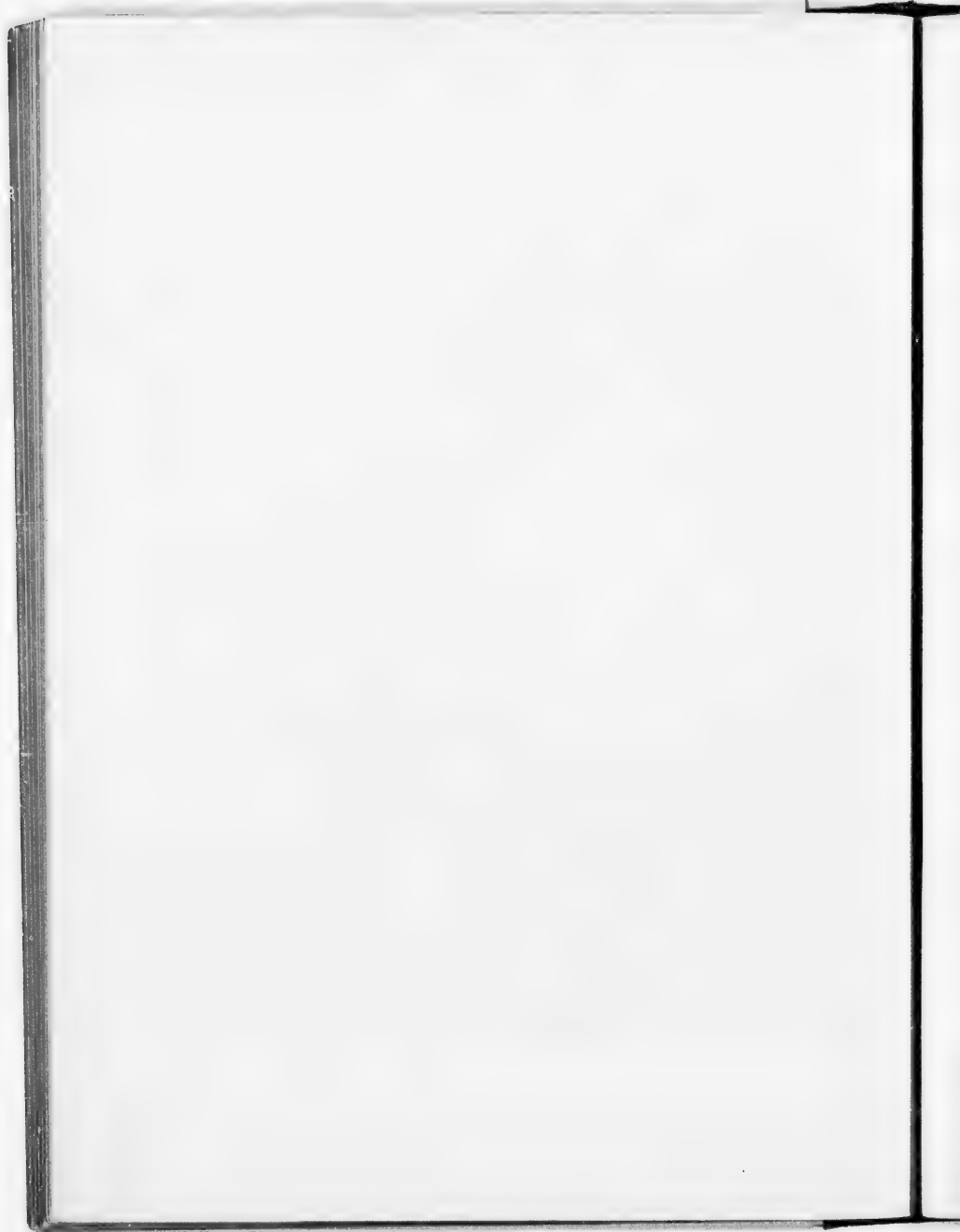
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learned of it, and found him out. A large sum was demanded for the secret—\$2,500—and it was instantly granted ; and, indeed, was but a fraction of the real value—millions would be given to-day. And the secret was divulged. A secret passage was found, which this man had accidentally discovered, leading down to a large subterranean chamber, very plain and simple, to which, in a time of threatened war and danger, the care-taker of the tombs had removed all the royal mummies for safety. And there, in that lone gallery, Ramesses and his family of kings were found lying in silence and obscurity, waiting God's hour for them to come forth and attest the truth of His ancient story.

No wonder that the great Brugsch Bey, when he stood in that royal chamber of the silent dead, raised his hands and said, "Have I lived to see this day?"

The interest and profit of our visit to this Museum, even for one brief afternoon, was greatly increased by the presence of a friend who resides in Cairo, one of the American missionaries, who had given much intelligent study and considerable research to this most interesting field.

One of our most interesting and memorable visits was to the great Mohammedan University of Cairo, the famous Mosque of El Azhar. It is the largest university in the world, and the principal Mohammedan school.

Of course, we had to get a permit, and to enter the sacred enclosure with sandaled feet. They used to require the Christians to put off their shoes, but now, by a sort of whitewashing process, they put on a pair of holy sandals over your shoes—for the consideration of a few piastres.

We have seldom been more touched than by the scene in this old Mosque. In a vast enclosure, filled with pillars and corridors, were scores of groups like the classes of a great Sunday School, all sitting crosslegged on the floor, each group gathered round a teacher, who was sitting among them and teaching them with all his might something from the Koran. They are said to teach everything here; not only Moslemism and the Koran, but also other branches.

What touched us was the intense earnestness of both teachers and students. The adults were all men, and they seemed to be men of one idea. Many of the teachers wore the green turban, showing that they had been to Mecca and had accomplished the Pilgrimage so sacred to Moslems. There are said to be 10,000 to 12,000 students in attendance always at this school, almost all preparing for missionary work throughout the world. We saw no such number as this, but there were a good many hundred. We saw enough, however, to let us realize the intense earnestness and power of this system based on one book, and interweaving that book with all their higher and lower education, and making it the chief text book in all their schools. If Christianity had treated the Bible as Mohammedanism the Koran, it would long ago have become the religion of the world.

There is one thing of which we need have no doubt—and that is, the intense and entire satisfaction and enthusiasm with which Moslems regard their religion, and the contempt with which they regard all others. They look upon Christianity as a religion from which they have taken all that is

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INTERIOR OF MOSLEM UNIVERSITY OF CAIRO.



worth keeping, and have added the higher revelation of Mohammed. They have been through Christianity and got beyond it. They accept Abraham, Moses, Christ, but Mohammed is beyond them all, the last and greatest of the prophets. Our dragoman said to us yesterday, in the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, "They teach us in the university that God is one, only one. He has no Father, no Mother, no Son." And he looked as if he had a self-evident truth.

They regard all Christians as believing that Mary is the Mother of God, and they hate it. Nothing has so hindered Christianity in the world and in the East as the absurd caricatures of the Roman and Greek Churches.

During our visit to Cairo the Roman Carnival was observed. The whole day was given up to processions and pantomimes, just like the Mardi Gras of New Orleans. The whole thing was a burlesque and a farce. But everybody went out to see it, and the day was a public holiday. It was considered by the Moslems as the beginning of the Christian season of fasting and prayer, and the missionaries were congratulated all round on the Christian feast, and wishes extended to them for a year of blessing. What but the power of God, and a real and living Christianity, can ever meet and counteract this awful caricature!

Unfortunately too many of our English and American Christians leave an influence but little better. But few of them ever find out the missions or the missionaries, and their influence among the natives reminds one of the prayer of the little Sunday School girl in Brooklyn, one night, just as

they were preparing to go to the country for the summer vacation. She knelt down at her little cot-side, and was heard to say, "Dood-bye, Dod, we's goin' to the country."

But there is a most excellent missionary work being done in Egypt.

The pleasantest incident of our visit to Cairo was our visit to the American Mission connected with the United Presbyterian Church of this country. We were most courteously received, and found the Mission in a most flourishing condition. There are now stations in all the Egyptian provinces, and a large and growing work is going forward. There are over 300 pupils in the school in Cairo, and nearly 4,000 communicants in all Egypt. There are a few Moham-
medan converts, but the work is chiefly among the Copts, the old National Christian Church of Egypt, but one that has more degenerated than perhaps any of the oriental churches. We hear, however, of important changes that are taking place, and some look forward toward reform.

We cannot too highly express our appreciation of the kindness received from some of the members of the Missionary Home in Cairo, and our gratitude to God for the work that has been accomplished.

But little work is done by any other Society. The Church Missionary Society of England has a few laborers. And yet, after all, the Egyptian nation with its millions of Moslems has been but lightly touched, and we need to pray much for Egypt.

How wonderfully God has fulfilled prophecy in this old

land ! It is, indeed, "the basest of kingdoms," and the presence of English soldiers everywhere makes one feel how truly God has remembered His ancient word respecting it, and held it in a place of subjection and humiliation.

But there is hope for Egypt yet, in the same prophetic Word. The plan of the ages has linked Egypt with Israel in the promises of the Millennial Age. Lord, hasten that longed-for day !

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IX.

ISMAILIA TO BOMBAY.

A VERY slow and tedious railway ride of seven hours, which, according to the schedule time, should only have been three hours and a half, took us from Cairo to Ismailia about one o'clock in the morning, and at five we were awakened hastily to meet our steamer for India. Our Arab attendant had promised exuberantly, the night before, to awake us an hour before the time for starting, but when the morning came, he forgot to call us until the tender was about ready to start; and we got a good illustration of the necessity of being "always ready" for the Master's call.

We were glad we had everything packed the previous night and had not much dressing to do. We found the "Oceana" a very fine boat, quite equal to our best Atlantic steamers. Down the Red Sea she has made faster time than the "Servia" did, attaining about 375 miles a day.

We have a most delightful party of passengers, including quite a number of ministers and missionaries going to the East. Every morning at ten there is a daily prayer-meeting, which is a time of refreshing, and there is less drinking than we have yet seen on any steamship.

The second class saloon accommodation is substantially

as good as the first class on the Atlantic steamers. This is not true, however, of many of the steamers.

We are sorry, in one sense, that we have to leave her at Aden and take a smaller steamer for Bombay, as the

"Oceana" goes on direct to Colombo and Australia. But we shall keep a few of our passengers, who are going also to India, and, we doubt not, our dear and mindful Master has prepared even better things for us there. His goodness to us in this whole voyage is beyond the power of words to express. We have been conscious every moment of a cloud of ceaseless prayer en-



AN ARAB DHOW.

compassing us, and His Presence has been real, restful and comforting as never before. Truly He has travelled with us all the way, and we love to commend Him to lonely hearts. Like a little child we go on, not knowing

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much before, and we find all the way prepared, and are ever conscious of His interposing and protecting love.

On our journey in Palestine from Jerusalem to Bethel our horse gave a sudden spring, and the next moment he was down on his side, falling on our right leg. It seemed inevitable that we must be injured. But we rose and walked along awhile to get our joints adjusted, and looked up to Him with thanks and trust, and found, that beyond a little sprain in one hand, a scratch on the other arm, and a little bruising of the muscles of the leg, we were not injured at all, and even the little touch of pain He quite took away—in a little while. Our friend urged us to exchange horses and let him take ours ; but we felt it would really be distrust, and would look like depending on the other horse rather than upon God, and so we simply watched our pony more carefully, and kept looking to the Lord, and got through the day delightfully.

The next day, as we were driving to Hebron, our Arab driver got very cold, and jumped from the seat, and ran behind the carriage awhile to get warm. The carriage blinds were down, and we did not see him or know exactly what he was doing, when, suddenly, we heard a cry, and found the wheel had gone over a steep embankment ; the carriage was just holding by the axle, which was flat on the ground. We leaped out and thanked the Lord for keeping us from going over. Then we helped the poor fellow, who was white with fear, to draw the carriage back on the road by turning the team across the road, and pulling hard ; and we went on trusting and watching. We do not mean at all to encourage

carelessness. We endeavor to be wise and watchful, but all our watching cannot anticipate the ten thousand perils that are ever around us, and it is so blessed to know and constantly find that He is, indeed, our Keeper, and that He never slumbers nor sleeps.

We find the sun in this Eastern world has a strange and dangerous power. Even when the air is so chilly that you have to keep on a heavy overcoat, you must not let the direct rays of the sun strike your head, or you are conscious of a very curious sensation, and would soon become ill. We are fitted out with pith hats, and learn to use white umbrellas. The promise has a very real meaning: "The Lord is thy Keeper; the Lord is thy shade on thy right hand; the sun shall not smite thee by day." The Arabs all cover their heads, both from the cold and heat. Their turbans consist of a very long piece of muslin folded over and over again, and, although they look so hot, they really shield the head from the sun, and keep it in a wholesome perspiration. In the coldest weather the Arab's feet and legs are usually quite bare; but, if he can get his head muffled up, he feels quite comfortable.

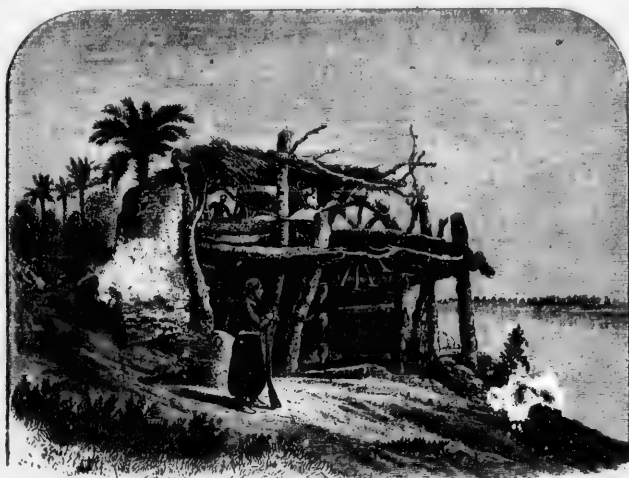
How the customs of the country constantly speak to us about the Bible! For example, riding the other day through the crowded streets of Cairo, with our donkey boy running behind us, we did not need to think about our road, so long as he was silent, but just went on without anxiety; but when we heard his voice we knew there was something to be done — either a turn or a halt. How it recalled the words:

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"Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and to the left." It is only when we have to turn, that we may need to hear the voice. God is not always speaking to us, but we may be sure we shall hear it when we come to the crisis



IRRIGATING ON THE NILE.

hours of life, and need to turn round or take any serious new step. When we have His silence and peace, let us go on with simple trust and confidence. Then we noticed that the voice was always behind us. And so God leads us and speaks to us out of the quiet moments of recollection, when we take time to hear His gentle voice.

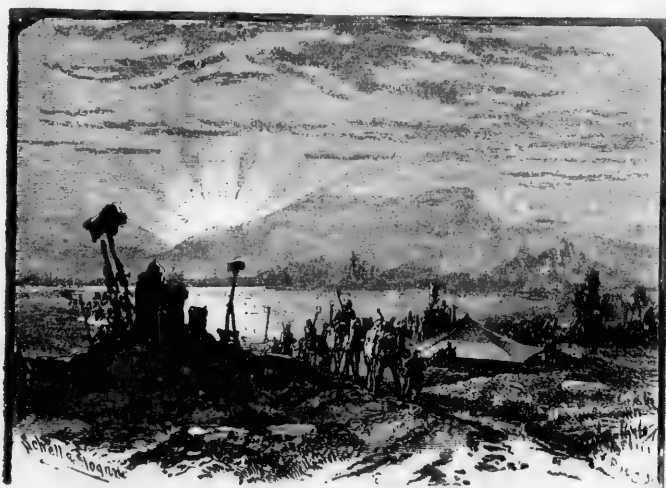
The skies and sunsets of this land are wonderful. The after-glow that follows sunset is beautiful and glorious. After the sun goes down over the desert, full-orbed and almost crimson-hued, you can see the stars in the zenith in a few seconds. Last night we saw the first star less than three minutes after sunset. And then begins, on the horizon, the most beautiful series of metamorphoses. First, there is usually a moderate glow in the East, reaching up, perhaps, twenty degrees from the horizon, and rather deeply tinted in amber and gold. But this soon fades, and in the west, right over the place where the sun went down, there hangs a halo of many-tinted glory for some time, changing its varied and blended hues, from pink to crimson, lilac and gold, and at times making you really feel that you are gazing at some superb illumination.

The other night in Cairo, more than an hour after sunset, when it was perfectly dark, and all the stars were out in every part of the sky but this, the fiery cloud hung for a long time, and we felt, for a time, that there must be a great fire in the city. But it gradually faded away, and we knew that it was just "the after-glow." Last night, over the shores of the Red Sea and the mountains of Abyssinia, it lingered until, at least, three hours after sunset, making one think of the glory that followed the setting of the Sun of Righteousness, and the light that is shining still over the place where He died and rose again, and ascended to shine in other skies, until He shall return some brighter morning, and we shall see in yonder East the Aurora of the Eternal Dawn.

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But we have a gladder, grander pleasure even than this. We have just been permitted to see the beginning of the skies of the southern hemisphere, and the beautiful Southern Cross, which is to the sailor of the southern seas very much



ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

what the Pole Star is to the navigator of the north—the Pole star of his sky.

To us it was the much more beautiful and significant symbol of our blessed Redeemer. All nature was made for Him and speaks for Him, and, surely, the four crimson stars which form this celestial cross may be permitted to bear wit-

ness to Him whom His own disciples have so little made known to these southern lands.

As we, on the Red Sea, watched its appearance for the first time, we had no interpreter but the voice in our own heart. The hour was late, the passengers were asleep, and we seemed to feel that we had God all to ourselves on this side of the world at least, for, on the other, our blessed Friday meeting was at that very hour going on, and about reaching its close. Up to this time we had been too far north to see this constellation. But now we felt we must be near the place of its appearing, and so we sat upon the deck, in the balmy air that floated over from the Arabian plains, and watched the south-eastern sky, as star after star that we had never seen before slowly rose from the sea, floated over a low curve, and sank again into the sea a little farther west. We need not tell our readers that the stars on the southern horizon describe a very short course till they disappear.

At last a cluster appeared, of about a dozen, out of which gradually we were able to frame a cross, by picking out the brightest and not seeing the others. For a while this seemed to us to be the famous constellation. But it appeared too large, the stars were too mixed and there were too many stars around it that did not form the cross, to satisfy us, and we waited on until it had begun to fade away to the west.

Then there came another constellation, composed mostly of great patches of nebulae brighter than the milky way, and looking like a great procession of lamps before some royal pageant. And then there began to rise from the sea three

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stars of ruby tint, that formed the head of a cross, much smaller than the first we had seen, and, as it rose and rose, the fourth star at length came up below, and lo ! the cross was complete !

There could be no doubt about this ; it was the true Cross—the other but a counterfeit, that had gone before. It had far fewer stars in it. Indeed, all but these four were smaller stars ; these were of the first magnitude. The figure was almost perfect. The right hand horizontal bar was a little higher and shorter than the left, but, with this exception, it was a real cross ; and, as it rose higher and higher, it stood out with bold outline and brilliant glory against the sky.

It was but a fancy, a correspondence, but it spoke to us of much. The first cross represented the false religions that have gone before and perplexed and deceived mankind. The nebulae that preceded the true Cross were fine illustrations of the light of prophecy and promise that ushered in the great redemption. And the ruby stars (as the astronomers tell us they appear in the telescope) that formed that simple cross proclaimed the precious blood by which we have been redeemed, and the plan of salvation through the sacrifice of Jesus, that bears its own evidence and vindication to all who are willing to look at it fairly.

One thing more we noticed. When it first arose, the cross was slanting, as if ready to fall ; but, as it moved on, it grew erect and passed out of view with its glorious head lifted up to heaven, telling surely of the glorious gospel which be-

gan in weakness, but is marching on to its full meridian glory, when "the head that once was crowned with thorns" shall wear the glory of all lands and ages.

And yet once more. Looking a second time at this cluster of stars, we noticed that by putting together the smaller stars, they formed a second cross that seemed to lie back of the other, and in a horizontal position. How it spoke to us of the cross which Christ has laid down at our feet for us to take up and carry! He had His cross, we have ours, too; and the very badge of discipleship is to be willing to carry it gladly for His dear love.

And so we turned away from the glorious sky, willing to be numbered among the star-gazers, too, if through these jewelled windows we may but see a little more of the beauty of our wondrous King, in His crimson Cross and His coming Glory.

It was two o'clock. A blessed company were just retiring from their hallowed meeting in the Tabernacle, at 6 P. M.; their day was ending,—and ours? And we lay down and slept for six blessed hours within the arms of His love, and prayers of His people, and the very curtains of His holy habitation. And when the morning dawned our vision of the night before had become a little song, which we give to our readers on another page.

We have some comic things, too, and the Lord lets us have an innocent laugh, many a time. While we were lying at anchor for half-an-hour in Suez to receive the mails and some other things, a lot of Arabs came on board with

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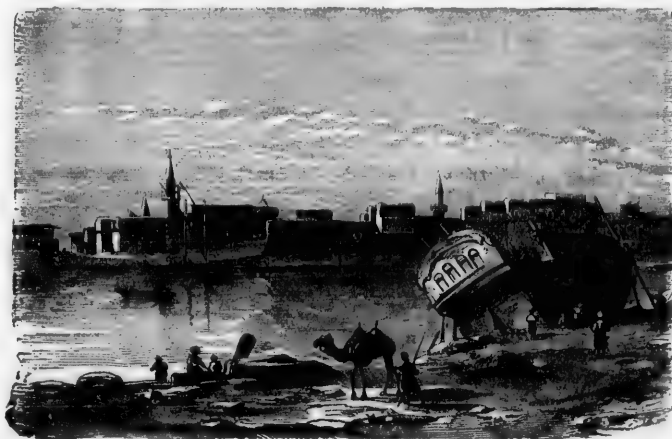
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their various wares. Among them was a conjuror, who seemed to be in the special employment of the devil. He had a little rabbit, some tin cups, eggs, etc., and at once seated himself on the deck in the centre of a group of passengers near us, and began his tricks. He proceeded to bleat for



THE TOWN OF SUEZ.

a time like a goat, and then uttering a sort of invocation to the devil, "Come on, debble, come on, debble," and then his arch-master having come to his aid, he began to do the most extraordinary things. The people laughed and wondered, and, as long as their money continued to flow, he went on. We stayed long enough to see that he was in the devil's

business, and then we turned away as far as we could, but could not escape noticing the sequel.

Suddenly the ship began to move, and the Arab started to get off, but he was too late. His dhow or boat was off a hundred yards, and all the tenders had moved away; then a most amusing and painful scene began. The sweat rolled down his face, he cried and lamented, ran to the stern, screamed to the dhow to come on and keep up, rushed frantically around the deck, tried to get the big ship to stop, but the captain did not even see him. Alas, the "debble" could not do much for him now! His master seemed all at once to have failed him. We could not help thinking of the magicians of Egypt and the narrow limits of their power. Fortunately for him, the ship had to turn round after a little in the roadstead, and during this time, only a minute or two, his boat came up, he seized a rope and swung himself over the side of the great ship, the boat caught him below as he swung in mid air, and he dropped on board, panting and sweating, while a great cheer went up from his friends, and he seemed hardly to know whether he was dead or alive. He, certainly, was the most frightened creature we ever saw, and we could not help thinking of the difference between the two Masters.

We have been passing through the lands of the Hegira and the Exodus of Israel. Somewhere on the line of this canal is the spot where Moses stretched his rod across the deep, and Pharaoh's hosts were buried in the Red Sea. Somewhere on these shores the Pillar of Jehovah's Presence lighted up the

darkness of the night, as this sunset glow now shines along the West. Somewhere over yonder are Marah and Elim, Rephidim and Sinai. Perhaps no one yet knows. Brugsch Bey says, the site of the crossing is away down at Kantara on the other side of Ismailia. But this can hardly be. It is too far from Goshen and Rameses, which have been identified near Tel-el-Kebir. The old tradition says—Suez. But this seems too far on this side of Rameses. A good many have located it at Shalouf, a few miles above Suez, and they believe that the Red Sea then reached much farther north, and took in the present Bitter Lakes and Lake Timsah on which Ismailia stands. This is, perhaps, most probable.

We saw, a short distance to the East, the probable site of Elim, still known as the Wells of Moses, where we could see the palms growing around a few houses on the oasis. Away beyond stretch the desert sands where they wandered, and in the distance, rise the peaks of Horeb and Sinai. Many a weary journey has been made to trace their footsteps. We have little interest in the mere processes of antiquarian research; we are content to accept the best results, and get as quickly as possible to the practical lessons of their history. For us they trod these wastes and lived and died, and failed to enter in, that we might escape their failures and inherit their promises. "Let us, therefore, fear lest, a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of us should seem to come short of it."

The Red Sea looks like a narrow strip on our maps, and one would almost expect to see from shore to shore. But

when you get upon it you find a great sea more than a thousand miles long, and over two hundred broad, down which it takes a swift steamer between three and four days to sail. Its waters have been like a summer pool. In the wake of our ship, flash the phosphorescent creatures that might be called the glowworms of the deep. An army of scores of immense sharks swam past us to-day. The Southern terminus is the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and the town of Aden, a British possession, commands the entrance to the canal, and is an Arab town of less than 20,000 people. Across rises the high coast of the Somali Country, where a few brave Swedish missionaries are laboring.

Arabia is yet an unevangelized land, only one or two working chiefly in British territory. Some efforts are about to be made to enter it. In His Name we will claim it for Christ in His own mighty way. How little is all that we can do against this great host! But He is All-sufficient, and, in these days, as we realize more than ever the immensity and difficulty of the field, we are falling back on Him, and giving ourselves more than ever to prayer, not only for a blessing on our own work, but, infinitely beyond it all, for His own infinite, direct and almighty working.

A foolish dance is going on upon deck this evening, and, driven from our usual walk, we have just spent a very pleasant hour with the chief cook on the lower deck, and he has told us the story of his wonderful conversion, six years ago, on this ship, through one of the China Inland Missionaries. He is one of the stalwart sort of Christians, and stands alone

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on this ship against all the mixtures and compromises that so dishonor Christ, and confound Christianity with mere worldliness. It is refreshing to find once in a while such hidden ones in all sorts of unexpected quarters.

But we have just passed the lights of Perim and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and must get ready to tranship for Bombay.



ADEN.

The approach to Aden is wild and grand. It stands upon a rocky peninsula, whose jagged cliffs must rise at least 2,000 feet above the sea. It is situated about eighty miles east of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and commands the entrance of the Red Sea. It is an English colony, strongly fortified, and of immense strategic importance, giving England the command of this mighty gateway to the East. The town lies back from the harbor a few miles, and has a population of about 20,000.

We find some interesting traces of the ancient greatness of this old Arabian town. It is mentioned, in Ezekiel xxvii : 23, as one of the cities with which Tyre carried on an important commercial traffic. Tradition places the home of the Queen of Sheba at Saba, just north of it. In the time of Constantine it was an important church centre. In the middle ages it was a great city, and a prize for contending armies. It has been held successively by the Turks, Arabs, Portuguese, French and English. It is now a part of the Bombay Presidency, and one of the most important military posts of the British empire, and known as "the Gibraltar of the East."

There are a few missionaries from England laboring here, the only workers that have yet been really planted in Arabia. So far they are chiefly employed within the British territory, but it is, at least, an important starting point, and we join hands with them in faith and prayer, and put the sole of our foot down on Arabia and claim it also for Him, in His own great and mighty way, even in the face of apparently insuperable difficulties.

Arabia is the land of Ishmael and Hagar, of Moses and the Law, of the wanderings of Israel, and the sojourn of Elijah and Paul. These people are the seed of Abraham, and, at least, the cousins of Israel; and they, too, have an inheritance of promise. They are a most attractive people, simple, affectionate, intelligent and capable. Our heart bleeds to see them under the blight of Mohammedanism.

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American Mission in Syria, in the publication of the Bible and other books in their beautiful language ; and the Bible Societies are distributing these leaves of the Tree of Life among them with a fair measure of success. Work has to be carried on among them with great wisdom. Anywhere, under the Turkish government, any very public agitation is sure to lead to the suppression of the work. The work carried on by the North African Mission, from Damascus among the Bedouins east of the Jordan, has been stopped, and Mr. Van Tassel has returned home. The best work we can do for Arabia is to pray that God Himself will somehow send the pioneers whom He alone can prepare to go forth with the Gospel to its neglected millions, if it be nothing more than to proclaim the witness before the coming of the Lord.

But we got a glimpse of another race during the four or five hours we stayed in Aden,—the African tribes on the opposite shore. We had no sooner anchored than our ship was surrounded with scores of Somali lads, entirely nude, except a towel around their loins. They floated around like sea-fowl, climbed on deck, and tried in various ways to get "backshish" or sell their wares. They were as black and shining as polished ebony, with curly African hair. Their figures were finely developed, and they were really handsome, and very smart and intelligent. They were perfectly at home in the water. Many of them had their own canoes, just big enough for one, and hewn out of a log. The sea washed in, but they sat in the bottom paddling, and just bailed it out with their hands. You could not drown them. They were more than

half the time in the water, swimming about like fishes—able to stand erect in the sea, and laugh and talk, and dart about among the tug-boats and steamers without the slightest fear of being run over. Their greatest delight was to have a passenger throw them a penny or sixpence. They would leap from their boats and catch it long before it got to the bottom, and invariably bring it up in their mouths. Poor little fellows, what beautiful Christians they would make !

At length we are loaded with mails and freight for Bombay, the signal gun is fired and we are off. As we clear the harbor, we look south, and the "Oceana," the ship we have just left, is leaving for Colombo and Sydney, on her long voyage of four weeks more. These great Australian ships only make three trips a year. Compared with one of these great voyages, an Atlantic trip is like crossing a ferry.

The sail over the Arabian Sea from Aden to Bombay was very delightful. The sea was as calm as glass, with the exception of the last few hours, and pleasant breezes kept the air delightfully cool. On the glassy waters floated myriads of beautiful sea anemones, a sort of jelly fish spreading out just like a great flower, with petals of lilac and heart of crimson and purple. Flying fish would often dart across the waves, flutter a minute or so in the air, flying, perhaps, a hundred feet, and then drop into the water. At a distance they looked like little birds, but close at hand they were seen to be little fish about a foot long, with wings just like a black bird.

This sea is not always so gentle. In the monsoon season, from June to September, it is, perhaps, the roughest sailing

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in the world, and the sailors and officers told us how in the last monsoon, the chief officer of the "Assam," one of the two steamers that sail between Aden and Bombay, was swept off the deck by a great wave, and never seen again. This, however, is the calm season and is unusually calm.

All our stewards are Hindus, and the Post Office clerks also. Most of them speak English perfectly, and, but for their brown faces, you would take them for Englishmen. The crew are all Hindus, and it is a sight not to be forgotten to witness one of their meals. Last night we watched them at supper. A great tin pan of rice, about a yard in diameter, and holding at least five gallons of boiled rice, was brought by one of them to the fore-castle deck, and then nine or ten of them squatted round it, having first all carefully washed their hands.

Then they began to squeeze the rice to make it soft and sticky, any or all of them sticking in their hands at places, until they had worked it up to the proper consistency. Then a little basin or pot was brought, containing some curry sauce, and this was poured over the rice, and again their hands were plunged in and the rice and curry mixed up until it had become properly colored and flavored. The process of eating then began, and each one, with his hands, plunged into the great dish until the dish was empty. Then he would look round at some other little company, and, if there was another dish not yet finished, he might join that party. They were all squatted around these dishes, and looked not unlike a little pen of animals getting their rations in a trough. But they are gentle, inoffensive, quiet people, good servants, and

like simple, happy children. They are rather timid, and bear in their faces and manners the marks of a subject race.

We reached Bombay about ten o'clock on Saturday evening, February 25. The harbor is large and fine, and is guarded by bold, high shores. We had just got our baggage on the steam launch of the P. & O. Company, and were arranging to go to a hotel, when our good brother Fuller arrived, with a cordial welcome, and took us to a delightful Christian household, where we remained during our stay in Bombay, and met some lovely Christian friends. We remained in Bombay until Tuesday morning, and then left by train to visit our dear missionaries in Berar. We shall speak of them and our missionary work later.

Our first act on stepping upon the shores of India was to get alone on the landing, and, while our friends were having our baggage attended to and securing a carriage, we just looked up into the skies and heavens, beyond the glorious stars, and claimed this place, on which the sole of our feet at length rested, for Christ and His gospel.

And we believe that He gave us more than our eyes shall ever see at this time, for the evangelization of this wondrous land and mighty people,—the most open and interesting mission field in the world, and the great inheritance and trust, not only of the British nation, but also of all the English-speaking people of the world.

One of our first impressions of India was the noises of the night. The air was literally wild with the cries of innumerable birds, especially crows, which were flying about all the night, lighting upon our window sills and impudently put-

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Our next decided impression was made by the American



BOMBAY.

mosquito who was here in force. Fortunately, if they do not kill him they fence him off, and so we got under our bar as speedily as possible, and stayed there till daylight cleared the air. Everybody in India keeps doors and windows open, and the word *draught* is unknown in this land. We found the nights cool and pleasant, and the days hot, but not nearly so hot as we expected at this season.

Perhaps our next impression was the dress or rather undress of the people. The men and women of the lower classes dress about alike. The limbs are scarcely covered, one garment being fastened around the loins, and another usually over the shoulders. The turban is always to be seen on the men, and is very elaborate. The women gracefully throw over the head a corner of the loose robe, that falls over the shoulders. These women can be seen carrying great burdens constantly on their heads. It almost touched our heart to see them engaged among rough men as the lowest laborers on the public buildings, carrying the mortar for the masons like our hod carriers. As we saw their frail, half-clad bodies trembling under these great hods and baskets of brick and mortar, we asked what wages they received, and they told us: "In Bombay about eight cents a day—in the country much less."



HINDU WOMAN.

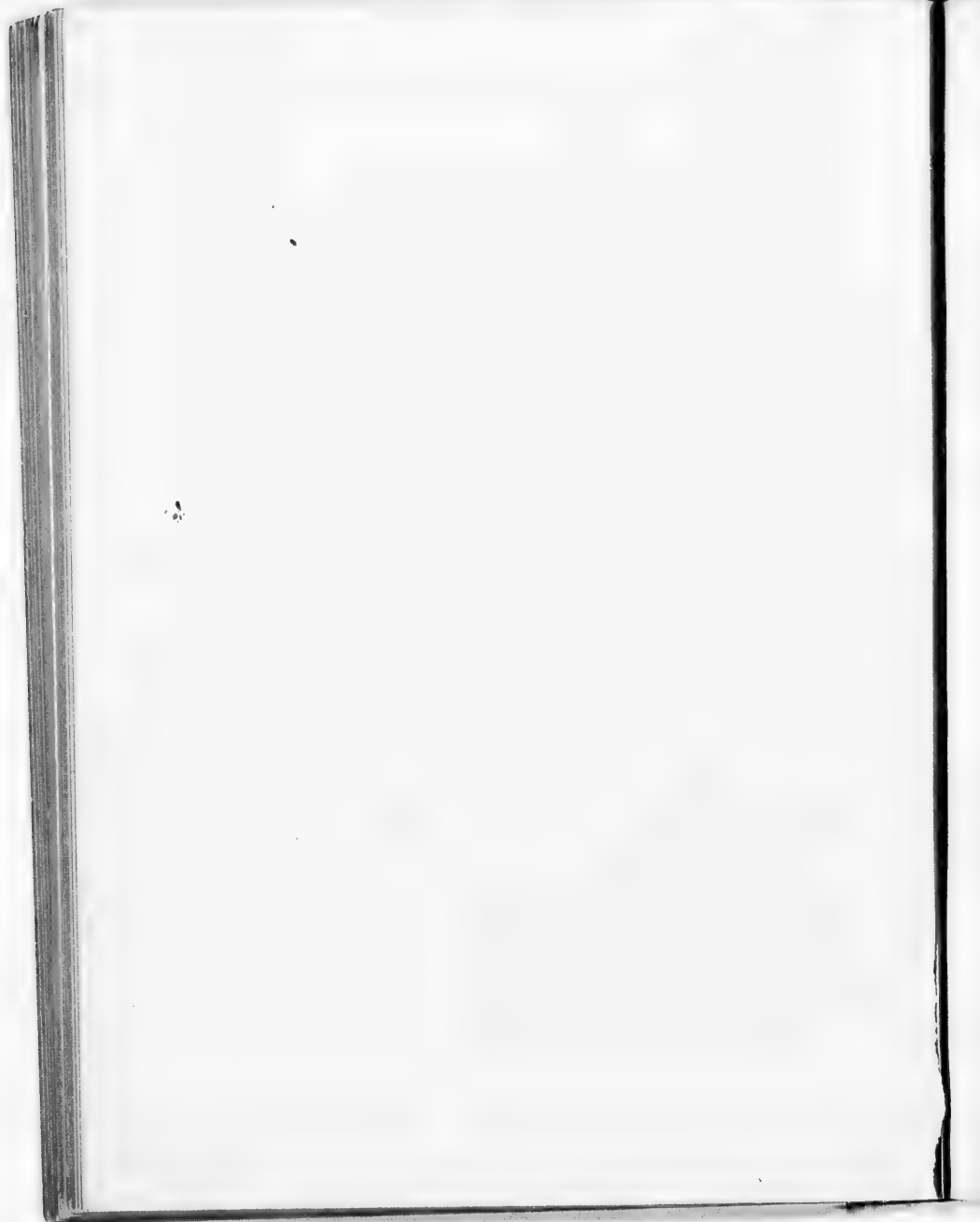
And for this these women toiled all day in the hot sun, and went home to feed themselves and their children on a little rice and curry, and often this was a luxury they could not afford. We thanked God for what the Gospel had done for our Christian women, and we longed that our redeemed sisters might be awakened to do more for the toiling and de-

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VIEW FROM ORIENTAL BANK, BOMBAY.





graded women of India. Many of these toiling women were young girls of fifteen to twenty, and many of them mothers with children. Think of them, girls and mothers of America !

The first sunrise we saw in India was upon God's holy day. We found many friends waiting to welcome us to the vineyard, and we were only too glad to respond. We had the privilege of preaching three times on that day : at 11 A. M., and 6 and 8 P. M. The first two services were in the American Methodist Episcopal Church, where we found a large and earnest English congregation, consisting largely of Europeans in India, and English-speaking natives. The later services were held at the Sailor's Rest, where we found a nice company of Scotch and English sailors, and we believe that several precious souls were saved.

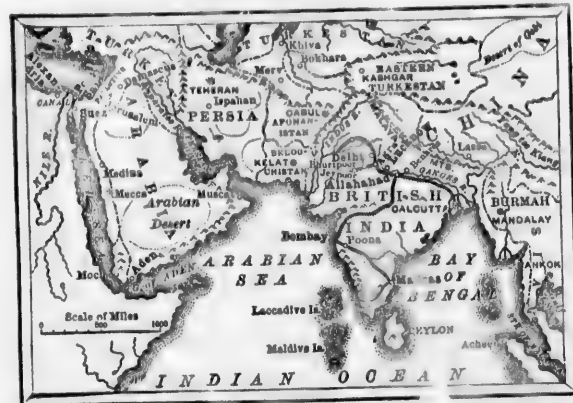
The Superintendent of the Mission is our dear brother, Mr. Madden, lately of New York, who, with his dear wife used often to attend our Tabernacle services in New York, and called upon us there less than three years ago, to consult about entering upon foreign missionary work. We were glad to hear from many quarters that this work is most successful, and he is very highly esteemed among our Christian workers here, and beloved by the sailors. The Pastor of the M. E. Church, where we also preached, is a successful American Pastor who has recently come to India from a western city, so that we feel a good deal at home in such congenial surroundings. The spirit of many of the workers was most earnest, simple, catholic and aggressive. This is one of the self-supporting churches founded by Bishop Taylor many

years ago, and is, indeed, a monument to his zeal and wisdom. It is a blessed centre of holy Christian life and work.

On Monday morning we had the pleasure of breakfasting with Mr. Dyer, proprietor of the *Bombay Guardian*, and meeting other dear friends there. He has been most kind to all our outgoing missionaries, and has usually given them a public wel-

come at his home.

We did not forget to call at the home of our dear friend now in New York.



MAP OF SOUTHERN ASIA.

Miss Helen Richardson, and had the pleasure of seeing two of her assistants and some of her work. One of them is Miss Carter, of Brooklyn. Miss Richardson is laboring for the unfortunate girls of India, especially those who have been inveigled into sin after coming from other lands, by bad men. Her work is a much-needed one, and we are sure her return will be the occasion for renewing it with fresh courage and power.

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In the evening we were invited to take part in the first public meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in Bombay, and it was a good and spirited meeting, and the work is beginning with a lot of live and loving women behind it.

Most of
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We shall not

at this time, attempt to describe it further than to say that Bombay is the commercial metropolis of India, and the second city in the British Empire. It is worthy of its high position, at least so far as appearance is concerned. It reminds one of what ancient Ephesus must have been, the magnificent capital of the Orient. It is, indeed, a superb



STREET IN BOMBAY.

and splendid city with a population of nearly a million, and a luxuriance of architecture and vegetation worthy of the glorious East. A short visit to the magnificent market gave one an idea, that nothing else could, of the wealth of natural resources which surrounds it. All the fruits of the northern zones were there, and multitudes of varieties of tropical flowers, plants, fruits, and vegetables which we cannot even take time to name.

India is, indeed, a great and wondrous world. And her two hundred and eighty million souls are our great inheritance, and sacred trust. God is laying her intensely on our hearts, and we roll the burden on thousands of other hearts to whom God is waiting to give the greatest privilege and honor of the Ages, viz., the giving to her yet neglected millions of the glorious invitation, perhaps for the last time, to the Marriage of the Lamb.

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Stars of the Southern heavens,
I greet you in His name,
Who hung your torches yonder
And lit your glowing flame.

Oft in the northern midnight
I've seen Orion shine,
The brightest constellation
Of yonder arch divine.

The silvery light of Sirius,
The wond'rous Pleiades,
The never-changing Pole star,—
Oft have I gazed on these;

But I have longed to see thee,
Fair Southern Cross, arise ;
The mystic sign of Jesus
Engraven on the skies.

Shine on, thou wond'rous Signal,
Bright Lamp from heaven above,
Tell out o'er earth and ocean
The mystery of His love.

O'er Australasian Islands,
And Afric's burning sands,
O'er India's teeming millions,
And all the Christless lands ;—

Tell how the Lord of Heaven
Gave up His Son to die,
Till men shall catch the meaning
Of Christ and Calvary.

The Church has long neglected
To make the message known ;
But God has hung thy Signal,
To flash it from the Throne.

They say its stars are tinted
Like Calvary's crimson hue ;
The very heavens confess Him
Who died for me and you.

The Southern Cross is hanging
Low in the Eastern sky ;
I almost long to grasp it
And lift it up on high.

But there's a cross, O Master,
That e'en our hands can bear,—
We can lift up Thy gospel
And tell it everywhere.

Yon glorious constellation
Is slowly travelling on,
And lo ! erect it standeth,
Long ere the night is gone.

Yes, and the Cross of Jesus
Is rising evermore ;
And soon its light and glory
Will shine from shore to shore.

Amid yon starry cluster
Two Crosses I can see :
One is the Cross of Jesus,
And one—is left for me.

One stands erect to Heaven ;
'Tis His, who suffered there,
And one is prostrate lying
For us to take and bear.

I lift Thy Cross, O Jesus,
O'er every heathen land ;
And mine I take and carry
At Thy divine command.

X.

OUR WORK IN BERAR.

WE spent a delightful week with our missionaries in Berar, and had a season of much mutual blessing.

The Province of Berar lies directly north of the Nizam's Dominions and the large District of Hyderabad. It begins about three hundred miles east of Bombay and extends about one hundred and seventy miles from east to west and one hundred and fifty from north to south. It contains a population of nearly three millions of people.

It lies in a vast plain, and is bounded on the north by a long range of hills called the Sappuro Hills. It is one of the richest agricultural districts of India, and is especially noted as a cotton producing district. There are large cotton markets all along the railway, and many cotton gins and presses with some cotton factories. During the American war a great impetus was given to this trade. The soil and climate seem especially adapted to it.

It has very dense population, averaging in some districts two hundred and fifty to the square mile. Its principal cities are Amraoti, Akola, Ellichpur, and Bassim, but there are a

great many towns of from five to ten thousand inhabitants, and, at least, four thousand smaller towns and villages.

It is not a district much visited by strangers and travelers, for it has no romantic scenery nor striking historic associations. And it has been strangely neglected in the occupation of India by missionaries. For fifteen or twenty years a few pioneers have been preparing the way: Mr. Ward at Ellichpur; Miss Sisson, Miss Drake and Miss Wheeler at Bassim; and later, under her new name, Mrs. Moore with her good husband, Brother Moore, and our own dear Mr. and Mrs. Fuller at Ellichpur, Akote and Akola. Much faithful work was done, much suffering endured, and much prayer stored up in heaven by these lone laborers, and at last the harvest has begun to appear.

A few years ago Miss Bates and Miss Dawly, from our own work, joined them at Akola, and, about the same time, Mr. Rogers from America began to found the Industrial School for the training of native boys in mechanical and skilled work. Miss Case and Miss Walker followed about a year and a half ago. Gradually these links drew the older workers into closer contact with the Alliance, and the result was the consummation of a union which has led to the sending out of the four parties that have so rapidly followed each other during the past six months, making an aggregate of forty-three Alliance missionaries now on the field.

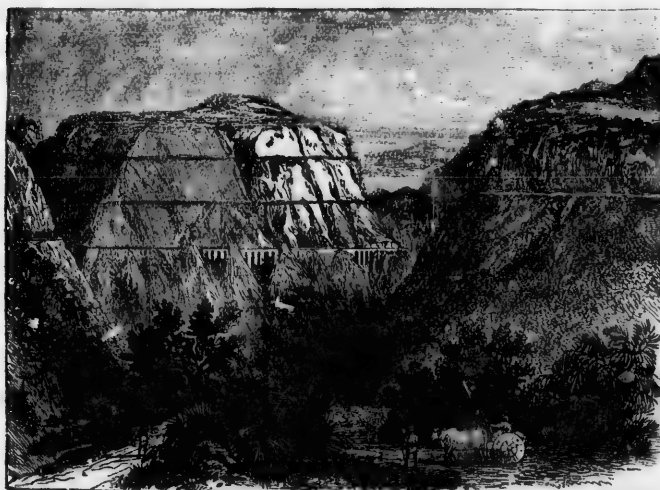
To visit these beloved workers was one of the chief objects of our journey to India. As soon, therefore, as we could get off from Bombay, we were on our way to Berar, by the

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great railway which leads through the Central Provinces from Bombay to Calcutta. We met the first section of our missionary party at the mountain village of Igatpuri, sometime before we got to Berar. Here, at the summit of the western Ghauts—the literal “Gates” to the great central plain of



THE GHAUT RAILWAY.

India, — we found eight of our dear friends very pleasantly settled, and faithfully studying the language and getting ready for work.

We need not say it was a joyful meeting, and we found them all exceedingly well and happy, and looking better than

ever. They had already made very fair progress with the language, and were carrying on a little work in the native village close by. One had given her first little message to the natives in Marathi the previous Sabbath, and they were all much encouraged.

There are many Europeans and English-speaking natives at Igatpuri, which is a great railway centre, and we had the great pleasure of preaching in the evening to an excellent congregation in the Methodist Chapel, and pressing upon them the claims the heathen have upon the native Christians of India. When we got home we were glad to find a fine young fellow who had been at the service, and was under deep conviction of sin and wished to talk with us. He was a native and an employe of the railway. We had a blessed season of prayer, and thanked God for fruit from our first missionary meeting in India. He went away professing to give himself fully to the Lord, and promising to attend the meetings at the Mission Home.

Igatpuri is only a temporary residence for our workers while studying. It is already occupied by other missionaries, but was an excellent place to receive, and, for a time, settle part of our large company, till they could be permanently located; and it is a cool and delightful summer home, quite high, and, except in the rainy season, more pleasant than Berar. In the monsoons, however, from June to September, the rainfall on all the mountains is enormous, reaching sometimes several hundred inches in a single season.

Taking both households along with us, to attend a Con-

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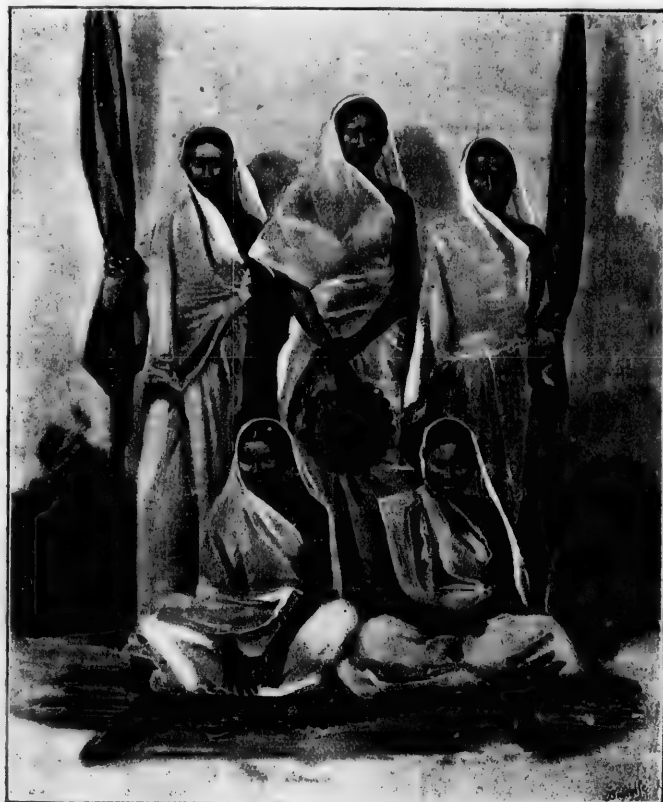


GROUP OF MISSIONARIES AT IGATPURI.
A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

vention of all our workers, which had been called for Thursday and Friday, March 2 and 3, we found most of the others there on our arrival the next afternoon, and we had a very joyful welcome, and felt very much as if we had got home again to the old Tabernacle meetings.

We had feared that the large parties of new missionaries, who had come out in succession since last September, would greatly strain the accommodations our friends were able to count upon, and we hastened our journey in order to assist in getting our friends settled. But we found to our surprise that everything was already arranged in the most quiet and satisfactory manner, and every one was happy and contented. The Lord has very wonderfully aided our dear friends in this whole matter, and given His own wisdom and grace to the Superintendent and all the missionaries in a very special manner, so that we found them not only thankful for all the people that had come, but glad to welcome still more, as soon as the way was clear to send them.

We were met at the Akola depot by all the missionaries and most of the boys of the Mission. We found the approach to the city very imposing, the English quarters being handsomely laid out with broad avenues and lines of handsome shade trees. It is a city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and consists of two towns, one European and the other native. It is the capital of one of the five districts of Berar, and the residence of a number of English officials. There is an English church and chaplaincy, and there are a number of handsome bungalows on the main avenue, where



HINDU WOMEN.

they live. The Mission bungalow is in the English quarter, and is a substantial building with a fine approach.

There is also on the ground another excellent house,

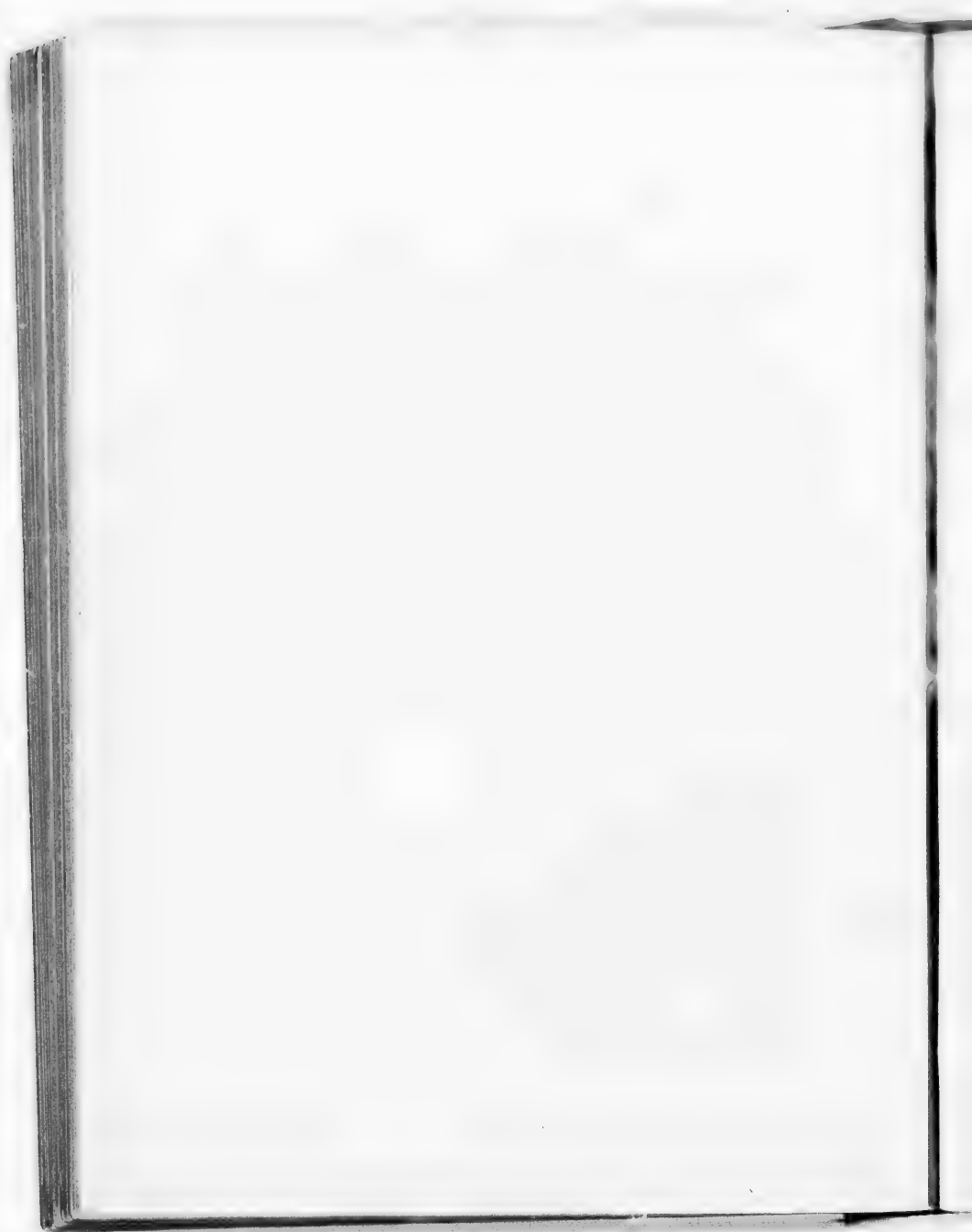
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GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, AKOLA.





which Miss Dawkins erected for the orphanage work was here. The two together accommodate about seventeen persons. Then there are the girls' and the boys' Home on the same site, where there are about fourteen girls and seventeen boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuller live just at the edge of the native town, in a neat, simple bungalow, about half a mile from the mission premises. The Lord has been graciously providing the valuable property during the waiting years for the commencement of this great work, and we must follow up with a faith and courage worthy of what He has done.

We found most of the party quite well. Mrs. Fuller had just a few weeks previously risen from her bed, and another little missionary had joined the family circle. It was, indeed, wonderful how God had carried her through the double strain, and we never saw her so bright, victorious and happy. It is enough to say that Brother Fuller was "as aforetime," and so we expect ever to find him till the Master comes. Two of the dear ones were unwell, but improving.

On the following morning we gathered together at eight o'clock for the first Convention of the Christian Alliance in India. It was a season forever to be remembered by us all. As some of us looked back ten years in America to the beginning of the work there, and others to the lonely days of waiting in India, and saw this company of more than fifty workers gathered, in one spirit, in this field, there were feelings too deep and full for utterance. There were a few others present with us, besides our own missionaries, but all were of one heart to win Berar for Jesus.

Our Bethshan friends from London have taken the city of Ellichpur for a centre, and several of them were present.

Mr. Moore, from Bassim, representing an independent work connected with Dr. Cullis, was present with Philip, his evangelist. The Free Methodists have also a mission at Yeotmal, in the south-west of the province, and their two missionaries were present. There is only one other mission in the province, and that is the Scotch Mission at Amraoti, but they have no European missionaries there, and were not represented in the conference. We might truly say that all the foreign workers in Berar were represented. Our dear sister, Miss Hattie Bruce, from the American Marathi Mission, was also present.

It was a season of great spiritual blessing. It is enough to say that the mornings were spent in the study of the Scriptures and prayer, the afternoons in looking at the work and the field, and hearing reports from the workers, and the evenings in services of a more general character, fitted to interest the natives, many of whom attended.

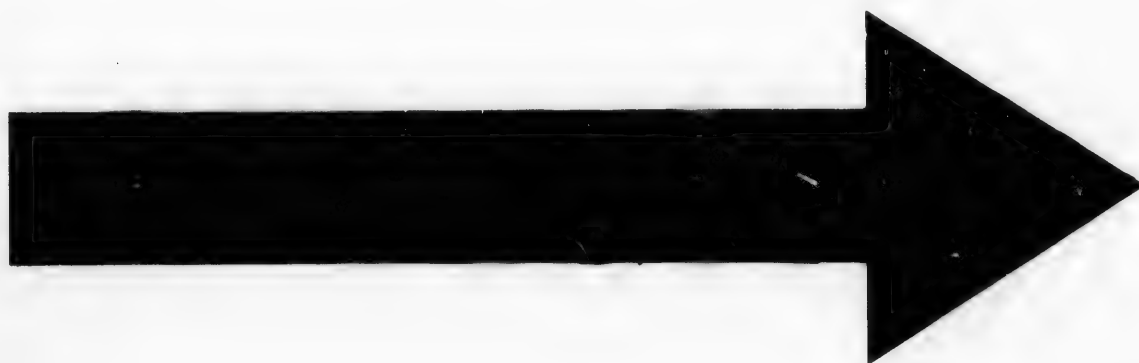
All the missionaries were heard from, and all had grown very much since we last saw them. The one sentence, "I am so glad I am in India, and I have not had an unhappy or lonely day since I landed," came to be expected as the introduction to almost every testimony. Of course, very much in the way of work or results could not be expected in the short time they had been here, but it was wonderful how much they had accomplished. All had learned something of the language. Almost all had been at work, selling books in the bazaars, singing Marathi hymns, which most of them had already learned, and speaking in broken sentences or reading

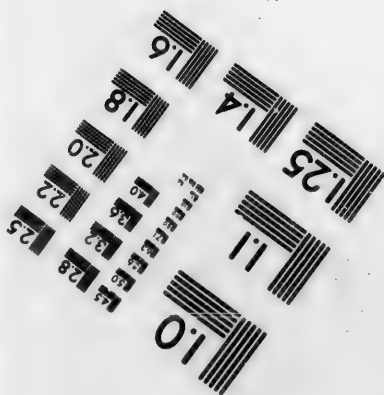
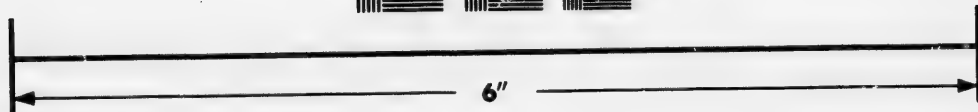
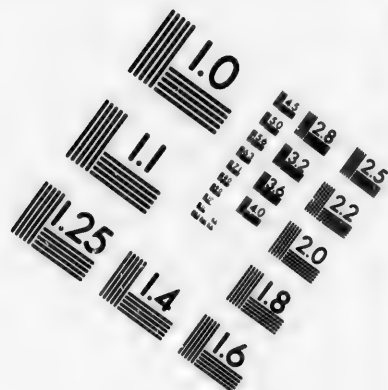
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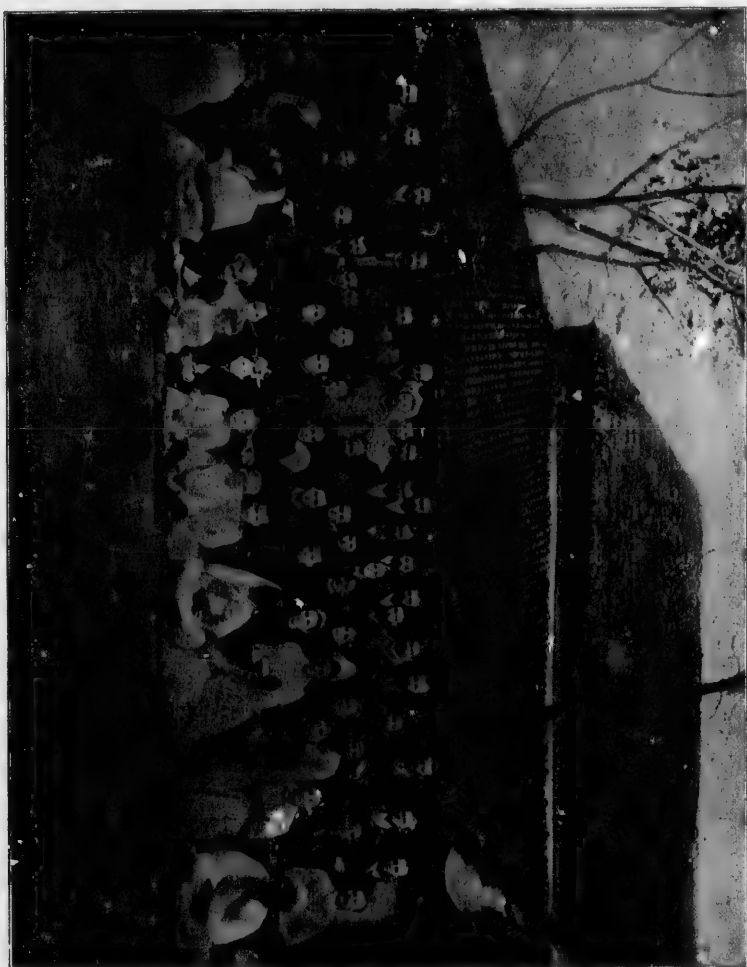
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FIRST CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE CONVENTION IN INDIA AT AKOLA.





simple texts in the language. Some of them had most interesting reports to make of how God used their broken efforts, and how some precious souls had already been won. Of course these results have to be proved, but one could not fail to see how mightily God had, indeed, already been working and using the weak and foolish things to confound the wise and mighty. There are several remarkable testimonies of God's healing, especially among the native children, some of them very clear and striking.

One of the greatest privileges we had was the opportunity of speaking to the educated natives. We received a very courteous invitation from a number of influential Hindus, including lawyers, physicians and public officials, all able to understand English, requesting us to lecture to them in the Public Library. This we gladly consented to do on Saturday evening, March 4th. There was a violent storm at the time, which prevented some from coming, but the hall was full, and after we had answered a few questions about education in America, and the liquor traffic, on both of which we had to speak with ~~an~~ me, we frankly talked to these gentlemen about Jesus. We took as our theme the cry of the Greeks: "Sir, we would see Jesus," and we endeavored, in the power of the Spirit, to tell these men of a crucified and a living Christ. As we looked into those noble faces, our heart was filled with love, and "we were willing to impart to them not only the gospel of Christ, but our own souls also." We believe many were touched and blessed, and one of the leading gentlemen afterward sought a personal interview with us.

There are great difficulties in the way of these men ; but God is working on their hearts, and when they break down there will be a great break. We can now understand how Mr. Pentecost and Mr. Varley have been able to preach to large audiences of them for weeks in Poona, Madras and other places. We could wish for no higher joy, for a time at least, than to be able to spend six months among them telling them of the living Christ. The lives of our missionaries among them during the past ten years, here in Akola, have made a profound impression upon them, and, at the close of our address the other night, the Chairman let out the secret by saying that a religion which could produce such lives could not be a bad religion.

On Sabbath afternoon we saw the great weekly bazaar in the public market. There must have been, at least, ten thousand people present from all the country round, selling their various wares, in all the costumes you could imagine. This is the time our missionaries got out to work among them. It was an interesting sight to see Brother Fuller, Brother Philips and a lot of our missionaries, standing in the centre of a great crowd, and preaching to them in Marathi with an animation not usual in English, and, as one and another would reply from the crowd, the missionary would turn the tables on the questioner until he was glad to retire. The faces of the people showed deep interest, and the audience lasted as long as the speaker had strength to speak. Between the addresses the stirring Marathi hymns would be sung to their beautiful melodies, and the people seemed always glad to hear them.

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ROADSIDE SCENE, BERAR.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.



This delightful Convention closed with a communion service on Sabbath afternoon, and an anointing service on Sabbath night, in which the spirit of the old Tabernacle meetings seemed to fall upon all ; and at length we parted in the very fullness, joy and victory in the Holy Ghost. We need not add that the children were as happy as any other members of the party, and little Georgie Fuller is one of the best gospel singers and preachers in Marathi that go to the bazaars.

On Monday we started with Mr. Fuller to visit the various towns of Berar, partly to see our missionaries in their homes, and partly to look over new fields, with a view to the placing of other missionaries. In most of these towns we have found a number of people who can speak English, and have had several pleasant and profitable services in English. Among others, we visited the capital of the province, Amraoti, a fine city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and found it without a single English missionary. It is a very interesting place. There are many English officials at the camp, about two miles outside the town, and an English chaplaincy with a native pastor of a little branch of the Free Church of Scotland ; but in the heathen city of Amraoti itself there is no English or American missionary.

We got a tonga and a horse to drive around the city, and we had a most interesting time. It would have been a fine subject for a sketch to see us two missionaries on that cart, trying to go forward and see the town, and in front of us the native driver, and a wicked little horse that would only go in one direction, and that was backward. Sometimes the

driver would beat him, but it only made him go a little faster the wrong way. Sometimes he would pet and pat him on the back, but it only made him stop and refuse to go at all. Sometimes Mr. Fuller would assist by poking him vigorously with his umbrella, but it made no impression—except on the umbrella. Sometimes the driver would get in front and pull him along by main strength, and sometimes he would get behind and push the cart and horse forward in spite of his resistance, until we were reminded of the man that carried his horse to town.

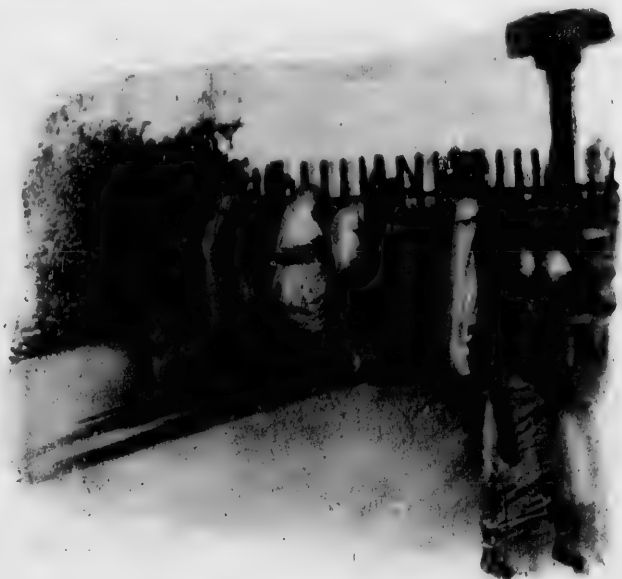
Sometimes the pony would vary the performance by kicking backward with all his might, but fortunately the bottom of the cart was iron. Occasionally he would take a notion and go a little way, but he always stopped when he came to a temple, and insisted on going exactly contrary to the way the driver wanted him. The street boys laughed at us, and we laughed at ourselves until we were tired. Finally, when he had backed us around for about two hours, we happily came upon another driver, and gave ours up amid the protestations of the driver that he would be all right now, and took the other. As we drove out to the camp with the second pony, which was an excellent one, our former driver followed us and passed us at a springing pace, to let us see that his horse was all right. And so indeed he was. It must have been his dislike for missionaries, or perhaps the low price at which his master was carrying us. Two can ride nearly a whole day for two rupees or about sixty cents. We got more than the worth of our money in a real honest

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laugh, and would have given a good deal for a photograph of the scene.

We witnessed in one of the great temples of Amraoti no



GROUP AT RAILROAD STATION.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

less than four child marriages. In one of these the bride was about eight and the groom twelve. Both were very handsome. The peculiarity of the ceremony was the tying

of their robes together in a knot, and then the smearing of a yellow and crimson powder over both of them. The rest of the ceremony was inside the sacred portion of the temple, which we were not permitted to enter. Poor, little, pretty thing! if she should become a widow how sad her fate would be, and there are millions of such widows in India.

We trust ere long this fine old city will be the scene of a gladder spectacle, and that many a little one shall be wedded, within its walls, to that husband who will never cause her heart a sorrow. We trust that it will be opened as a mission station of the Alliance before the close of the year.

We found some Christian people here. The presence of English-speaking people and Christian natives in so many of the cities of India is a wonderful preparation for the Gospel, giving a nucleus for the work in each place, and not unlike the little companies of Jews the apostles found wherever they went. Then there are excellent roads, and, in most cases, fair houses can be obtained. Besides, there is a strong English government, affording the best protection to life and property. In most towns there is a public inn at the depot, maintained by the government, where the traveller can get comfortable shelter.

The roads are superb, and the best of public conveyances can almost always be obtained, and a little money will go a great way. Railway travelling is very cheap. Money is worth more than twice as much as in America. A coin, the sixth part of a cent, will buy a good deal. And a rupee, thirty cents, is practically worth nearly a dollar. Roast beef

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costs three cents a pound, and oranges much superior to ours half a cent apiece.

The land is most wondrously prepared for the gospel. It is lying at our feet, for us to go in and occupy it, and it will be an everlasting shame if all its villages and hamlets are



A NATIVE VILLAGE.

not taken possession of for Christ by the end of the nineteenth century.

And yet what have we done? Let this one province of Berar speak for others. Until six months ago, out of twelve great counties in the district which we have taken as our field, containing a population of about two million people, and at

least twenty-five thousand villages, only one city had been permanently occupied by any English missionary. For nearly two hundred miles you pass along the great railway line between Bombay and Calcutta, from Bhusawal almost to Nagpur, through scores of cities which are great cotton marts; cities that are in the centre of dense populations; cities that have English officials and residents, and every accompaniment of modern civilization, and yet in all this great stretch of country, until six months ago, there was but one city, Akola, which had a single voice to tell of Jesus.

God has laid this great land out for us, and crossed and recrossed it with a thousand open ways. We have scarcely begun to occupy it yet. Our present force will be distributed along one hundred miles of this railway line by the end of this year; but it will still take thousands to occupy the rest of India even as much as this, with a station every twenty-five or fifty miles.

We do thank God for the glorious beginning we have seen. In every way it far exceeds our expectations. But, in every way, the need that still remains as far exceeds our highest conception hitherto. Let us send a thousand missionaries to India in the next five years.

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XI.

BERAR TO NELLORE AND MADRAS.

TWO more days were spent in visiting our stations west of Akola. Wednesday we went to Khamgaon, a beautiful town of about 15,000 inhabitants, lying a few miles south of the main railway line, and reached by a little branch line.

We have seen few mission fields in India as accessible by railway as the Berar country. It is easily reached from Bombay by missionaries on their arrival, and almost all our principal stations are on the great trunk line of railway which runs from Bombay to Calcutta, and has several trains daily. And even towns like Amraoti and Khamgaon that lie off the main line are reached by branches. After one has travelled over land in a cart fifty or a hundred miles, as many of our missionaries have to, to reach their field, they fully appreciate this advantage.

Khamgaon is among the prettiest of the Berar towns. Its people are of the better class, its streets are clean, its stores and bazaars have quite a city look, and everybody seems to have a certain amount of leisure, and to be in easy circumstances.

We drove about the town in the afternoon in the bullock cart, and visited the Public School and High School, and had a very interesting talk with the principal and several of the teachers, one of whom is the pundit or teacher of some of our missionaries in the study of the language. We found them very friendly, and willing to talk freely. They are Brahmins, representing the highest caste. But they did not hesitate to say to us: "The caste superstition is dying out," and when we called their attention to the remark, they did not try to explain it away, but repeated the same remark a little later.

In the evening we had a meeting in the Educational Hall, attended by a considerable number of the educated natives. There were over sixty present, with a few Europeans. We spoke, with great freedom, of the power of the gospel, and pressed it home upon their consciences and hearts in the consciousness of the Holy Spirit's power and working. We saw much of the same feeling here that we have already referred to at Akola, a very frank and open spirit and a disposition to listen to the gospel with interest and fairness. Many of them seem to be under deep conviction, but none have as yet broken through in full decision for God. It will cost them much to do this, for behind them lies not only the awful bond of caste and the certainty of being henceforth outcasts from all they love, but also a network of sin and wrong which it would wreck every earthly prospect to confess, and take all they possess to rectify.

The nucleus of the future church at Khamgaon, at present, consists of two native Christians,—Lakshan and Sarah—a husband and wife, the family servants of the Missionary Home. It was very interesting to sit down at night and hear from them the story of their conversion, and commend them, and all that shall yet be gathered with them, to the blessing of



GROUP OF HOUSEHOLD, KHAMGAON.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

the great Shepherd, who already knows them all by name before they are born.

The next morning we left early, in Miss Bates' bullock

cart, for Shegaon, eleven miles distant. On our way we passed the grave of Mr. Scott, a faithful missionary, who came out in connection with the work of Dr. Cullis, and laid down his life for Jesus here, eight years ago. We love to recognize the worth of those who have gone before, and to believe that much of the blessing, that is now coming upon this fair city, is in answer to the dying prayers of this servant of God and others who have labored here before.

We have a beautiful missionary home circle at Khamgaon, and could our friends at home look for a few moments at the sweet picture that met our eye in the bungalow, with dear Carrie Bates in the midst of the little household, they would not think it such a melancholy thing to be a missionary.

They all accompanied us to Shegaon, and theirs were among the last faces we saw as we left Berar. God bless the little flock at Khamgaon !

We found the friends at Shegaon waiting to receive us. We all had breakfast together and found the little bungalow fairly comfortable, but not quite so suitable as some of the others. It was the very best that could be obtained under the circumstances, and Mr. Fuller was only too glad to get it in the pressure of the large arrival of missionaries. But the house is too far from the native village, and not suitable for the permanent Missionary Home. It will be difficult to obtain a good house here, and if our work is to be continued in this important centre we shall have to build them a little Home. After breakfast we went out and saw the town and

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Shegaon is an important city on the G. I. P. Railway, the principal railway in India. It is about forty miles west of Akola, and an important cotton market. We visited an immense cotton press here that gives employment to a large number of people. It is a County Seat, and is the centre of about one hundred and fifty thousand people, who must receive the gospel from this centre.

Our friends will see that we have already our missionaries stationed at four important centres in Berar, viz., Akola in the centre, Badnera in the east, and Khamgaon and Shegaon in the west. Besides these there are several other important County Seats where we hope to have stations planted before the close of the year, and Mr. Fuller is already arranging for buildings.

If these points can be occupied during the present year, the province of Berar will be as fully occupied by missionary centres as any district of India, and the gospel may be preached to all its people before the end of the century. But, after this is done, there is still a long chain of cities on the same railway for one hundred miles west of Berar, unoccupied. These are all Marathi people, speaking the same language as the people of Berar. The total Marathi population of India is not less than 15,000,000, and it is doubtful if one-half of them are yet within reach of the gospel.

There is a great Marathi population in Khandesh and the western part of the Nizam's Dominions, which can be easily

reached from our present centres in Berar, and there is an equally large population in the northern and north-eastern part of this Dominion, where there are yet no missionaries, speaking partly Marathi and partly Telugu, and these can be reached from our eastern Berar stations, so that we have yet room in connection with the Berar Mission to send out at least one hundred more missionaries before this field can be even fairly occupied in its great centre of population. With this force we can reach about eight millions of people who are still without the gospel.

We finally left our friends in Berar on Thursday, March 9th, just twelve days after landing in India. It was a little like leaving home as we looked into their dear faces once more, and thought of the years till we should meet again. We were so glad they were all photographed on our heart and His. We almost envied our brother Fuller—with that blessed company. Accompanied by Mr. Fuller, who has kindly given us his precious time for a fortnight, to look over the larger field in the interests of our common work, we started again on our journey.

Indian railways are not like American. There are no sleeping cars, and a continuous journey of two or three weeks is not a perfect luxury. You take your travelling rug and pillow with you and just lie down at night on your seat, if there is room, and the car is not too crowded. Every two or three days you can stop over somewhere long enough to get a good bath, and you feel that whatever water is in other countries it is a necessity of life in India.

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The first point we desired to reach was Nellore, the headquarters of the Telugu mission of the American Baptist Missionary Union. This is the wonderful work which God has so greatly honored in the past ten years by the ingathering of tens of thousands of souls from among the heathen.

Our journey took us through Ahmednagar, the seat of



TEMPLES AT NASIK.

the American Marathi Mission, and a portion of the Nizam's Dominions. As we approached the east coast we found quite a different climate and country. While Berar was almost in midsummer and all the fields were withered and the crops harvested, the country near Madras was yet in much of the freshness of spring—the jewaree and rice were waving in the rich, green fields, and the country was in many places very

lovely. The eastern rains come later than the western, and the vegetation is two months later.

Nellore, the seat of the Telugu mission, is a district about as large as Berar, lying north of Madras, on the coast. The Telugu people are a Dravidian race numbering about as many as the Marathi—16,000,000 people.

The student of Indian missions should understand the languages of India or he will never be able to understand its mission work. In the north and west of India there are seven great Aryan languages; viz., the Hindi spoken by one hundred million, the Bengali by about eighteen millions, the Punjabi by twelve millions, the Marathi by fifteen millions, the Sindi by about three millions, the Oria by five millions, and the Gujerati by about six millions of people.

In Southern India there are four principal languages belonging to the Dravidian people, an inferior race, who were pushed south by their Aryan conquerors. These are: the Telugu, spoken by sixteen millions in eastern India, near Madras; the Tamil, spoken by twelve millions, on the south-east coast, below Madras; the Cannerese, spoken by seven millions, in Mysore chiefly; and the Malayallin, spoken by about three millions of the people of south-western India.

Our work is among the Marathi people, and the Baptist work among the Telugus. The mission was planted in Nellore, about fifty years ago, by Drs. Jewett, Day and other pioneers. But for a long while it seemed so fruitless that the Board was again and again on the eve of abandoning it, and many a prayer went up to the Throne, and many a tender

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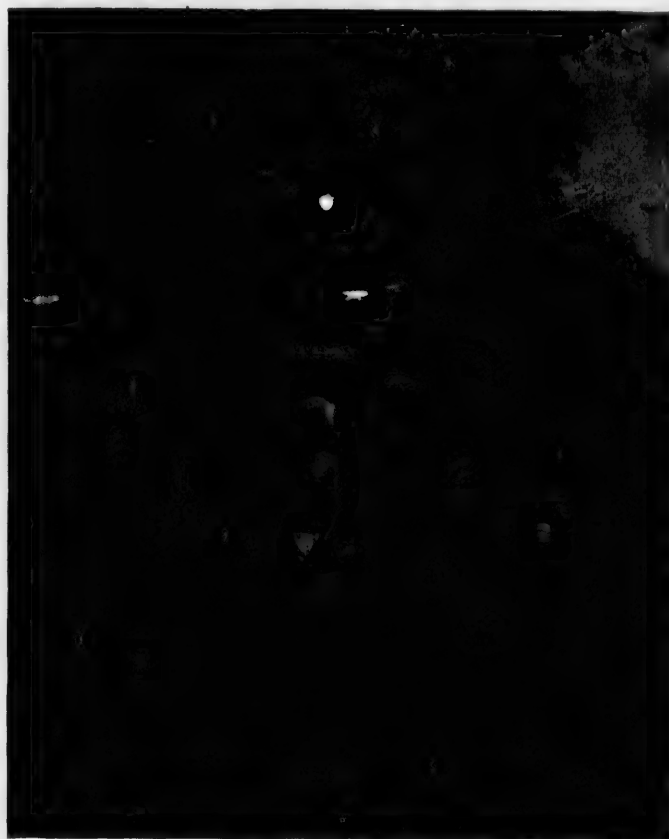
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MR. SIMPSON'S COOLIE CART, ON THE ROAD TO RAMPATAN.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

appeal for the "Lone Star Mission," as it was called. At length the showers of blessing began to fall, and in the last twenty years more than thirty thousand have been baptized and gathered into the various churches in and around Nellore, Ongole, etc. We need not say that it has been a great joy and blessing to us to visit this blessed work, even for a single Sabbath.

We reached Nellore at noon on Saturday, March 11, and, after a kind welcome from the dear missionaries there, and a visit to the various homes and schools, we determined to go out, if possible, to Ongole for the Sabbath; and if not, at least to Rampatam the seat of their Theological Seminary.

Our journey was quite a romantic one, and a very laborious one. Ongole was seventy-three miles distant, and there was no railway or even mail-coach. Horses could not be obtained anywhere, and bullocks would take days for the journey. So we accepted the advice of the missionaries, and took not a *mail* coach, but literally a *male* coach; that is to say, we engaged a dozen Hindus, called Coolies, and two ox-carts, and our Coolie boys just harnessed themselves to the carts and started off at a springing pace. After running ten miles they would stop on the road and shout awhile at a country village until a dozen new Coolies gathered, and these were engaged as a fresh team for the next stage, and the others walked back. We gave each of them about a cent a mile, and they considered it good pay. The carts were pretty rough, and had no springs nor seats; we just lay down on the bottom on the straw covered with a mat and a rug, and were pretty well shaken up by morning.

And so we started off, Mr Fuller in one cart and we in the other, and our Coolie boys made the air ring with their noisy cries as they dashed away. We started at 4 P.M., and till sunset the road led through a lovely country, green with rice fields, and lined with noble palms and banyans. The sun went down, and still we rattled on, hour after hour, until at 4 A.M., after twelve hours' riding, we came to a halt.

We could not get fresh Coolies for some hours, and so, finding that we could not reach Ongole until too late for the Sabbath morning service, and that we would nearly lose our day, we felt the Lord would have us stay at Rampatam, where we then were. So we turned our Coolies up the lane that led to the Mission, and were soon inside the beautiful Mission Compound, and welcomed by Dr. Boggs and his kind wife, at that early morning hour, as if we had been old friends.

We had a most delightful day, and learned almost as much of the Telugu work as if we had got to Ongole.

We attended the native service in the morning, and heard them sing their weird Telugu hymns. At the close of the morning service Dr. Boggs announced that we would preach in the evening through an interpreter, and he said a few kind words about our work and our dependence upon the Holy Ghost, and begged them to come prepared to receive a great blessing.

This seemed to touch a deep spring in their hearts, for just after service one of the native Christians, one of their most

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COOLIE CART AND PARTY UNDER BANYAN TREE, NELLORE.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

earnest teachers and also physician and one of their leading men, came over to the bungalow, and, with a face streaming with tears, and a look we shall never forget, asked us all to pray for him that he might receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Never shall we forget that face and the cry that fol-

lowed, as, with his face on the floor, he begged God to give him His greatest gift. We spoke a few words and pointed him to the precious promises in the beginning of Isaiah xlv., and he went away comforted.

We found that a most remarkable movement had just broken out in this Mission, from which greater results are hoped than even the revival of the past ten years. It seems that the more earnest missionaries have been feeling very anxious for some time lest the work among great masses of their people should prove shallow and wholesale. There has been much prayer for a deeper Christian life among the people, and especially the preachers. God has begun to answer the prayer in a very strange way. A few months ago one of their most prominent native preachers,—indeed, the man most honored and trusted for piety and ability,—publicly confessed to many things in his life since becoming a Christian, that deeply touched the whole Mission, and then with deep humility he asked God's mercy, and gave himself up for a deeper consecration, and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Since then he has been used of God to lead many of their people into a similar experience, and the mission is going through a blessed breaking up that would alarm many if they did not understand God's way of convincing His own people of sin that He may wholly sanctify them.

For ourselves we cannot but regard this as a most hopeful divine movement, intended to teach both missionaries and people the absolute need of a deeper work of grace, if the converts are to retain even their first blessing. The coming

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of this dear physician to us was just in this line. In the evening service we tried to speak to these dear people through the voice of Dr. Boggs, and although we felt the awkwardness of not being able to touch them directly in their own tongue, yet we believe there was much blessing, and at the close every hand was raised to ask and receive this blessing, and Dr. Boggs announced a continuance of the services on Monday evening. We left them claiming a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon these people.

We had a blessed English service afterwards with the missionaries, and all our hearts together received a great uplift. Many precious hours were spent during the day in blessed converse with these dear servants of Christ, whose spirit was more tender, humble and full of holy unction than we have often met, and we learned much respecting the work of God among the Telugus, and the yet unoccupied regions where they are scattered.

We left at 10 P. M. for the return journey, and reached Nellore in twelve hours, and found our dear missionary friends waiting breakfast for us. After breakfast, most of the members of the Nellore Church were gathered in the church to hold a service for us here. We both spoke to these dear people through an interpreter, and then their native pastor asked them if they had any message to send back to America. Never shall we forget the dignity and the tenderness with which Julia, one of the oldest converts of the mission, arose and said :

"I want to thank the dear friends that have spoken to

us to-day, and to ask them to thank the dear friends in America that have sent us the gospel which has saved us from our heathen idolatry, and brought us cleansing through the precious blood of Jesus, of which we have heard to-day. I was one of the first converts of the Mission and know of the labors of Mr. Jewett, Mr. Day and others, who stood firmly



BAZWADA, IN THE TELUGU COUNTRY.

by us and urged the Board to stand by us in the discouraging days when they were tempted sorely to give it up. Remember us to all the friends in America, and ask them to do all in their power to send the gospel to our perishing people."

This is a little of what Julia said, and said in as good grammar as we have used and almost in these very words. But no words could express the fervor and earnestness with

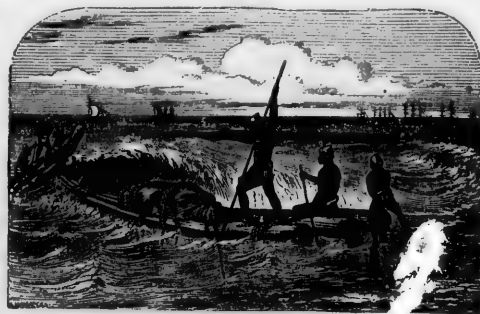
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which she stood there and spoke for the 30,000 Telugus that have given their hearts to Christ in the past twenty years. We can give our readers no better idea of it than by reminding them of one of good Mrs. Bruce's testimonies in the Tabernacle at some of the Friday meetings. She was followed by her husband, also an old convert of the Mission, and his remarks were most dignified, sensible and earnest. Could our friends in America have seen these dear people, they would have felt repaid for even years of waiting and working for missions.



CATAMARANS, MADRAS.

The native pastor also spoke very well and told us that he was now entirely sustained by his own church. His native membership exceeds seven hundred. One can scarcely realize the joy with which we grasped the hands of these dark-skinned Telugus, and saw in them the types of the precious ones we yet expect to greet from our own work in Berar and elsewhere, "if we faint not."

Among our pleasant surprises at Nellore was our meeting with Seetama, a dear Hindu woman whom we had met

in New York in the Tabernacle a few months ago, and who, while studying in America, had often come to our church. It seemed like home to see the "ALLIANCE" on her table, and we were delighted to learn that she is the wife of Veraswamy, the native preacher whom God is using so graciously in deepening the spiritual life of the Telugus.

We left Nellore in the afternoon and reached Madras early the next morning. We found ourselves in a grand Oriental City, nine miles long, and containing a population nearly as great as Bombay. It has a much more Oriental look than Bombay. It is widely spread out over a vast area.

We had occasion to make some purchases and went to two or three of the largest stores. As we drove in at the splendid gateway we found ourselves in a magnificent compound like the grounds of a villa ; and back from the streets, like an elegant mansion, stood the store, a vast establishment like Arnold's or Macy's inside, but outside just like some aristocratic residence and grounds. The Elphinstone Hotel, where we stayed, was like an old palace with an appearance of faded grandeur. The residences of the wealthy Europeans are usually very pretty bungalows, with large verandahs surrounded by rich and luxuriant grounds full of magnificent tropical trees and plants. The colors of the houses are generally quite rich—pink, blue and white, with much decoration. The Hindu quarters have all the squalor of other India cities. The streets are picturesque with all colors of dress and all kinds of people.

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The women of eastern India are much less dressed than in the west; but they make up for it by brilliant colors, usually wearing a bright red scarf, loosely thrown over one shoulder and gathered closely round the loins and reaching to the knees. The women of the western and central provinces carry their robe over the entire body and throw it, also, very



MADRAS.

gracefully over the head. The eastern people are much darker than the western, but they have the same European features, and the children are all beautiful.

Here in Madras we saw, for the first time, the Coolies drawing the ox-carts in the streets, and acting instead of oxen or draught horses in carrying most of the freight and merchandise through the city. It seems so strange to see

men, barefooted and almost naked, drawing a great cart filled with bales of goods, perhaps a ton in weight, along the street.

Prices are extremely low. For a few shillings we got a carriage for a whole day and saw a great deal of the city. There are fine gardens and an excellent museum, containing specimens of the animal and vegetable life of the whole country, and especially of Southern India, and also many interesting works of art from the ancient temples. There was a tremendous tiger, and one could well believe that the strongest lion is a plaything before his superior strength. These lordly and dangerous brutes are still sometimes met with, even by our missionaries, in the hills, and we have heard already some personal testimonies from missionaries here, of their providential escapes. There were endless varieties of monkeys and other animals, and plants and trees in great variety.

One of the most touching sights of the day was a drive to the place of burning, where the Hindus cremate the bodies of their dead. It is a great cemetery, where we saw pile after pile on which the mounds of earth and ashes of calcined bones were still smoking. As we came out we met a funeral procession just entering. The father was carrying his dead baby in his arms. A lad was going before, whistling through a shell the most weird and mournful dirge. There was a little company of boys and men following behind. There were no women. They were at home.

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mounds, on a pile of wood, then they would heap up over the body a pile of sticks and dried manure (their fuel here), and then they would set it on fire and sit and watch till a loud report proclaimed that the skull had burst and the work of dissolution was begun. Then they would go home to their



TOWER OF SILENCE, MALABAR POINT, BOMBAY.

cheerless hut without a ray of our glorious hope. We turned away so sad and yet so glad ; so sad for them, so glad for Jesus and our hope in Him.

The Parsees have a yet sadder funeral rite. At Bombay they take you to their "Towers of Silence," where they ex-

pose the bodies of their dead to be devoured by the vultures and other birds of prey. They worship the elements—air and fire—and they believe that the decomposing bodies of the dead defile them. And so they carry them to a lone tower, where the priests receive them and carry them aloft while the friends return to their homes. The vultures are always waiting to do their dreadful work. Think of these sad sights, beloved Christians of America, and while you thank God for the light and love that Christianity has gathered around the tomb—pray—pray—pray for poor India.

We saw a few of the missionaries and learned something of the Christian work of the city. We dined at the American Baptist Mission, meeting three of their dear workers who are engaged respectively in the English, Telugu and Tamil work in Madras. We took afternoon tea with the good missionary of the Methodist Church and his good wife. We found them in the midst of a precious revival. We were glad to learn that our dear brother, Rev. Henry Varley, of England, had just closed his special services in the Tent formerly used by Dr. Pentecost, amid great blessing, the audiences having increased up to the end.

We found, as we expected, two classes of missionaries and two kinds of work. The one is spiritual and evangelistic and the other educational, secular, conservative, and not unlike the worldly element in the church at home. We have been glad to find much more of the former class than we expected, and to find it most catholic, humble, earnest, hungry for a deeper spiritual life; and aggressive and evangelistic in its work. We have come less in contact, as might be ex-

pected, with the other element, but have heard much about it and its injurious influences upon the missionary work of India.

It is represented in Madras by the Christian College. This is a splendid University, presided over by a minister and former missionary of the Scotch Presbyterian Church. It has nineteen hundred students, not only from European families but the leading Hindu families. It easily leads all the educational institutions of the East in its high literary standing. It is the development of the educational work which the Scottish church has always made so prominent, and in which such great and good men as Drs. Duff and Wilson labored so successfully.

But what is it doing for Missions? It is purely secular, teaching the Bible, it is true, but only as a literary work, and carefully guarding against anything that could give offense to its Hindu constituency. It has even been said that the conversion and public confession of one of the students would be regarded as an embarrassment, and might break up the constituency that supports it. Its aim seems to be to bring the Hindus into European culture, and then hope that by a second stage—sometime later—they may come into Christianity. One of the missionaries characterized it as "*non-sectarian and non-religious*." This is not a high compliment for a Christian College.

Thank God, this is not the work for which Christ has sent our missionaries to India. And thank Him still more that this is not the purpose and work of very many of the best missionaries of India.

XII.

MADRAS TO BOMBAY.

THE first impulse that comes to you when you look at a beautiful or interesting object is to share your pleasure with some one else. How often have we wished, since we have been in India, that we could take all our friends along with us!

A thoroughly satisfactory visit to India and its missionaries would require at least a year. A rapid journey of five weeks through a country as large as the United States, east of the Mississippi River, can only include its larger centres, and enable even the most attentive observer to form first impressions. But, like true instincts, these have a certain value that later study and observation will only confirm, especially if we have learned to look at things in some measure with the Lord's eyes and with reference to His work and His glory.

Leaving Madras at sunset we awoke next morning in the beautiful cantonment of Bangalore.

This is considered the most beautiful city of Southern India. It has many English residences, and is full of handsome bungalows occupied by wealthy army officers and other foreigners. These bungalows are built in thoroughly Hindu style,

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BANGALORE.

with low, tiled roofs, wide verandahs, colossal pillars, rich colors on walls and roofs, magnificent approaches through splendid grounds filled with palms, banyans, mango trees and all the affluence of tropical flowers and plants. The population of the city is nearly 200,000, but it covers a great space. The streets are wide and the private grounds around the various bungalows are spacious. The Government offices and the Rajah's Palace are very handsome buildings.

Bangalore is the chief city of Mysore, a large independent state of India. There are several of these great native states. Their rulers were loyal to the English during times of trouble in the past, and they have been allowed to retain the sovereignty of their states under the oversight of an English resident, who exercises somewhat the same relation to the native Government that the British Resident does to the Egyptian Khedive.

Among the largest of these native Principalities are Hyderabad, the Nizam's Dominions, Mysore, Baroda, Guzerat and Rajpootana. Mysore is a very fine country. Its population cannot be less than eight or ten millions. Its climate is very fine. It is never very hot at Bangalore, and, of course, it is never very cold. We had very fine raspberries for breakfast at the Baptist Mission at Bangalore, and we believe they have them all the year round. The altitude is very high, the whole plain being several thousand feet above the sea.

We got into touch with the Christian work of the city. We visited the Methodist and Baptist Mission and saw the

Baldwin Boys' School which had over one hundred boys in attendance ; also the Girls' Home, presided over by Mrs. Baker. We met several missionaries at the American Baptist Mission, including Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Maulmain, whom we had met on the way. Dr. McLaurin has charge of the Baptist work, and especially of the Literary and Publishing Department. We need not say that we met the same large-hearted Christian hospitality here which we had already experienced at Nellore and Rampatam.

At the home of the English Baptist missionary we had the pleasure of meeting again our dear brother, Rev. Henry Varley, of England, who had just closed his special services in Madras, and was beginning similar meetings in Bangalore. He had been much encouraged with the results of the Madras work. The tent formerly used by Dr. Pentecost had been crowded every night, and much deep and spiritual interest had been manifested. Many of the students had come to talk with him, and some of the wealthy Hindus had contributed toward the expenses of the meetings in such a way as to show their deep interest. He hopes to return next year and continue his work. His meetings are attended by many Europeans and Eurasians, and also by many Hindus.

There is among the educated natives a very great willingness to attend English meetings, and it would not be difficult at any time in many of the larger cities to get several hundred of them to come together for many nights, to listen to an interesting speaker on the truths of Christianity. Nor can there be any doubt that they are often much moved, and many of them very seriously considering the claims of Christ

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A NATIVE FUNERAL.

But, notwithstanding all this, the fact remains, as an old missionary said to us this week : "The solid wall of Hinduism has not yet been even shaken."

Most of the converts have been from the outcast races, the Pariahs of India. The great castes have not been broken

through, or to any great extent brought under the influence of the Gospel. But Mr. Varley's meetings have reached many of these people with a kind of truth they have not very often heard.

They are quite familiar with Christianity as a religious system, and have heard much of its principles and philosophy. But we are glad to say that Mr. Varley is meeting them in quite a different fashion from the average lecturer and literary writer. With the boldness of a true minister of Jesus Christ, he is telling these proud men to their faces of the supreme claims of the Son of God, and ridiculing the idea of, for a moment, comparing them with the unholy pretensions of their so-called Incarnations of the Deity. He is bearing down upon their conscience with the great questions of sin and accountability, and presenting the living truths and facts of evangelical Christianity in the power of the Spirit, and many of them are, no doubt, deeply impressed.

We believe God will send many more such messengers to the people of this land, and that there will yet be a breaking down of great numbers which will fill the hearts of God's praying and believing children with great joy. What the people of India need most is spiritual power. There has been much intellectual work, and they can match our culture with culture, too. But they cannot resist the power of conscience and the Holy Ghost, the living facts of a holy life, and a testimony which carries with it the conviction of divine reality and power.

From Bangalore we passed through the Mysore country

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SCENE ON ROAD TO MAHABELASHUR.
A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

and then up through the South Marathi country to Wattar, a station in the Krishna Valley, about one hundred miles south of Poona. Here we left the train and took a pony tonga for forty miles up into the Western Ghats, for the purpose of visiting some dear friends at the lovely mountain retreat at Mahabelashur, which the American Board has selected as a summer home for all their missionaries during the hot season. This delightful spot is situated at the summit of the Western Ghats, about 5,000 feet above the sea. In the hot season of India, which lasts three months—from the middle of March to the middle of June,—it is a very delightful residence, the temperature seldom rising above 80 degrees, and the air being most bracing and invigorating.

We cannot agree, for our work at least, with the policy of planning for a regular suspension of work every hot season, and surrendering to the heat on merely natural principles. We believe the power and life of Christ can carry our dear workers, who trust Him, through hot weather as well as other trying circumstances, and we feel, while not criticising the action of other missionaries or societies, that, for our workers, feeling and believing as they do, it would be losing a great blessing to make up their minds to the necessity of a vacation every hot season. At the same time we should have some cool and quiet place where, in special cases, those who really need it and are not able to rise above the pressure, can go for a short time.

We found the drive to Mahabelashur very delightful. We started at 4 A. M. from the railway station, and, as the

sun rose, we crossed the beautiful river Krishna, and looked down a long line of temple spires lining its banks, and telling of the idolatry of heathenism. We found, on calling at the home of the missionary who occupies this field, that it was, indeed, the very stronghold of Brahmanism ; but the light of the Gospel is beginning to penetrate some of the homes. As we ascended the Ghauts, the vegetation grew more and more luxuriant. The wild roses grew in great festoons along the roadside and climbed up over the trees, hanging in clusters of a dozen together like great bouquets of pink and crimson. The highest point is quite thickly wooded with very beautiful trees, and the views are superb.

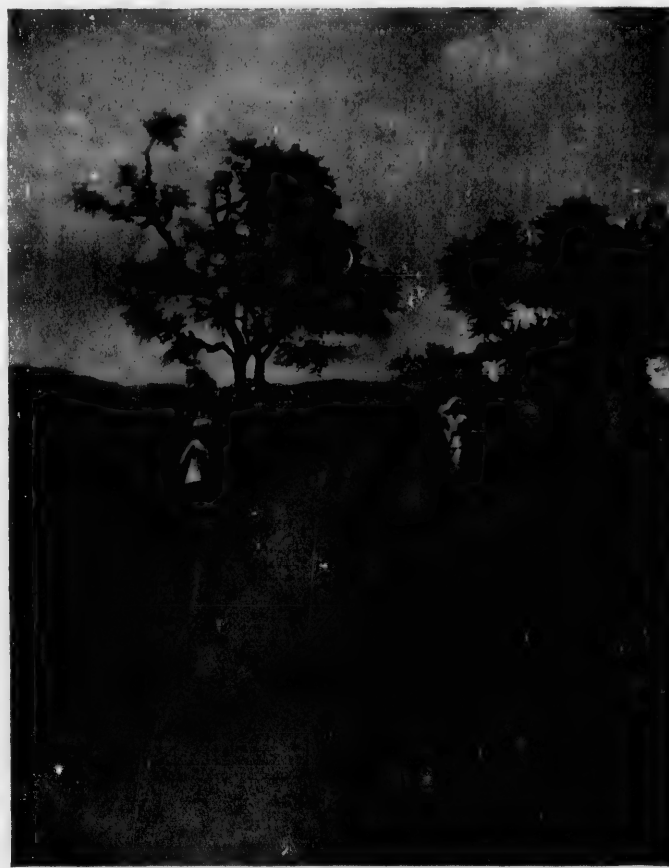
Our friends took us out to Sidney Point, and we found ourselves on a narrow promontory of naked rock running out like a sharp tongue several hundred feet, and not more than twelve wide at the point. On each side was a deep gorge at least 2,000 feet deep, and on one side it was a perpendicular cliff; on the other it was almost perpendicular. It made one's head dizzy to look down those almost fathomless gorges. We could easily understand how the story might be true that a young and foolhardy Englishman once presumed to drive his dog cart out on that narrow ridge one day, and the horse, becoming nervous, dashed over the precipice with his reckless driver into the abyss below. On a clear day you can see the Indian Ocean across the plain which is about fifty miles wide.

We found our dear friends, the Bruces, in a very pleasant home, and spent some very delightful hours with them. Mr. Bruce, besides having charge of the great district of Sat-

RY LANDS.

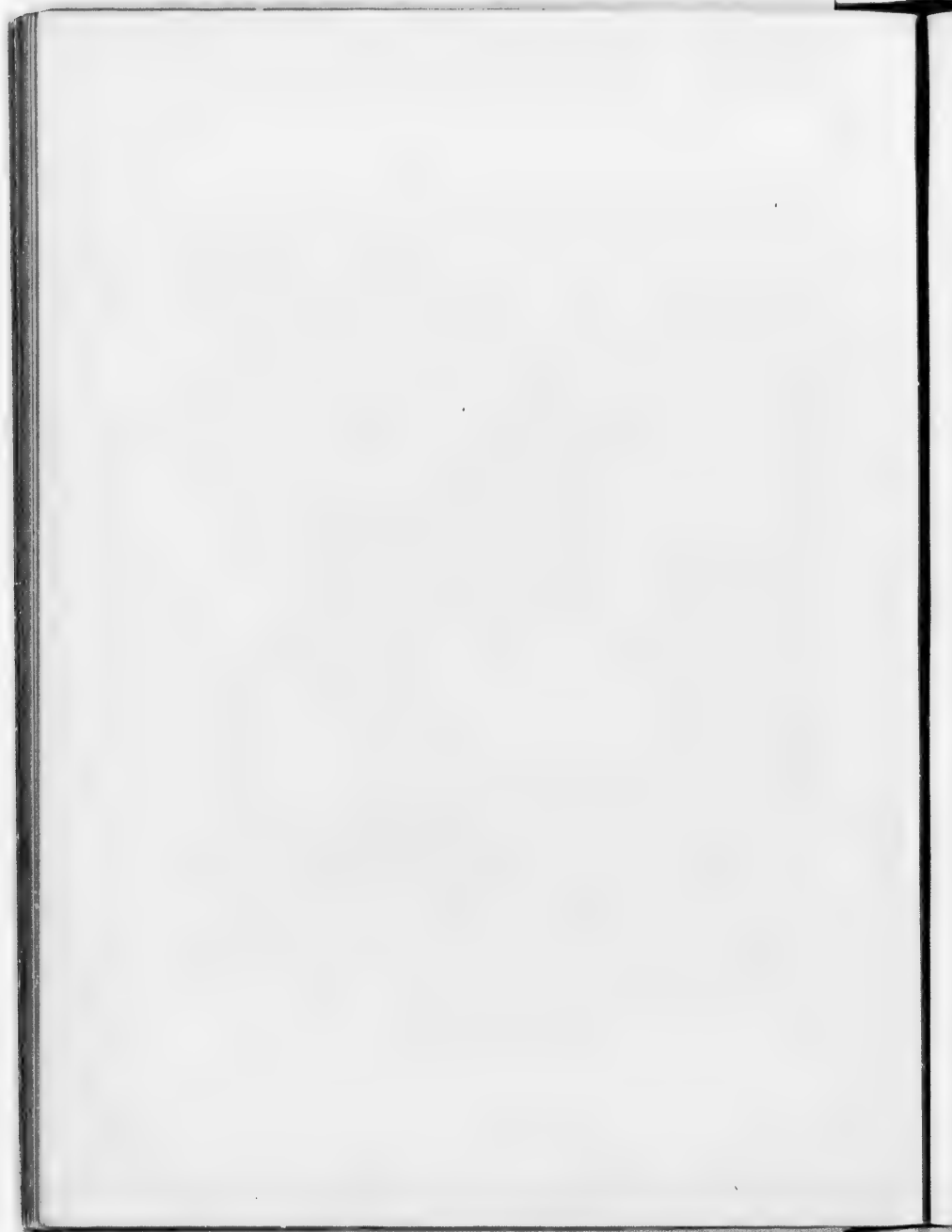
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SCENE ON ROAD TO THE GHATS.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.



tara, with a million souls in it, has also a special work of publication on hand. He has issued many excellent tracts and books, and has been especially happy in his series of Gospel leaflets in Marathi. We hope to give our friends, later, a sample of one of these. It is the verse John iii : 16, in Marathi, and our missionaries are indebted to him for many thousands of these, which they distribute freely, as well as many other tracts and illustrated leaflets which he gratuitously distributes.

Miss Bruce is assisting her father in this and other literary work, and is now about to undertake a further task in connection with a monthly Sunday School paper in Marathi, connected with the work in India. We were delighted to find her hands and heart so full of bright and blessed work for God. In addition to her ordinary work, she has just completed, with the assistance of a friend, a translation of the "Gospel of Healing" into Marathi.

We found a number of other missionaries also at this place of rest, and in the evening we had a pleasant and profitable missionary meeting. There were ten members of the Presbyterian Marathi Mission from the Kolapur field, including some old friends, Miss Jefferson, late of the City Mission at home, and Mr. Wilder, who is so well known in America among the Student Volunteers. He has been working among the students of India and is now in infirm health and resting at Mahabelashur. We had a blessed meeting and many received new inspiration for life and work.

There was much conference respecting the needs of the

भाग पहिला.

शास्त्राचा आधार.

मनुष्याला दोन प्रकृति आहेत. आत्मिक व शारीरिक. प
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field, especially the Marathi country, and we found that there were yet many great districts even in the south and west, scores of towns and hundreds and even thousands of villages that have never yet been visited by a missionary. Even where old missions have been planted for thirty or forty years in some central city, yet many villages and districts at a distance from this centre have never been visited. We believe, after careful inquiry, that of the 15,000,000 of Marathi people in Western India, at least one-half are yet beyond the reach of any means of hearing the Gospel, and we fear this is true of almost all other parts of India.

We left this lovely mountain top on Saturday morning at daylight, and after a tonga ride of seven hours and a railway journey of seven more, we reached the beautiful city of Poona on Saturday evening. We were met at the depot by Mr. Robinson of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and Mrs. Fuller who had come on from Akola for one more season of fellowship and conference before we left South India.

Mr. Robinson welcomed us most kindly, and we had the pleasure of addressing his English congregation morning and evening, and the Native Church in the afternoon through an interpreter. The Native Church is under the charge of Mr. Fox, a veteran missionary, and the Boys' School under the charge of Rev. Mr. Brewer. Mr. Robinson has also charge of the Wm. Taylor School for the education of English children, and is, besides, Presiding Elder of the District. He has a fine English congregation, and the Native Church is very interesting. It was a great joy to preach the Gospel to these Hindus and to see some souls decide for Christ.

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There are two or three other missions in Poona, the English Church, the Free Church, and the Established Church of Scotland; but the great heathen city is still but lightly touched. It is a city of 120,000 people, and has many English residents, besides many natives who understand English. Both Mr. Pentecost and Mr. Varley held meetings here for some time which were well attended and much interest shown. Our time did not permit us to meet the native people, but we were assured that it would not be difficult at any time to obtain a good audience, willing to listen to an earnest address on the Gospel.

Poona was the home of one of our former missionaries, Miss Helen Dawlly. Many of our friends will remember that Miss Dawlly came out to India in connection with the ALLIANCE about five years ago, and carried on for some time an Orphanage in Akola. She was a woman of very strong and simple faith. When she left Buffalo for India, she had only enough money to take her to Liverpool, but she had her trunk labelled "Bombay," and before she left New York no less than two people were competing for the privilege of sustaining her in India.

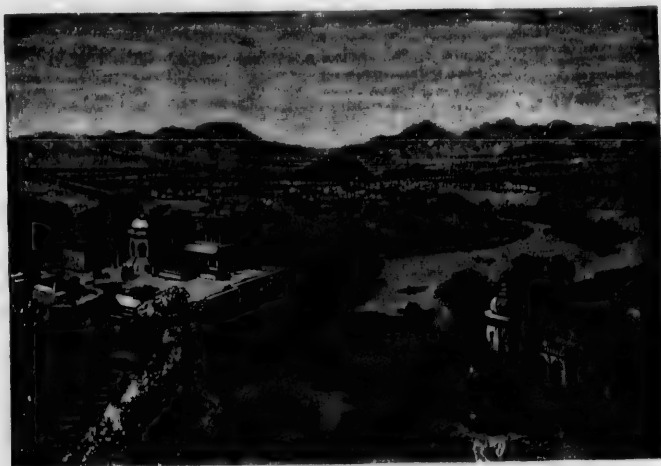
About two years ago she removed her home to Poona and resolved to carry on her work independently of the ALLIANCE as a work of faith. She did this in the kindest spirit, and was always on the most friendly terms with our missionaries. But she felt the Lord was leading her to trust Him directly for her means of support in the work. During her residence in Poona she endeared herself to very many,

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and exercised a most blessed Christian influence. But about ten days before we reached India the Master called her to Himself. Her last illness was very painful ; but, from the first, she seems to have expected to go home, and so expressed herself to all about her. She passed away in faith and victory.



POONA.

The lady, whom she sent for to England to assist her in the work, arrived just three days after her death, and so in God's wise Providence the work was able to go on.

Poona is one of the favorite residences of India. It is on a high altitude and is never very hot. And during the rainy season, it is far enough from the mountains to escape a heavy

rainfall, so that it has an exceptionally fine climate, and, like Bangalore, it is the chosen residence of many foreigners.

The English quarter is handsomely built, with wide streets and spacious grounds, and all the characteristic features of an English Cantonment.

We could not help saying to these dear English-speaking people that it was a very awful responsibility to know the Gospel and the Saviour, and be so near to these multitudes who know him not. It was our prayer, as we spoke to these hundreds of young people, that a score of missionaries might come out of that company, and that all the rest might live such lives that from them would "sound out" the Gospel to all the heathen multitudes of Poona.

We left Poona by daylight Monday morning, and by eleven o'clock found ourselves once more in Bombay. The day was spent very busily in getting through a two weeks' mail, and preparing for another journey that night to North India. After the days' work was over, and we had taken Mrs. Fuller to the train for Akola, and once more said "Good-bye" to our Berar work through her, we had an hour to spare before sunset, and so we drove along the shore to the famous Malabar Hill where the wealthy Bombay merchants reside.

This is the most magnificent drive in the world. For two or three miles it skirts the Indian Ocean, and then follows the crest of the hill which is a high peninsula between two arms of the sea, so that it is constantly exposed to the breeze and never can be hot. The view from the hill, out upon the sea,

LANDS.

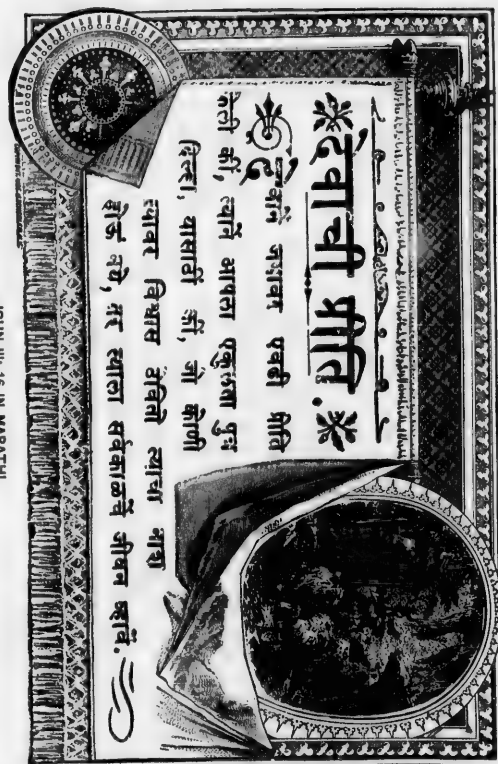
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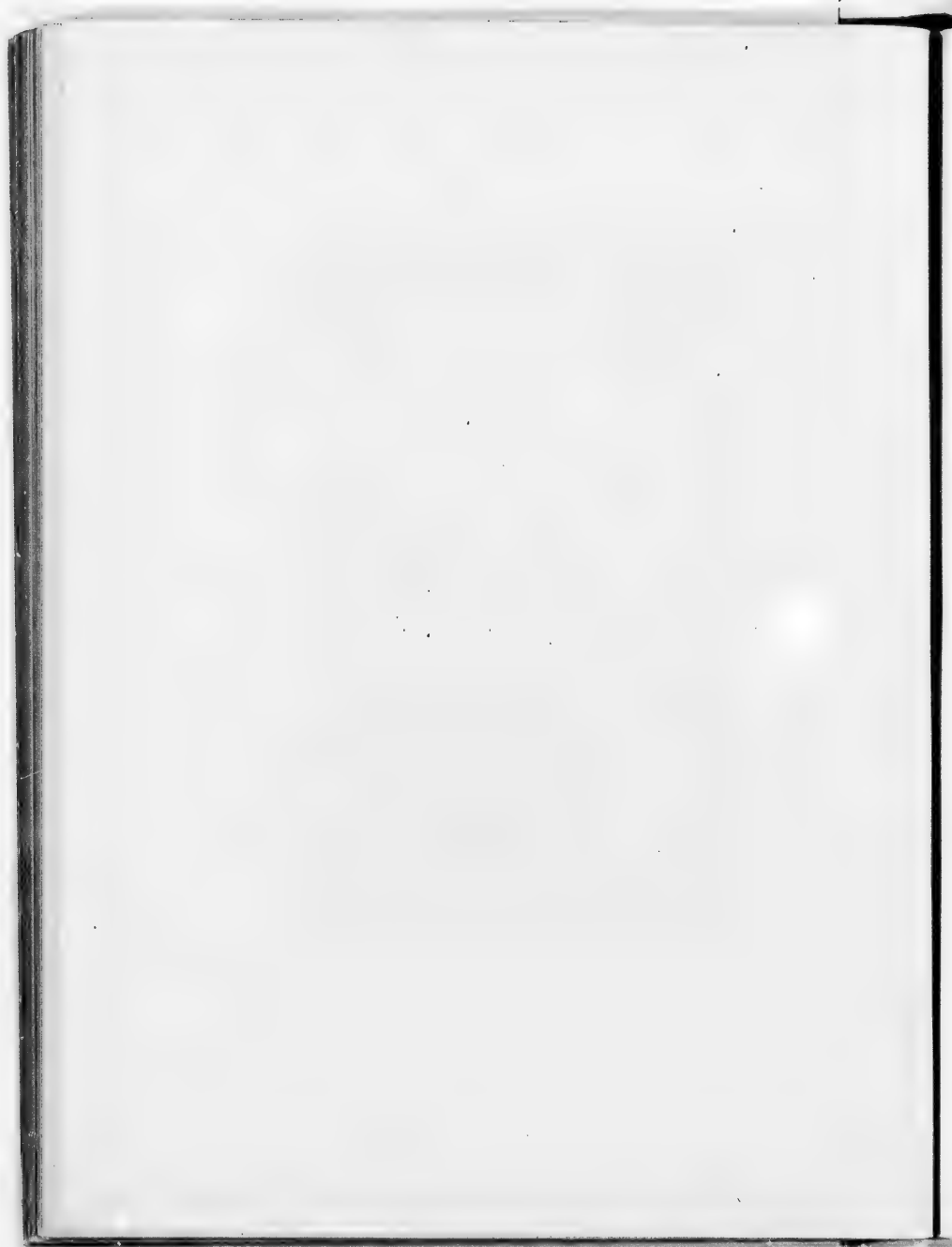
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JOHN III: 16 IN MARATHI.





across the harbor to the Colabba, and then across the plain over the great city with its superb buildings and its forests of acacias, palms, banyans, plantains, and a wealth of luxuriant vegetation, crowded with picturesque houses and teeming with moving human beings of almost every nation, and dressed in almost every hue cannot be surpassed by anything which we have ever seen or expect to see.

As we drove down the hill on our way back to the city, we passed the "Towers of Silence," where the rich Parsees expose their dead, and as we remembered how much of the wealth of Bombay is in their hands, and then realized their end, and saw the very vultures sitting on the trees around ready for their prey, we felt how little all the pomp and grandeur of the world was worth without God, and the precious hopes of the gracious Gospel.

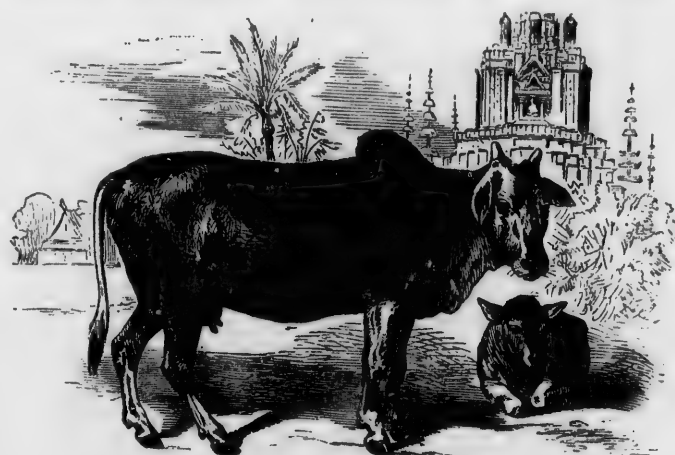
We found the missionary circles in Bombay deeply stirred with a great controversy.

In December last the Decennial Missionary Conference of India was held in Bombay, and attended by several hundred missionaries from various parts of India.

At that Conference much disappointment was felt because the leaders of the meeting managed to prevent the Conference from passing any bold or positive resolutions protesting against the three most crying evils of the land, viz., the Liquor Traffic, the Opium Traffic, and the Licensing of Social Vice.

Meetings were held of an informal character to show the facts respecting these glaring evils, but the Convention

was not allowed to record any definite protest under the pretext that these subjects were not included in the programme laid out at the beginning, and, also, because it was understood that no subject should be presented about which there was not perfect unanimity of opinion. By some skillful parliamentary management the Conference was led to decline,



THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.

by a vote of 105 to 102, to pass any resolutions or express any opinion upon these questions.

Their action has awakened a storm of criticism all over the Christian world, and the missionaries of India are feeling themselves betrayed into a false position, and a great deal of strong feeling is being expressed on every side.

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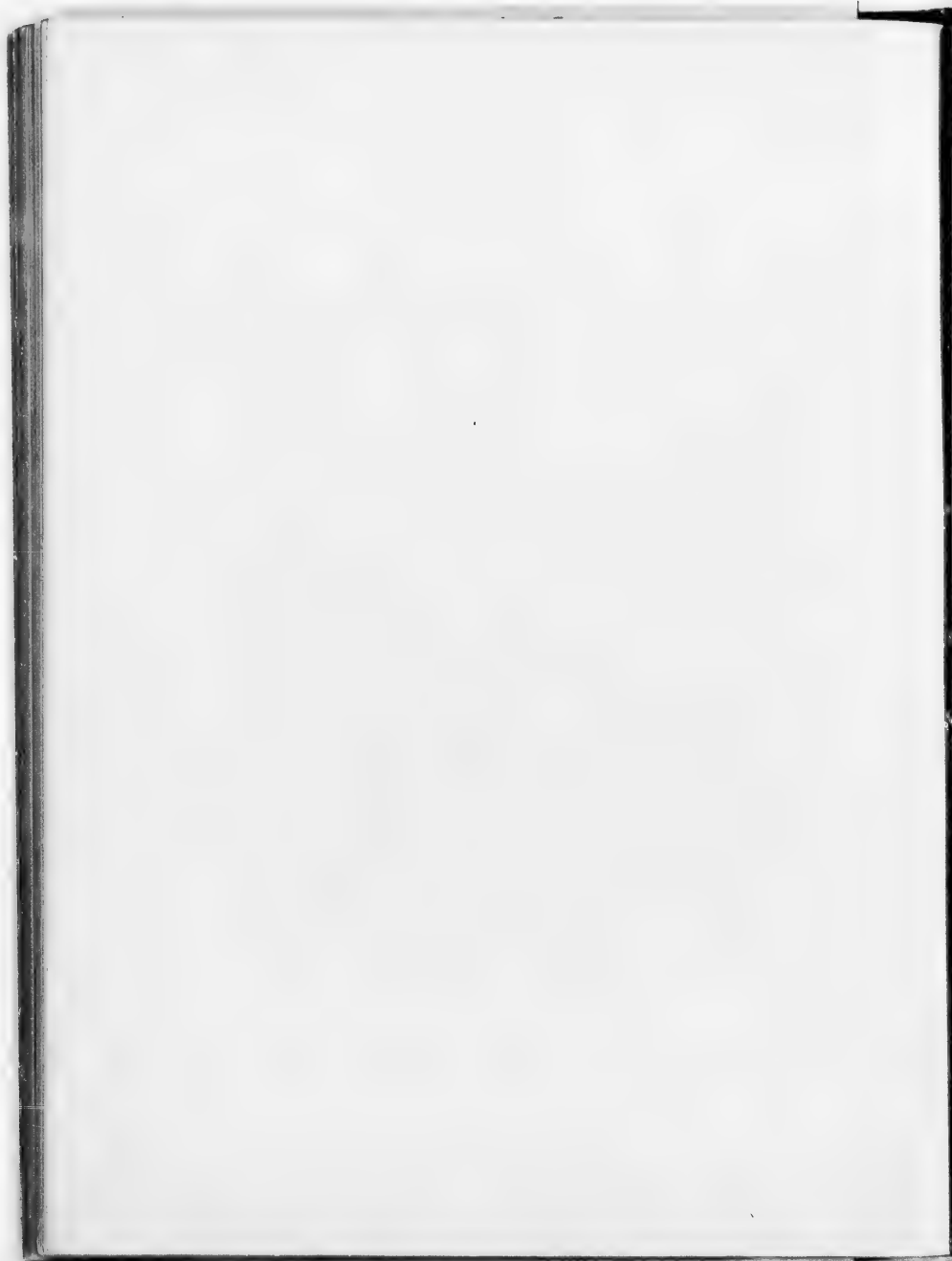


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A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.



Mr. Dyer, the editor and proprietor of the *Bombay Guardian*, was one of the advocates of a bold and uncompromising stand at the Conference.

We believe the storm will clear the air, and compel all true men to speak out on these and all such questions with a voice which will be felt at the very throne of India and England, and in the heart of every missionary that is afraid of offending man more than God, if there be such in India, which may God forbid!

But if there is any difference of opinion among the missionaries of India on either of these three great questions—the Liquor Traffic, the Opium Traffic, or the Licensing of Social Impurity in India, the sooner it is known by the churches at home the better.

We need not say there is no doubt about the attitude of our dear missionaries on these questions, or of any other missionaries we have met in India.

XIII.

BOMBAY TO BENARES.

WE were able to spend the last two weeks of our brief visit to India in the Northwest and Northern Provinces. One object was to see a few of the ancient and characteristic cities, such as Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Cawnpore and Benares, and another was to see something of the mission work in which God has been so marvelously pouring out His Spirit in these northern fields.

We selected the western route through the independent states of Baroda, Guzerat and Rajpootana, passing through the famous cities of Ahmedabad, Baroda, Ajmeer and Jey-pore. As we got farther north we found the season much later than in Central and Southern India. The fields were green with waving harvests of wheat, and other grains, and the reapers had only begun, in a few instances, to cut down the grain. The air became cooler and the nights, indeed, cold, so that the heaviest covering was needed. The fall of snow in the northern mountains has been unusually heavy, and in the whole of India the hot season is a month later than usual, so that we have almost entirely escaped the oppressive weather we expected. We cannot sufficiently thank God for

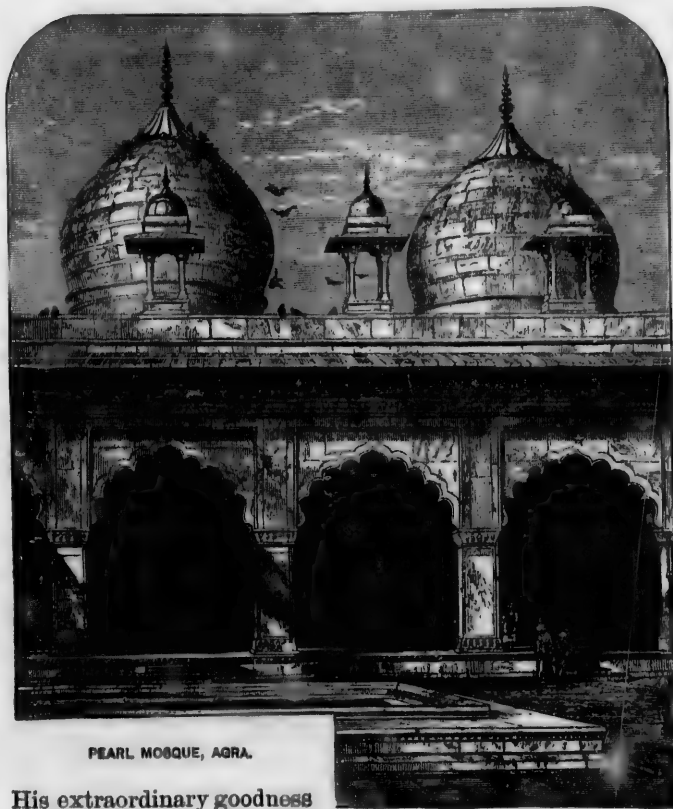
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SIDE VIEW OF THE TAJ.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.



PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA.

His extraordinary goodness
in thus answering prayer,
and enabling us to accomplish so much work without hind-
rance.

The Native Princes of India are very strict in their laws for the protection of animals, in some cases prohibiting the shooting of game and even the slaughtering of animals for food, and so, throughout the great State of Rajpootana, animal life was very abundant and interesting. Scores of monkeys were hanging from the trees or gamboling over the ground. Many beautiful birds were constantly appearing,



THE FORT, AGRA.

wild peacocks with magnificent tails, great cranes and adjunct birds as tall as a man, green parrots, pelicans, pigeons, beefsteak birds, immense buzzards, and many pretty little birds of bright plumage. We saw many herds of deer, and, occasionally, a wolf or a fox, on the great plains.

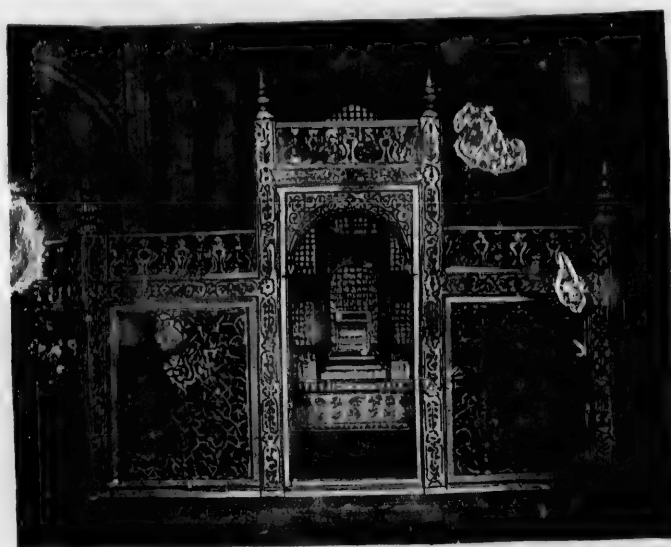
Our first considerable stop was at the old city of Agra.

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city of Agra.

This was one of the capitals of the great Mogul rulers of India, and is the seat of some of their grandest monumental buildings. The three most famous are the Fort, the Palace and the Taj Mahal. The Fort is an immense enclosure of red



MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TAJ, AGRA.

sandstone of the most beautiful and massive proportions. The Palace of the Emperor, Shah Jehan, is within the Fort and contains the apartments of his harem, and also the Moti Musjud or White Mosque, of pure white marble. It would

be idle to attempt to give any description of these immense collections of stately columns, arches and carvings.

The gem of Agra and India, however, is the Taj Mahal, which stands on the Jumna, about a mile above Agra, and was built by Shah Jehan, as a monument and tomb for his favorite wife. It is of pure white marble elegantly proportioned and exquisitely carved. It stands in the midst of a magnificent garden filled with luxuriant trees and flowers, and adorned with artificial tanks and ponds filled with water. It has been called a "Dream in Marble," and its exquisite and dazzling beauty has not been overstated. It took seventeen years to build it, and it cost \$6,000,000. All it contains is two beautiful marble tombs, those of Shah Jehan and his favorite wife, Arimand Banu, for whom it was reared. There is a touch of romance about it that lights up a little the cruelty and selfishness of this Mogul tyrant. He must have had some kind of a heart to devote so many years of his life and such millions of treasure to one he loved. And yet, it was a sensual and selfish love, for you can see the gorgeous palace he also built for his Hindu wives, and the gorgeous apartments in another part of the Fort for his Mohammedan queens, with all their separate establishments and mosques for worship.

The blot on all this grandeur is the fact that scarcely any of this costly work was ever paid for, the poor natives never having received more than a mere pittance of their promised wages. It was surely a just retribution for this proud and splendid despot, that he spent the last seven years of his life

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THE TAJ AGRA.

as a prisoner in his own palace, under the cruel orders of his son. They showed us the marble cage where he used to sit looking out over the valley at the beautiful Taj, where the only thing, which, perhaps, he had ever loved, lay buried, and where he himself ere long lay down by her side.

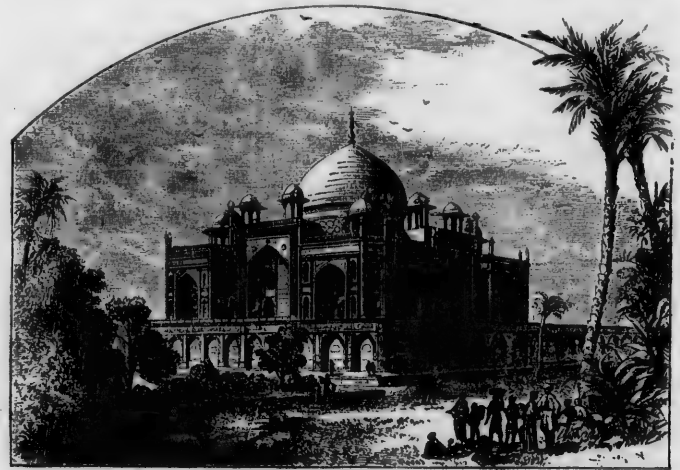


DELHI.

More magnificent, however, even than Agra, are the ruins and monuments of Delhi, which we were permitted to visit two days later. Delhi was the real capital of the great Mogul Empire, and when the Reformation was beginning to dawn in Europe, the great Mohammedan conquerors of India

were building up an empire here as splendid as Babylon ever knew.

The fort and palace of Delhi are similar to those of Agra, but much more magnificent. The Pearl Mosque, the Hall of Audience in the Emperor's Palace, and the great drawing-



HUMAYAN'S TOMB, DELHI.

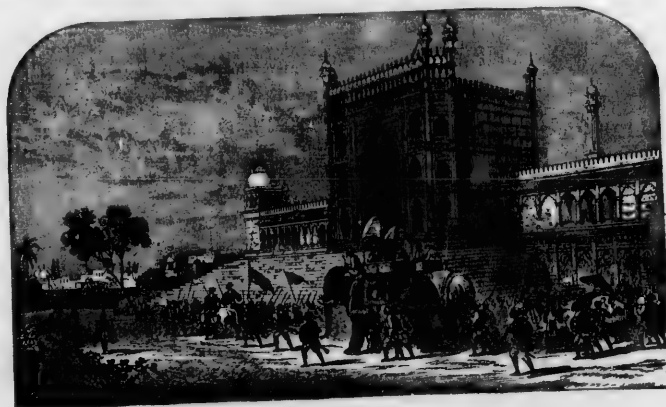
room in the Queen's apartments contain a wealth of marble, gold and precious stones perfectly bewildering. The decorations are gorgeous beyond description, but the design is so simple and beautiful that nothing seems overdone. The ceilings are finished in marble and gold, the pillars are each one piece of marble, as smooth as alabaster, and carved in the

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finest designs. The marble is inlaid with rare precious stones representing scrolls, flowers, birds, animals and Arabic verses from the Koran. Between the apartments are screens representing the finest lace, all cut in marble, each stitch of the lace work costing one dollar to carve. It was of this exqui-



ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND MOSQUE, DELHI.

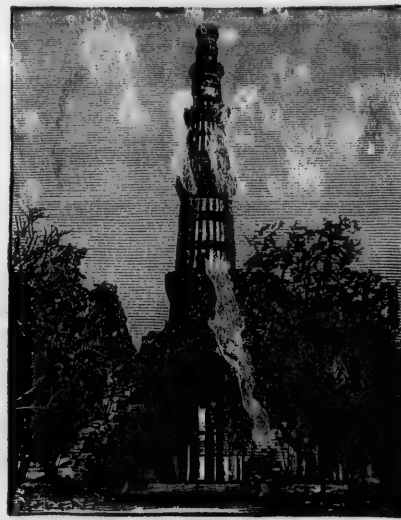
site chamber that the Persian poem was composed, the refrain in English being :

"And oh, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this."

And yet as we turned away, and thought of the wretched builder now, and all the deceived companions of his luxurious pleasures, we could honestly say that we have seen some Hindu huts of clay which we would not exchange—with

their humble, happy Christian hearts—for all his splendor, even for a hundred lifetimes.

But the most interesting part of Delhi is its ancient ruins. South of the modern city lie the ruins of no less than



KUTUB MINAR, NEAR DELHI.

seven ancient cities, extending twelve miles south along the Jumna, and covering an area of nearly fifty square miles. We drove out eleven miles to the famous Kutub Minar, and all along the way there was nothing to be seen but the ruins of temples, tombs, and ancient fortifications; some of them—for example, Asoka's column and the famous Wrought Iron Pillar—going

back to a period even before the time of Christ. Delhi has been well called the Rome of Asia, and it also reminded us, not a little, of ancient Memphis with its tombs and monuments of ancient kings and departed grandeur.

The most remarkable of all these ancient monuments is the famous Kutub Minar, or Tower of Victory. It stands

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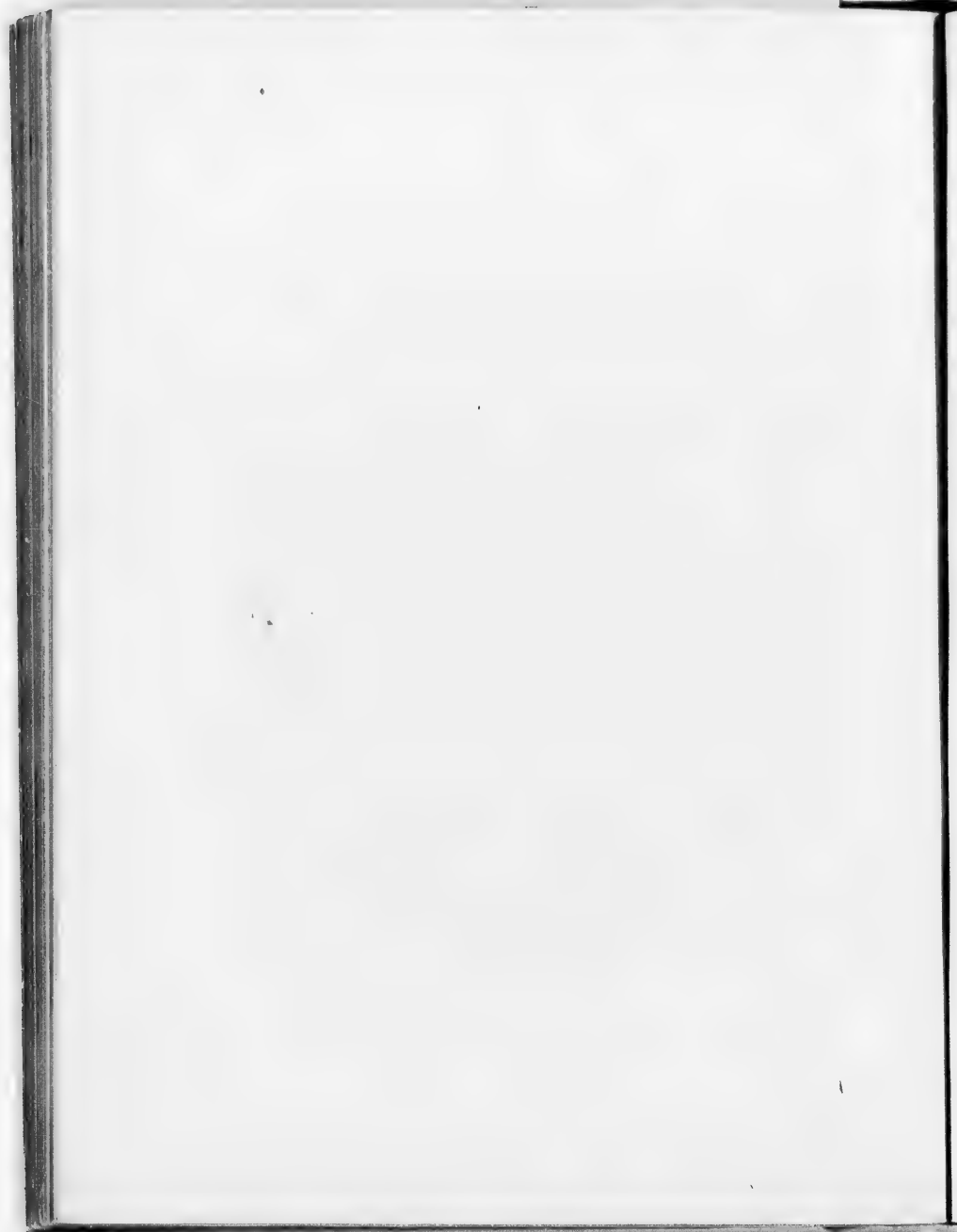
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FRONT VIEW OF THE TAJ AGRA.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.



eleven miles south of modern Delhi, at the southern end of this great plain of ruins. It was the first great monument built by the Mogul conquerors of India, and goes back to the sixteenth century. It is in almost perfect preservation. It is an immense tower of several stories, 47 feet in diameter at the base, and rising 240 feet high. To our eye it is more impressive than the Pyramids, and very beautiful in its design and execution.

There is a stairway leading to the top and the view is very fine.

In the evening we drove over all the scenes of the Indian Mutiny. We stood on the famous ridge where

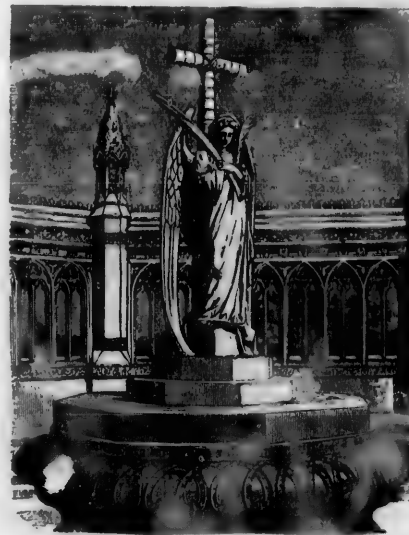
the British siege lines were posted. We entered the Cashmere Gate, where the storming party of English soldiers broke through the walls and planted the flag of victory, where fifty out of every seventy-five fell bleeding and dying under the murderous fire of the foe, and the noble leader, Gen. Nicholson, was carried back to die just as he had won the costly victory which saved India. We gazed on the splendid



CHANDNI CHANK, MAIN STREET, DELHI.

monument commemorating these heroic achievements, and telling how more than 3,000 brave men fell in this desperate struggle. And we thought how much it had cost England to gain India, and how greatly the obligation was enhanced

to make the most of this great trust for God.



MEMORIAL AT CAWNPORE.

In the same circle of cities we also included Cawnpore and Lucknow. Both these cities have a pathetic interest in connection with the Mutiny. Cawnpore was the scene of the most awful tragedy of modern war, viz., the massacre of the British garrison by the infamous Nana Sahib, after they had surrendered.

his assurance of protection. After he had murdered all the men, he took the women and children captive for a fate more cruel than death, and when he found that the city was about to be recaptured, he murdered them also, and cast the bodies

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of the dead and the living together into a great well, where a Memorial now stands with this inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel, Nana Sahib, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, July 15, 1857."

Lucknow stands about seventy miles north of Cawnpore. It is the largest city of Northern India, except Calcutta, and well called—"Beautiful Lucknow." It is, indeed, a most charming city. The English section,

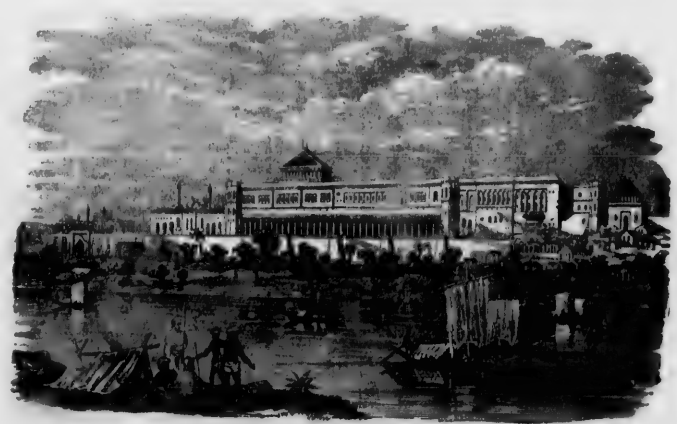
known as the "Residency Hill," is very handsome, and even the native city is pretty and picturesque. Seen from the old Residency Tower, it is a great sea of green trees and fields set



NANA SAHIB.

with white domes, roofs, and minarets, for miles and miles. It is full of mosques and temples. But—after its Missions—its most interesting scenes are those connected with the Mutiny.

Our kind friends took us over all the ground, so familiar to us in our boyhood, thirty-six years ago, when these events



PALACE ON THE GUMTI, LUCKNOW.

were thrilling our hearts, where Lawrence, Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell so nobly fought for the "Relief of Lucknow," where the brave defenders—a few hundred men—so grandly held their ground against an army of tens of thousands of Sepoys with batteries of artillery, whom they themselves had drilled and taught.

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The old Residency, which was their fortification and defence, is now a Park, and the old buildings stand as they were, at the close of the Mutiny, a mass of battered ruins. It was simply awful to look at those great towers and walls, literally torn to pieces by shot and shell, and realize that two or three regiments of soldiers, with a lot of women and chil-



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY BEFORE THE MUTINY.

dren, had lived behind those walls for months during the fiery heat of an India Summer, and under a ceaseless rain of fire from hundreds of guns.

We saw the cellar where General Lawrence was mortally wounded by a shell. We saw the other cellar where all the children and women huddled together for months. They showed us the hole by which their meals were handed down,

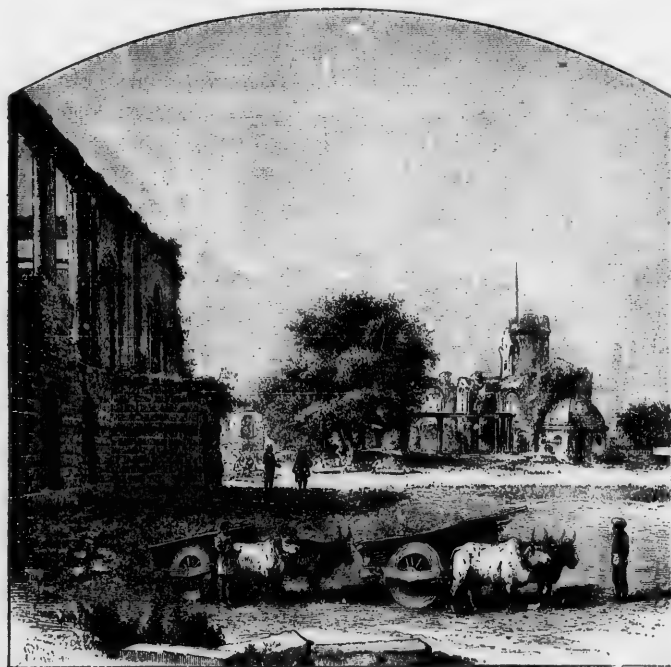
and another hole a foot in diameter where a cannon ball had entered even that cellar and sunk itself in a brick pillar out of sight, and a poor woman sitting near had died of fright. The tower above was literally perforated with balls.

Most touching of all were the figures telling how out of 3,000 men that begun that awful summer only 830 survived when the victory was won. These, indeed, were heroes. Why may not the missionary annals have greater heroes? If brave men suffered so to win India for England, let us not be afraid to suffer in order to win India for Christ.

Well, we are glad to say that Lucknow has something better than the old Residency and the memorials of 1857. It has a glorious missionary work, and is the headquarters of that Mission of our own land on which God has so wondrously been pouring out His Spirit during the past four years.

We were very cordially received by Rev. Dr. Parker and the members of the Mission, and afforded every opportunity to see the work and learn the methods which God has so richly blessed among them, during recent years. We have not yet found a more thoroughly organized missionary system, or one more vigorously and efficiently worked. The system is true to the genius of Methodism, and yet it has a certain apostolic simplicity and catholicity of spirit which may well commend it to the study of every missionary who is intelligently seeking for the best methods, and willing to learn from every wise and true pattern.

At the head of the whole work is the Bishop, or general



RUINS OF THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

overseer of the whole field. Then over each District is a Presiding Elder, who exercises a more special superintendence over all the workers in that field. Under him, the various American or English workers have their respective departments. Some are Pastors of the English Church in the Dis-

trict. Some are Superintendents or Professors in the Training College or Seminary. Some are teachers in the High School for boys or girls. Some have charge of an Orphanage or a Home. And some are evangelists, at large, to preach the gospel in various places. But each has a special department. And when they are scattered about in various centres, one of them is usually local Superintendent of all the work in that city and section.

Then come the native workers. And this is the right arm of the Methodist Mission. There are, comparatively, few American workers even in the great Provinces of Oude and Rohilcund and amongst a church of more than fifty thousand native Christians. Most of the work is done by hundreds of native brethren, and the American worker is chiefly a superintendent. There are several classes of these native workers. One or two have been found worthy to be made Presiding Elders. Many of them are Native Pastors, having charge, in almost all cases, of the native churches. Some of them are Evangelists, preaching the gospel in the villages. The Native Pastors receive a moderate salary of about \$60 to \$75 per year.

But there is another class of native workers which more than any other seems to us to be a recovered link in the great chain of personal work, and this is the agency to which more than any other, it seems to us, that, under God, the extraordinary success of this Mission is due. They are what they call "Pastor teachers," a sort of intermediate link between the Native Pastor and the heathen people. They are hum-

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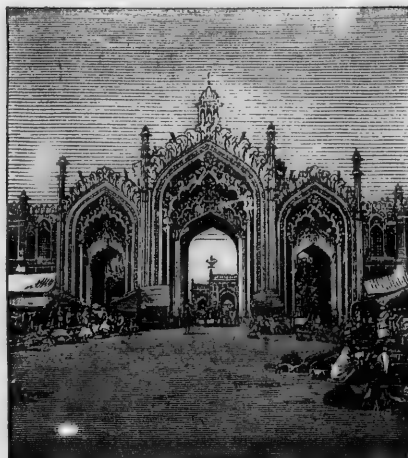
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ble men, of limited ability and experience, but sincere Christians full of zeal and new-born love. And they are set to work in hundreds of places, with a very small allowance of \$15 to \$20 a year, as teachers in hundreds of little country villages.

The place they hold their school in is a little hut (and we saw some of them), that can be rented for a mere trifle. It has, perhaps, no windows and only a clay floor and mud walls. But in this place the teacher opens a little school for the boys and girls, and begins to teach them all he knows. He is not very

far on, but he is a good way beyond them. And his principal class is the Bible, and the Gospels. And so he teaches, and when he can get some of the parents to come in, he preaches to them, and his simple kindness wins the confidence of old and young, and before long there are inquirers, and conversions, and baptisms.



GATEWAY, LUCKNOW.

This simple network of schools and native evangelists has gradually spread over all the Northwest Provinces of India, and back of it all there has been a deep spirituality on the part of the workers, and a very real outpouring of the Holy Ghost on many hearts. The result is that during the past two or three years there has been a great ingathering of souls, and more than fifty thousand have been added to the church by baptism. The additions have not been so sudden as in the Baptist Telugu Mission, but the numbers have probably been quite as great, and the indications are that it is likely to prove, not a special and sporadic movement, but the result of certain well-appointed plans and agencies that are likely to continue bringing forth such fruit without interruption. We were glad to find that similar revivals were still going on in many of the churches.

Another interesting feature of this Mission is the importation of the Camp Meeting into the heathen field. Indeed, it was here before, but they have consecrated it to a higher and holier use. The heathen are very fond of holding what they call *Malas* or religious festivals, and gathering in great crowds in a grove to celebrate the praises of some god. The missionaries have been holding their *Malas*, too, and as many as two thousand people have sometimes attended them, including many heathen, and there have been great numbers of conversions, just as in our great meetings at home. We were very much pleased to find these simple, free and aggressive methods in this good work, and we are sure that such work must be blessed and can only pray that God may multiply it more and more.

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Of course, these friends have the advantage, that we do not yet possess, of a strong force of native converts to draw their workers from. This is the result of an experience of more than forty years. Until we can raise up this force from among our own converts, we must depend chiefly upon our American missionaries as pioneers; but, as their work is blessed, we are sure that they will not be ashamed to copy the example of our friends in their grand use of every kind of native material, even the very humblest. While we hope to see the churches of America still pour thousands of workers into this land, yet the real work of winning and holding India for Jesus must ultimately be done by the people of India themselves.

We spent a delightful day with Dr. Parker and the missionaries at Lucknow. We learned much of the history and geography of the field, and the methods of the work. We saw most of the leading workers at Lucknow, and more devoted and large-hearted men and women we do not know. We visited the excellent High School and College. We had the pleasure of addressing the English Church in their commodious building, and meeting Rev. Mr. Osborne, who was holding revival services there. Mr. Osborne is a native of India and a man of much spiritual power.

On the following Saturday and Sabbath at Bareilly, we saw still more of the work. At the hospitable home of Dr. Scott, we learned much from his experience as an old pioneer on the frontiers of the field. We met the students of the Theological Seminary of which he has charge, and were de-

lighted with these sixty-five native young men who reminded us so much of our own work at home. We visited the girls' Orphanage and Schools, and brighter, sweeter faces we never saw than these two hundred dear Rohilcund girls.

We had the joy of preaching the gospel through an in-



HOUSES IN RAJPOOTANA.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

terpreter, and of seeing two souls come out and receive baptism. And on Sabbath evening, our last Sabbath in India, we spoke once more for the Master to the English congregation in Bareilly, and although the company was not a great one, the Lord was present, and souls were, we believe, blessed and brought very near to Him. It was a blessed day, indeed.

a blessed series of days—our visit to the M. E. Mission of Lucknow and Bareilly.

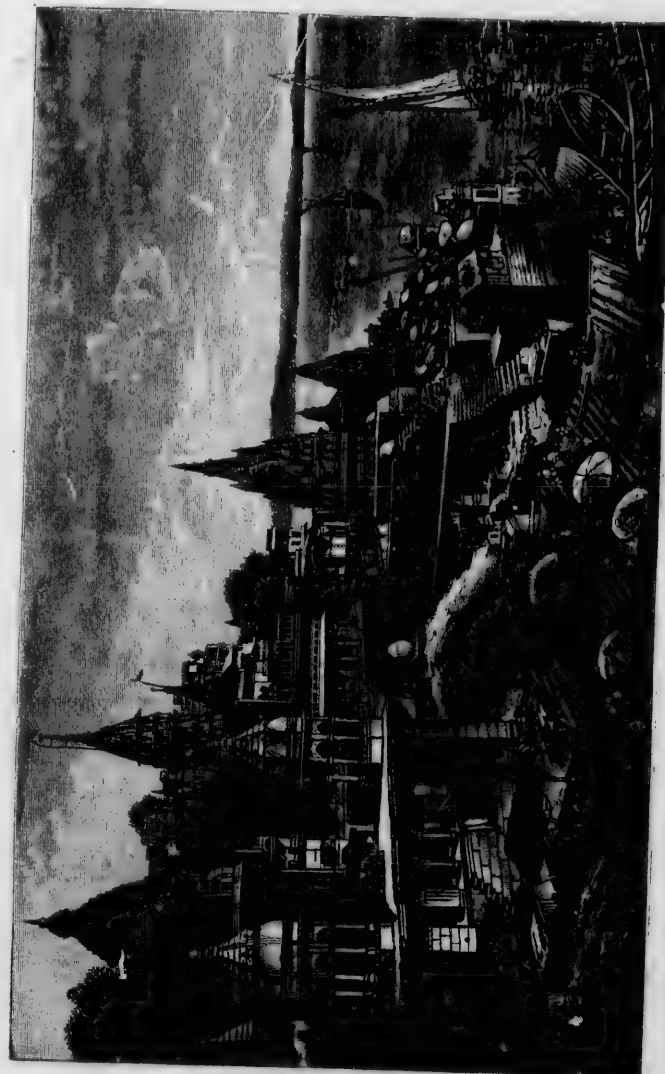
Nor must we forget Delhi, or the dear missionary that came to see us and spent an hour with us before we left, and told us with mutual joy of the five hundred souls that he had been permitted to gather from among the heathen during the past year.

We were so glad to leave our India work and our brother, Mr. Fuller, in touch with this blessed Mission, and we were also much gratified to be able to gain much valuable information respecting openings on the frontier of Nepaul and Thibet—one of the chief objects for which we had come to North India. But we shall speak more fully of this again.

It was a disappointment not to meet our dear friend and former guest, Miss Anna Buddin, but her field is so remote, on the frontier of Nepaul and Thibet and six days' journey from Bareilly, that there was not time for her to get down; but we heard many cheering things of her brave and blessed work, and had a very kind telegram from her. We were glad to be assured that should we be led to send our workers to these frontier fields, the old standard bearers at the front would be glad to greet them and cheer them on their way.

There are other excellent Missions in Northern India. The Presbyterians are in the Punjaub and Rajpootana. But it was impossible for us, in the short time at our disposal, to go there also.

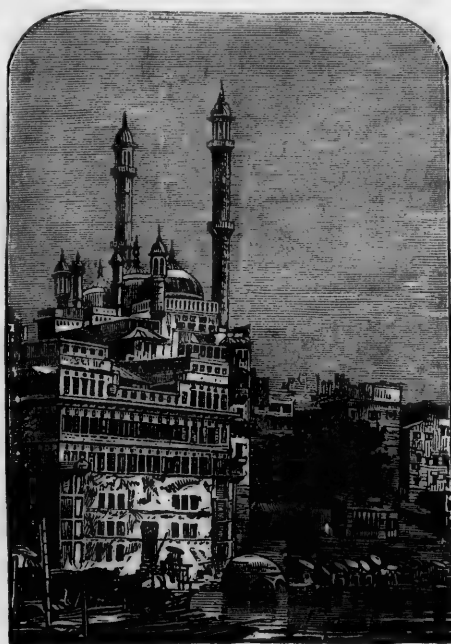
We left Bareilly for Benares early Monday morning, and spent most of the day in the old capital of Hinduism. Be-



BENARES.

nares is the ancient home of the founder of Buddhism, and the Sacred City of the Hindus. We had read much of the Ganges and its temples, and we expected much that would, at least, interest us. But never did we meet with a more heart-sickening disappointment. Some one has said the place to read "The Light of Asia" is Benares. We should think it is.

If any one wishes to see the hollowness, foolishness and filthiness of Hinduism and heathenism, let him look through the Benares temples on the Ganges. There are hundreds of them, and we saw the most of them and the best of them but they were all disappointing and disgusting. The first was their famous "Golden Temple," but it was full of filthy



MOSQUE OF AURUNQZUB, BENARES.

cows, and naked priests, and obscene images and foul smells, and the streets around it were crowded with bazaars selling thousands of objects of religious worship, that no decent man or woman could touch or look at.

The next was the famous Monkey Temple, and it was

little better. The god and goddess at the entrance are objects of terror, and the monkeys that thronged it and fed on the sweetmeats offered by the worshippers were by far the best looking and best dressed people around.



THE MONKEY TEMPLE.

The next was the Nepaulese Temple, the gift of a Prince of Nepaul, and the carvings were too vile and obscene to look at, far less describe. The cattle were allowed to frequent

the temples as objects of worship, and even the manure that polluted the floor was treasured as a sacred thing. The people were bathing in the Ganges, but, side by side, others were washing their dirty clothes in the same stream they worshipped. The river front did not even have the merit of architectural beauty. It is an old tumble-down affair, with a few striking old towers and spires.

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scene things. The very instincts of nature seem to have been perverted and destroyed, and they take pleasure in things that seem to us to have no interest or charm, but are utterly depressing, revolting and hideous. This is the saddest thing about heathenism. It is so lost that it does not even know how lost it is. Well, we are glad we saw Benares and Bareilly. One is the heaven side of India, the other the side that takes hold on hell. God help us speedily to lift this sunken land from hell to heaven!

XIV.

FROM THE HIMALAYAS TO THE HOOGHLY.

LEAVING Benares at sunset, a ride of eighteen hours took us down the valley of the Ganges to Sahebganje. It was a very beautiful ride, and led us through the finest country we have yet seen in India. The whole land is irrigated, and it looks like a tropical garden.

The fields are cut up into little sections about fifty feet square, separated by a little ridge of sand to hold the waters; and looking over the vast plain, it seemed like a great checker-board. It was luxuriant with many shades of green and gold. Some of the harvests were white and waving like great banners of gold. Many were green and of every shade. Thickly dotted in every direction, and often clustered in picturesque groups, were myriads of mango trees, their foliage so rich and dense that no sunbeam can strike through. Forests of the finest palms waved on every side.

Often we would see a magnificent banyan spreading wide its branches, and right out of the centre of the trunk a stately palm would rise in majesty straight up into the blue sky with its tuft of waving branches gathered at the top. It is a peculiar habit of the banyan, to grow hollow with the palm right in the bosom of its vast trunk, the banyan literally

DOGHLY.

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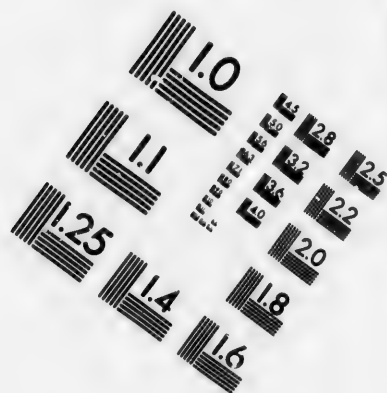
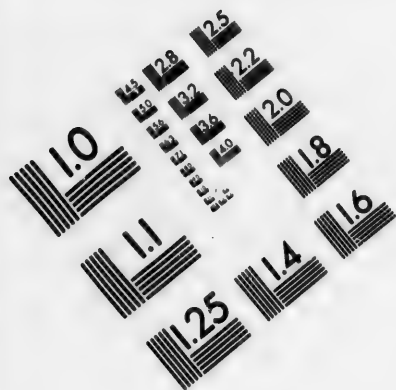
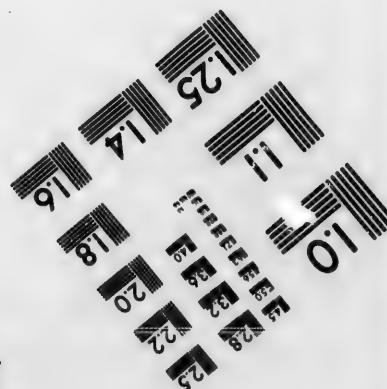
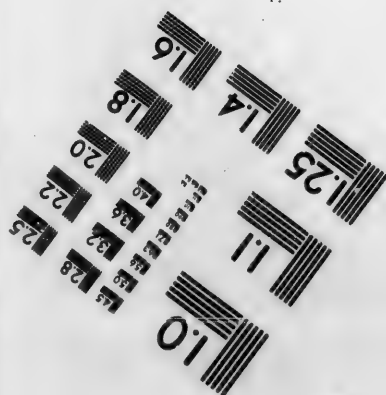
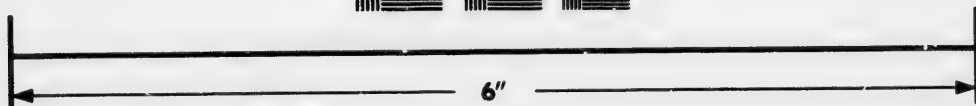
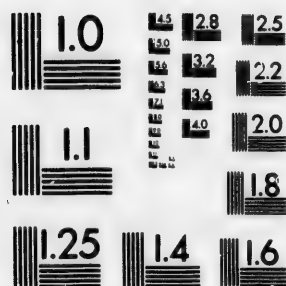


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throwing its arms around it and embracing it in its bosom—a sublime figure of loveliness in the arms of strength, or gentleness combined with power.

The shade trees of India are made for the climate. Their foliage is impenetrable by the fiery sun, and every field has its natural protection from the deadly stroke of that heat which no one can understand who has not felt it. The banyan is one of the finest, and often sends down its branches to form dozens of new trunks and take fresh root in the soil.

The mango is not only a tree of surpassing beauty and grace, very much like our rock



A LANDING PLACE ON THE GANGES.

maple, but much finer; it also bears a splendid fruit—the typical fruit of India, and one unsurpassed by any in the world, combining, perhaps, the best qualities of the peach and the pear, but much richer than either. The fig tree grows everywhere, especially on the hills, and the fruit is now in its perfection. One variety of it is “The People Tree,” which is worshipped everywhere. Then there are plantains, guavas and scores besides, bearing excellent fruit.

The bananas of India are much superior to ours. The small ones have a peculiar flavor as if they had been cooked and sweetened, and have none of the dryness and harshness of the American fruit.



A HIMALAYAN PASS.

But the queen of India's trees is the palm. Three varieties grow here. The date palm is quite common. The cocoanut palm is seen in considerable quantities in Bombay, Madras and elsewhere. The most common is the Palmyra palm, which the natives tap to make an intoxicating drink called toddy. You can see an earthen pot hanging from the top of most of them, and a native climbs the tree night and morning to

gather and replace the pots. The tree is always beautiful and makes almost any scene a picture of grace and loveliness.

At Sahebgange we left our train and sailed up the Ganges for an hour or more, to connect with the train run-

ning northward to our destination in the Himalaya Mountains.

It was an interesting sail on the ancient river, with its sandy shores and its broad expanse, diversified here and there by the strangest looking old ships we ever saw, drawn by Coolies on the banks by means of a long rope from the mast-head. At length we disembarked and took the train northward to Siliguri at the base of the Himalaya Mountains.

Then began an eight hours' journey which we shall ever remember with intense vividness and pleasure. It was the ascent of the Himalayas by rail. It was not a long ride, only fifty miles, but it took us all day to go these fifty miles, and, at no time, could the engine exceed seven miles an hour. In these fifty miles we ascended nearly 8,000 feet, or more than a mile and a half, and the grade, at some points, was as steep as one foot in twenty. We have had a good many mountain climbs and mountain views, the Alps, the Keswick Hills, Ben Lomond and the Scottish Mountains, the White Mountains, the peaks and passes of the Rockies, the Pyrenees, and the beautiful Coast Range, and yet more lately the terrific gorges of the Ghauts at Mahabelashur and Sidney Point,—and we have often accepted the old refrain as indisputable :

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains ;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rock 'neath a dome of cloud,
With a diadem of snow."

But Mont Blanc must yield the diadem to Kinchinjunga,
and the old Himalayas claim the unapproachable pre-emi-

nence. Never before have we been quite satisfied with a mountain view. It has always been to us a little less than our ideal. We have always been looking for something that was really above the clouds.

But as we stood the following morning, nearly 8,000 feet



MOUNT EVEREST, FROM DARJEELING.

above the sea, at Ghoom, and looked down into the abyss a mile and a half below us, and then up to the snow-crowned peaks that towered *four miles above* even the heights where we were standing, we were satisfied ; imagination and memory had found a resting place at last for the vision of earthly majesty. Some day we hope to gaze upon the Hills of God and the Throne above the clouds, but earth can have few

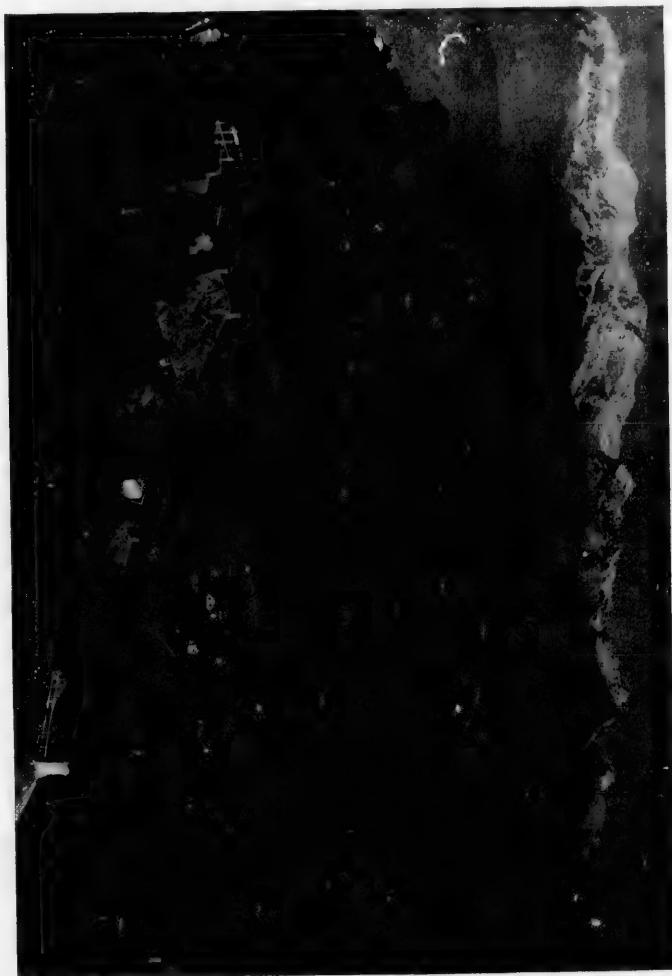
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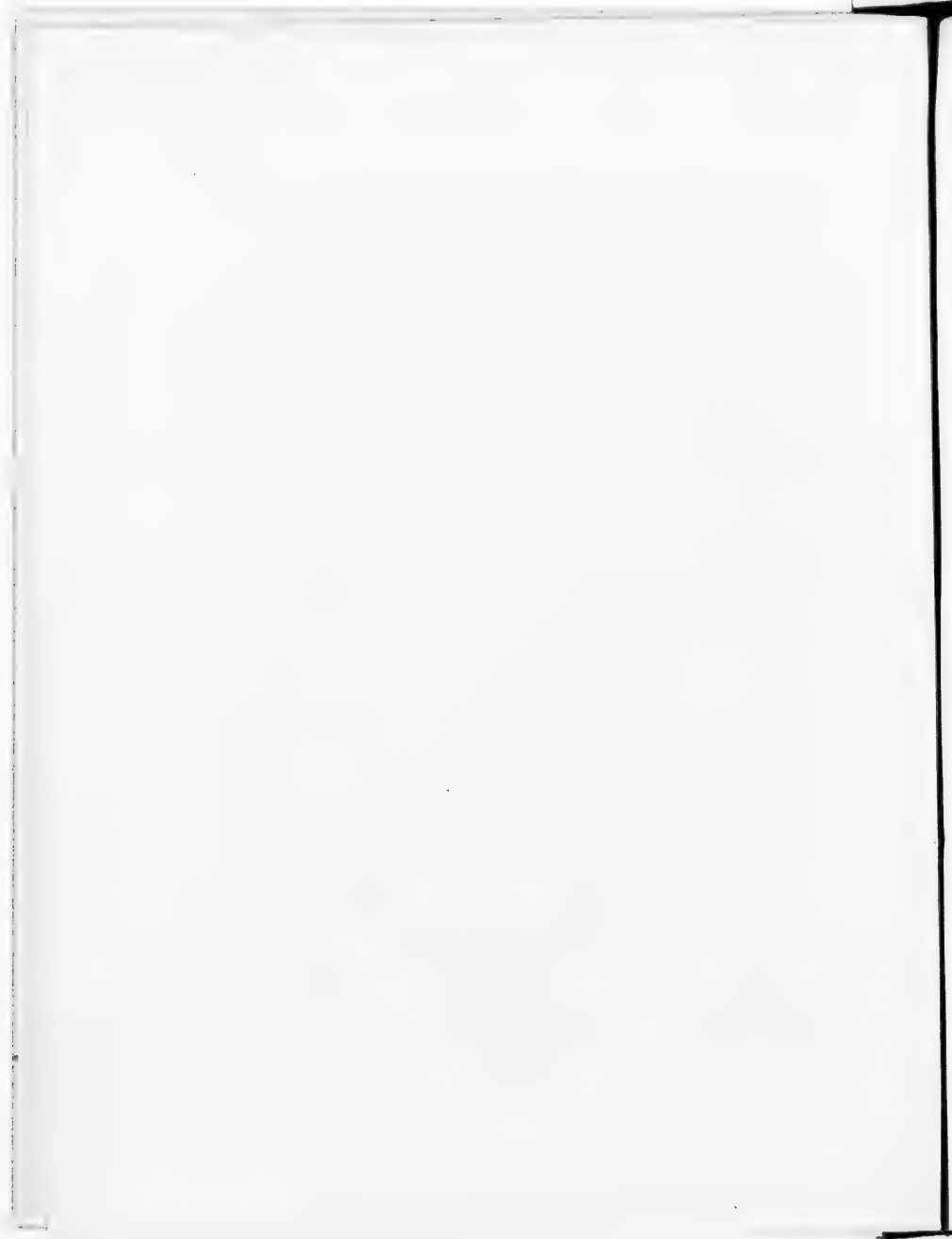
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DARJELLING AND THE HIMALAYAS.





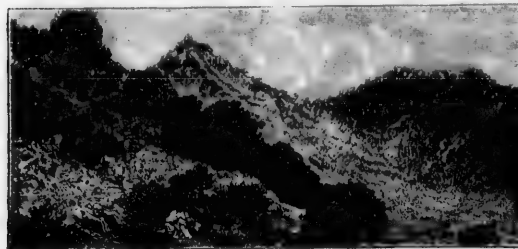
sublimar visions than these majestic depths of mist, and domes of eternal snow. Kinchinjunga and Everest, the two highest peaks visible from Darjeeling, are about 29,000 feet high, or more than two miles higher than Mont Blanc, or the peaks of the Rocky Mountains—or even the Sierras.

The most remarkable feature of these vast mountains is the abruptness of their rise. You are approaching the Rocky Mountains for miles, and when their peaks come into view you are already 5,000 feet above the sea, and they are only about 10,000 above you. But the Himalayas rise like a great perpendicular wall directly from their base. You travel along a level plain right up them, and their great, huge shoulders begin to emerge from the horizon before you have reached an elevation of 500 feet. Ghoom itself, which is nearly 8,000 feet high, is not twenty-five miles in a straight line from the plain, although it takes fifty miles of winding through the valleys to reach it.

The objective point of our journey was Darjeeling, a hill station, and the terminus of the Darjeeling and Himalayan Railway. It was built as a military station and summer health resort, and is removed far above the heat of the India summer. The railroad has been open for ten years and it is a marvel of engineering skill. It is interesting to watch its windings around the hills and its zig-zags up the mountain sides. Sometimes it runs round the same hill in a spiral, ascending course several times; sometimes it reverses and switches back and then forward several times in a zig-zag course up the hill-side. Talk of the famous "Horseshoe

Curve" of the Alleghenies.—why, this little track sometimes runs round a perfect circle of less than a hundred feet, and crosses itself, until the front and rear cars form a semicircle. The gauge is only two feet wide and twists about like an elastic little serpent.

Of course, the views as you ascend are very fine. Often you look down a perpendicular cliff into a gorge one thousand feet deep. Valley after valley spreads out before you as



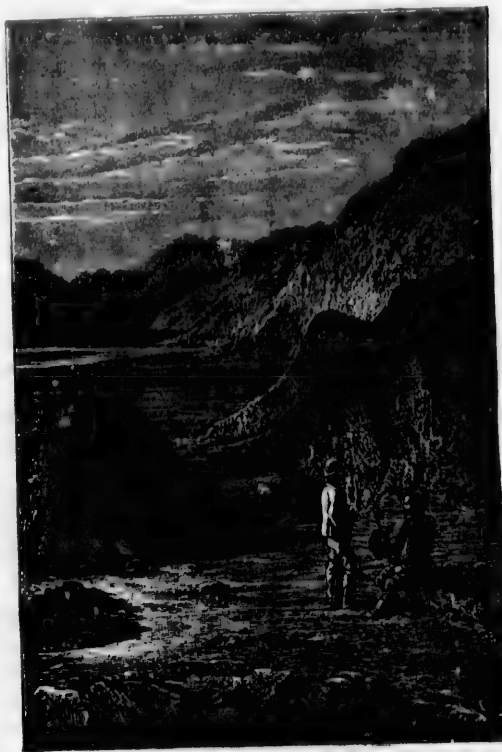
A HIMALAYAN PEAK.

you ascend, and the distant plain and the river wind through it until all are lost in the dim

distance; while above you new heights tower up, and each elevation is only a foot-hill for some grander peak.

The vegetation is very fine. After we had got up a few hundred feet we got into the first forests we had seen in India. The thing most noticeably absent in this land is forest trees. There are plenty of small trees, but the great giants of the forest—trees from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet high—we have nowhere seen, except in the Himalayas. But here they are in all their glory, vying with the hills for immensity,—

great teak trees with leaves a foot in diameter, mahogany trees, the silver ilex, the banyan and others we did not know. Then the vines and creepers were still finer. Immense parasites like grape vines ran up the trunks of the trees for one hundred feet, and then threw down a whole network of



SCENE IN THE HIMALAYAS.

streamers and vines, and covered the forest with a wealth of foliage and bloom. Sometimes they would be interlaced around the tree in a thousand cross lines until it looked like

a web of white lace across a cloth of green. Sometimes one great vine, with immense palm-like leaves, would wind itself around a tree in regular spiral curve all the way up, until it looked like some great pillar decorated with a wreath of palm. Sometimes the creeper would throw a great string of immense white blossoms and fasten it to some more distant tree, until it hung like a great festoon of flowers, as if for some high festival.

Many of the trees were in bloom. There is one very beautiful tree in the India forests, that has no leaves but is covered completely over with immense scarlet flowers, and it looks just like a blaze of flame. There are many of these in the Himalayan valleys and they light up the landscape with great picturesqueness. There are many fine ferns all along the road, and after we reached the 4,000 feet line we found a great many immense tree ferns of exceeding grace and beauty, some of them twenty to thirty feet high.

But the prettiest things were the tea plantations. There were a few at the base, but as we reached an elevation of 4,000 to 5,000 feet they covered all the hillsides with their beautiful rows of brilliant green. The plant has a hard and brilliant leaf of dark green with a very close compact habit of growth, and looks very much like the boxwood which we use for garden borders. It grows as a compact little bush, about two feet high. They are planted in rows about two feet apart, and a dozen plantations spread over several miles of hills and valleys. With the long rows stretching up the mountains, winding like emerald rings around the hilltops,

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and the white zig-zag paths cut through them up and down the mountains, while here and there, at the prettiest points, the white, artistic tea houses are dotted through the picture, like white pearls in an emerald setting—the effect is very lovely.

There are no less than 400 tea plantations in the Darjeel-



STREET IN KHATMANDU, NEAR THIBET.

ing valley and vicinity, most of them owned and carried on by Englishmen. The business is a very profitable one. The tea is the finest in the world, and he that has once tasted the genuine "Pekoe Dust" is spoiled for any other that we have yet seen or tasted. It is really one of God's boons to the people of India.

At every railway station restaurant, and they are very numerous and very well managed, you can get your "*Cha*," and it is always good, and always cheap, and is really a substitute with very many for the alcoholic stimulants used so much in England and America. It is most harmless and wholesome, and, like the curry, seems especially suited for the climate of India. We drank it in the morning, and could work on it; we drank it at midnight, and could sleep on it just as comfortably.

But much more interesting to us than either the mountains or their luxuriant vegetation were the people we met. We had come to the Himalayas not to look at the snowy heights or the green valleys, but because we had felt, for a long time, that this was, perhaps, for us the Gateway into that mysterious and long-closed land—the last citadel of heathenism—*Thibet*.

To reach this land our Missionary Alliance was really organized six years ago. It has been the object of ceaseless prayer with many that God would open its doors to the Gospel. A brave party of pioneers left us, a year ago, to attempt to enter it from China, and, with the Chinese language already acquired, they are now waiting our arrival at Wuhu, to go forward, as the Lord may open the way to the borders of the Mountain Land. Since they left for China the Lord has laid it much on our heart that there must also be a missionary gateway to Thibet from India, and one of the objects of our journey was to see if it could be found. With this in view we had made much careful inquiry at Bareilly, and

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found that there was a good deal of intercourse with Thibet-
 ans, by way of Pitthoragurh (Miss Buddin's Mission) and the
 country just west of Nepaul. But that field is well occupied
 by the Methodist Mission, and they are ready to enter the



THIBETAN MONASTERY IN THE HIMALAYAS.

first opening. They have also half a dozen stations along the
 southern border of Nepaul, ready to enter that country, which
 is also unoccupied, at the earliest opening.

As we have prayed about it, the Lord has laid it upon our

heart that for us the nearest and most available gateway was through the country just east of Nepaul and west of Bhotan, both of which are still unevangelized, and so would be also within reach of such a station. But, more important than this, the point we have indicated is the nearest point on English territory to Thibet, and on the direct roads to its chief mountain pass, and only four day's journey, or less than one hundred miles from the frontier, and it was natural to suppose that a good many Thibetans would be found in the valleys outside the borders.

We have not been disappointed in our hopes. Not only did we find Darjeeling nearer the borders of Thibet than any other accessible point on English territory, but we also found that Thibet had begun to come to Darjeeling. From the moment we began to ascend the mountains we found ourselves among an entirely new race. Their faces were utterly different from the Hindus. They were short and thickset, with high cheek-bones and fat faces, and a good deal like the Chinese, but much brighter and better-looking. All the way up we met them on the road, many of them carrying great bundles, and whole families of them in the villages sitting together with their wives and children. The children looked so cunning with their round, flat faces and little almond eyes. They all speak Thibetan. We fell in love with them right away. They seemed to be our own people. The Lord laid them strangely on our hearts, and we felt it would be a joy to live among them and love them into Christianity.

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blessed work among these people. As we came to meet some of them we found them a bright and happy people. The missionaries at Darjeeling say they are "the joiliest" people they ever met. Most of them live eight to twelve thousand feet above the sea, and the bracing air makes them bright and energetic. They seem to be much more lively than the Chinese, although, of course, the latter race possesses quali-

ties of strength and endurance superior to all other nations. at least, one thousand in the Darjeel- reach of missiona- there, and, we be- them that we may and receive Christ, their people as her- One native is worth an evangelist to a we can do nothing of Thibetan work- open, we shall not

vain, even if we have to wait for years. But we believe we shall not have to wait, but God will open the doors of Thibet the moment we are ready to enter.

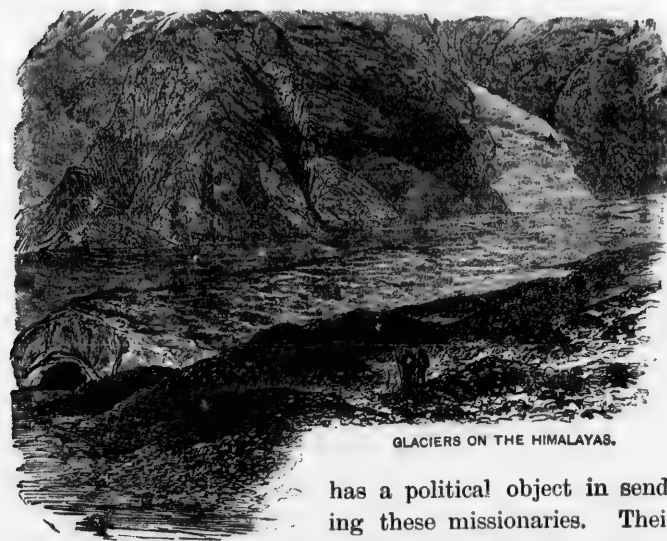
The country is closed at present to foreigners. It is said to be fifty years since a European visited Lhasa, the capital. There is special jealousy, at present, of English influence. There are good reasons for it. The Thibetans think England



THIBETAN PRAYING WHEEL

endurance superior

There are now, and Thibetans living valley, within ries who might labor lieve, God has sent lead them to know and then go back to alds of the Gospel. four foreigners, as new people, and if else but train a band ers until Thibet is spend the time in



GLACIERS ON THE HIMALAYAS.

has a political object in sending these missionaries. Their idea is—the missionary first, and then the soldier. England, they say, has conquered India and annexed Burmah, their two southern neighbors, and will be sure to annex them if they let her in.

This jealous feeling has been very much increased by some recent occurrences. There is a little state just north of Darjeeling called Sikkim. It lies on the southern border of Thibet. Owing to some political troubles with its Rajah, England has recently annexed this State, and put the Rajah in prison. It happens that his wife is a Thibetan, and many of his people also. Of course, the sympathy of the Thibetans



THE HIMALAYAS.

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is with him, and there is much feeling against England. A few years ago the Indian government tried to send a deputation to Thibet to open commercial relations between the two countries, but the Thibetans refused them entrance, and they had to turn back from the border.

A Conference is being held at this very time at RENCHINJUNG, a place inside the Thibetan border, between the English commissioners and the Thibetan government, and it is hoped the result will be the opening of trade relations between Thibet and India. If this is done, the missionary will follow in due time.

We found more work at Darjeeling than we expected. The Scotch Established Church has a mission and is building a new church. They have a good many native workers and several hundred members in Sikkim, the annexed district, but they are working chiefly among the Nepaulese and people of Bhotan, who live on British territory. There is really no mission yet directly in either Nepaul or Bhotan, but a good many of the people of both these countries are being reached on their borders.

We are also glad to find a little party of Swedish missionaries at Darjeeling. About a year ago, through the instrumentality of Mr. Franson, a good many missionaries were sent out by the Swedish churches of America. Nine of these came to Darjeeling with a view to reaching Thibet. They had but little preparation for their work and were utter strangers to the field and the people. But God has guarded them very graciously and led them through many dangers.

We were most providentially led to them and received much kindness from them, and, we trust, were made a blessing to them.

We found three young gentlemen living at Darjeeling, and four of the young ladies at Ghoom, a large village about four miles away. Both towns are full of Thibetans. We found them studying the language bravely, and some of them able to talk considerable Thibetan. They were a little discouraged at the obstacles that had been thrown in their way by the refusal of the British Government to let them enter Sikkim. But we encouraged them to persevere and promised them that, as soon as we could, we should send out some workers to this field to help them. They assured us of a most hearty welcome, and full co-operation. Indeed, they met us very much as did our missionaries, and we believe received a new inspiration for their work from the Lord.

But we believe God will soon give this land to His Church, and Thibet seems many thousand miles nearer us since we have looked over upon its mountain heights, and gazed upon the faces of its dear people.

We met with some very interesting people in the home of our dear Swedish friends. One of them was a learned Bengali Pundit, who had lived many years in Thibet, and has written much about it. He is the owner of the house in which our friends live, and has called the house Lhassa, after the capital of Thibet. He will prove a useful friend to the work. We shall be glad to publish some of his interesting papers on this strange land.

Another whom we met was the teacher of our friends. He is a bright, young Thibetan scholar, and wrote his name in Thibetan in our journal, and promised to write and let us know when he became a Christian, that we might send him a Bible. Another was their servant, a handsome and bright Thibetan lad. One of the most interesting of all was an old Lama, aged seventy-four. We found him busy at his prayers about six o'clock in the morning, and he received us very kindly, but kept praying away while we talked. He sang his prayers aloud, and between the notes every few seconds he would ring a bell sharply to call the attention of the gods. He said he first worshipped the Buddhist Trinity, and then, after he got their permission, he made his offerings to the earth gods. His offerings were rice and water, which he kept placing, with a spoon, in a sacred vessel, singing and ringing away as he poured it in. He expressed a great desire to have an American inkstand, and we gave him the only ink bottle we had, a rather nice one, done up in a leather case, for travelling. He expressed himself as much pleased, and gave us, in return, some incense papers for our Museum. We expect to find our ink bottle again, "after many days," in some Thibetan valley, and to learn that it has borne more fruit than if it had been used to write missionary letters.

The most interesting sight of all was a score of Thibetan children whom we met at the Ladies' Home at Ghoom. They formed the classes in their Sunday School. We had a photograph taken of them, and we claimed them as the first fruits of Thibet.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Turnbull, Superintendent of the Scotch Mission, and his excellent wife, and also Mr. and Mrs. Brown, in charge of the Union English Church. We had a good view of the beautiful town of Darjeeling, and next morning went over to Ghoom to see the



SWEDISH MISSIONARIES AT DARJEELING.

A "Kodak" photograph taken by Mr. Simpson.

ladies of the Mission. The gentlemen accompanied us, and we spent two blessed hours at the feet of Jesus, putting down the soles of our feet very firmly upon Thibet, and feeling very sure that God has given it to us.

As we came down from the mountain we felt that our

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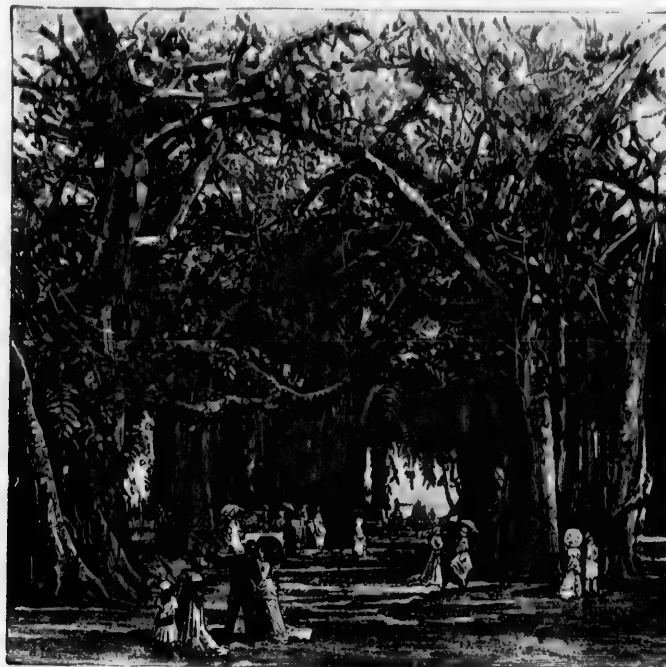
felt that our

visit to India was about finished. In a most remarkable manner God had led us to the places that had been laid on our hearts, and made them mean much more to us than we had ever hoped. The seeing of the country itself has had little interest to us apart from its connection with the Master's work and kingdom.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

Twenty-four hours brought us to Calcutta, and although we had a little while to spare in that stately capital of the great Indian Empire, and felt impressed with its superb magnificence as we drove through the spacious streets and almost boundless parks and gardens, yet we felt that we were not needed here, and were glad that we were to pass on so



BANYAN TREE, ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, CALCUTTA.

soon to other lands, where God is bidding us lift up our eyes on the harvests that are white also.

We called at the beautiful Methodist Parsonage and heard of the good work of our brethren in the city ; also of the Woman's Union work, and several English and Scotch Societies.

We went to the Royal Botanical Gardens, four miles below the city on the other side of the Hooghly, and saw the wonderful Banyan Tree of which every school boy has read, which covers with its branches a space of 200 feet in diameter, or more than a whole city block. We walked down the double avenue of palms which stand twenty feet apart, a double line of glorious pillars along an avenue 600 feet long. It was the grandest piece of architecture we ever saw.



THE HOOGHLY RIVER.

Straight as an arrow, uniform in size and height, these glorious white columns rose for fifty feet, and then all, at precisely the same height, terminated in a crown such as no architect could carve. This garden, a mile long, contains, perhaps, the finest collection of tropical vegetation in the world.

On our way home we took a boat and had a genuine sail on the Hooghly. It would have made our readers laugh till they cried if they could have seen us. The boat was big enough to hold fifty men, but it was the smallest we saw on the river. They are all great, monstrous, outlandish looking



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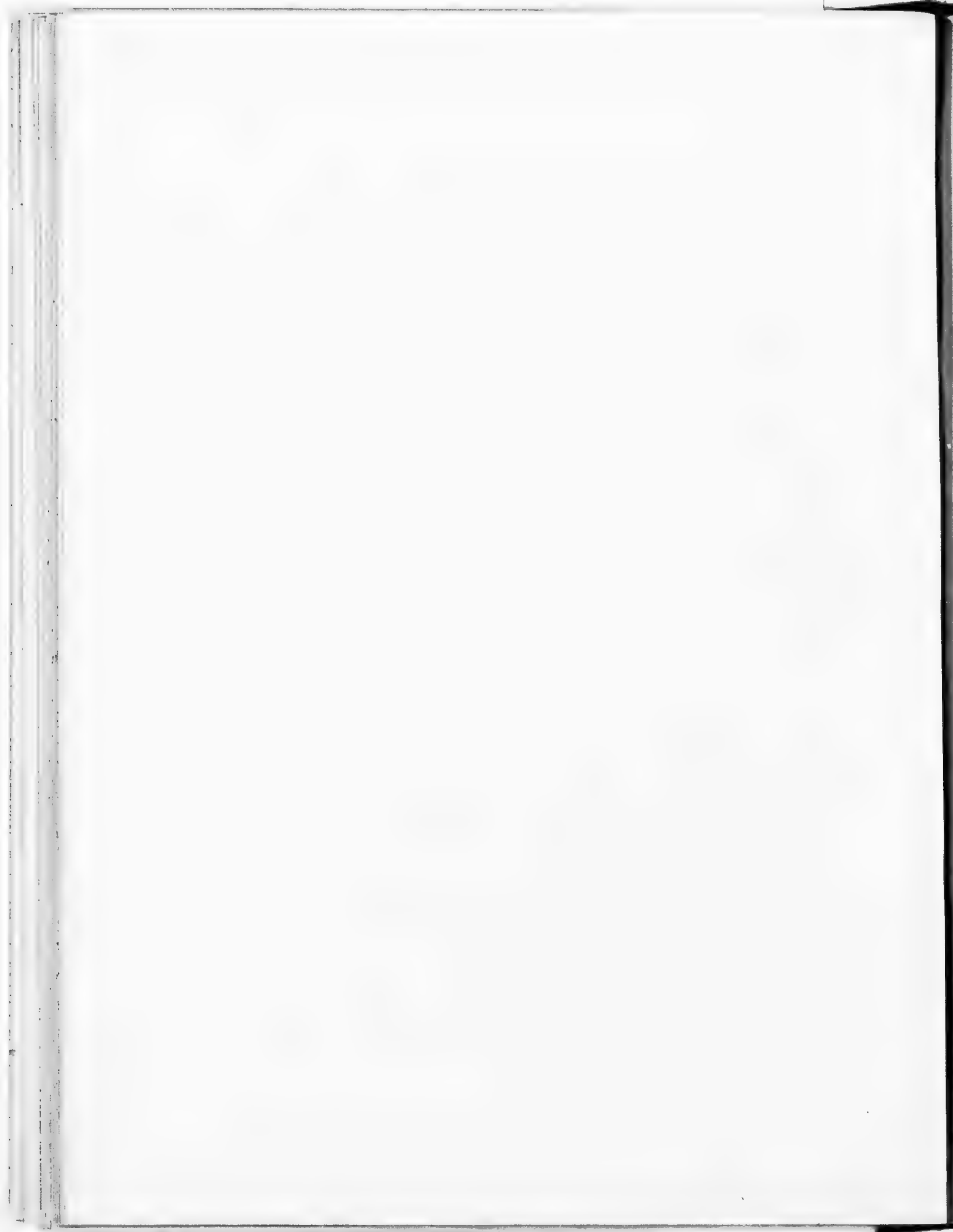
things. It has a great big cabin covered with a piece of bamboo matting, as a roof, and, of course, arranged for every one to sit crosslegged on the floor, the only way a Hindu knows how to sit. Well, we got in the old rickety thing and sat down, and then two half-naked Coolies began to propel it, while one steered. But the propelling apparatus! Well, it consisted of two long bamboo poles, about thirty feet long, which they stuck down into the bottom of the river, one on each side, and pushed the boat with, and when they had pushed the boat's length they would race forward, stick the pole down, and give another long push, and so backward and forward these two half-naked Coolies trotted, pushing us along the shallow edge of the river until the sun went down over Calcutta, and the lamps flashed out along its avenues and streets. Our last view of India life was surely an original one. But every day and hour brings out some new side of their simple and primitive life. Poor things! Without Christ their life is very small, and we were wondering, to-day, whether they or the birds that flutter about them have most to live for.

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PALMS, BOTANICAL GARDENS, CALCUTTA.





XV.

LEAVING INDIA.

EXACTLY five weeks ago to-day we landed in Bombay, and now we are leaving India. A few hours ago we waved the last farewell signal to dear Brother Fuller on the Mackinnon Ghat, Calcutta; and now we are passing out into the Bay of Bengal, and the low, marshy shores of Sagar Island, with their tiger-haunted jungles, are disappearing from view.

It is a good time to pause and take one more look at this great land, and gather up some of the lessons and impressions which even this short visit has brought us.

First, we want to thank God for His wonderful goodness in all our journeyings. Unavoidably compelled to come to India in the month which is usually regarded as the beginning of the hot season, many of our friends thought that we were running considerable risk in attempting much travelling in March. But God has very graciously, and, in a most unusual measure, moderated the weather, and given us His strength, so that we have not lost an hour on account of the weather, or been compelled to suffer in any extreme way.

We, especially, wish to thank God for the amount of work we have been enabled to accomplish. In thirty-five days we have travelled 5,269 miles by rail, and more than 300 by carriage or cart. We have spent twenty-one nights on railway trains and only fourteen nights in a bed. And the railways of India have no Pullman sleepers, but you just lie down on the seat in your clothes and cover yourself with your rugs and go to sleep. But we are as fresh and well as when we began our journey, and the Lord has kept us from exhaustion and harm.

We have, also, been permitted to see a good deal of the country. We have travelled through a considerable portion of each of the three Presidencies: Madras, Bombay and Bengal, and also the Northwest Provinces, and even touched the Punjaub. We have passed through the native states of Hyderabad, Mysore, Baroda, Guzerat, Rajpootana, and the borders of Nepaul and Bhotan. We have had the privilege of seeing something of the greatest cities of India,—Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Bangalore, Poona, Baroda, Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Bareilly, Patna. We have seen some of India's rivers—the Ganges, the Nerbuddah, and the Hooghly. And we have crossed or climbed some of its famous mountains—the Ghauts, the Vindhya and the Himalayas.

We have been able to visit a few of the Missions, and have had the privilege of meeting personally about one hundred and fifty of the missionaries. Especially do we thank God that He has permitted us to carry out most of His plans

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which were laid upon our heart before coming, and has not disappointed us in any way, or permitted us to miss a single railway connection, or fail to reach a single appointment. We have had the joy of visiting those Missions, especially where God has so wonderfully poured out His Holy Spirit and we



INTERIOR OF A NATIVE STORE.

have been enabled to see some of the best results of modern missionary work, as well as some of the most destitute and neglected heathen fields.

We have had much to thank God for in the companionship of our dear brother, Mr. Fuller, in these rapid journeyings. His knowledge of two languages of India, the Marathi

and Hindustani, has carried us almost everywhere, and his experience of the country has greatly facilitated all our plans ; while, on the other hand, he has gained a knowledge of the country, and an extended acquaintance among the Missions, which will be of the greatest value to him in directing our work in India.

We wish, also, to thank our missionary friends in the various Missions for their hospitality and kindness everywhere. We have found it very difficult to get to a hotel anywhere, and the simple hospitality of Christian homes in India cannot well be exaggerated. Besides, one can see and understand the country so much better under the guidance of those who live in it.

Our object in coming to India was threefold, viz. : first, to see our own missionaries, cheer and counsel them in their work, and find out new openings for the further extension of the work in other parts of India ; secondly, to visit other missions, especially those that have had the marked seal and blessing of God upon them ; and thirdly, so far as time and opportunity allowed, subordinately to these first two objects, to see and learn as much as possible about India and its people.

Reversing the order of these points, we will now endeavor to summarize the results of what we have learned.

First, as to India and its people. Cut out of the United States the country east of the Missouri River, and multiply its population of about 40,000,000 by 7 and you will have the size and population of India. These people all live in cities, towns

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and villages. There are no farm houses in India. There are, at least, a score of great cities with over 100,000 inhabitants. There are twice as many between 50,000 and 100,000, and there are, probably, a quarter of a million smaller towns and villages scattered all over the land. In many cases the popu-



THE HIGH COURT, CALCUTTA.

lation is as high as three hundred to the square mile. Of India's 285,000,000, at least 50,000,000 are Mohammedans, and most of the balance are Hindus.

The Hindus are of various castes. The Brahmins are the highest, and they are very proud and exclusive. There are,

nominally, four great castes, but really they are much more numerous. The lowest caste, is, perhaps, the sweepers—really the scavengers of the cities and houses, and how low this work is only one can understand who has lived in India. But the lower one's caste is, the more rigid is he in sticking to it, and making the most of his little bit of self-importance.

Politically, India is divided into a few great sections for the purpose of government. The most populous is the Bengal Presidency; next, the Madras Presidency; then, the Bombay Presidency. Besides the three Presidencies there are several other sections not included in them, viz., the Central Provinces, the Northwest Provinces and Oude, the Punjab, Sind, and Assam. Over each of these there is a Lieutenant Governor, and supreme over all—a Viceroy or Governor General. Besides, there are a number of independent native states under British protection, such as Hyderabad, Mysore, etc., aggregating about 60,000,000 of people. In each of these there is a British Resident, an officer representing the English government, who holds a sort of supervision over the affairs of the state in conjunction with the Rajah or native prince.

The government of India is probably the most perfect in the world. It is an absolute monarchy, but it moves like a great machine, and even the natives acknowledge its infinite superiority to anything they ever knew. One is overwhelmed at the thoroughness of this enormous piece of machinery. In every District is a little army of officials representing every de-

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thing to the people—judiciary, water supply, irrigation,
telegraphs, roads, medical attendance, police—everything.



THE PARK, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

Every fruit tree is numbered and registered, so that if a man
should cut a branch off one, it would be reported in the sta-
tion that a branch had been cut from tree No. —, and the

offender would be traced to the remotest corner of India. Every palm tree is taxed by number, every man, woman and child is known and registered, and every government official is listed in a published volume, and all the steps of his record in the public service are printed in the public register. So exact and inflexible is this system of absolute oversight, that Dr. Norman McLeod said, when he saw an official cutting a number in the bark of a tree: "O India, the very hairs of thy head are all numbered!"

There are splendid government roads in all directions, and at most towns public houses of entertainment provided by the government. And yet this immense system of administration is carried on at one twenty-fourth what it costs per head to govern France, one-twelfth that of England, and one-sixth that of Russia. It is difficult for corruption to get in, for every part is so arranged as to be a check on every other part, and nothing can escape detection. The public officers are paid large salaries, and are expected to be men of the highest capacity, and after twenty-five years' service are pensioned on an ample allowance. We have seen or heard of nothing that compares with the thoroughness of the administration of this great Empire of more people than Cyrus or Cæsar ever ruled. God Himself has arranged it as a framework and preparation for the preaching of the Gospel in every part of this land.

The people of India speak about fourteen regular languages in the various districts, and about half as many aboriginal dialects. The regular languages are Urdu or Hin-

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dustani, Hindi, Bengali, Nepauli, Urya, Marathi, Telugu, Guzerati, Punjaubi, Sindi, Tamil, Malayallin, Canarese and Singalese.

About one-fourth of the people are farmers. Many more are simply laborers, and a good many have various trades. It is interesting to see them in the bazaars working at their trades—in brass, leather, weaving, etc.

The chief product of India is cotton. Then comes opium, we are sorry to say, and then various grains. It is a great wheat and rice country, but the other grains are far more numerous than in our Western land. Among the most common grains are doll and jewaree which form much of the food of the people.

The most touching thing that we have seen in India is the poverty of the people. The average income of every person in England is over \$200 a year; in America over \$100; in India \$10. Millions of the people never get more than one meal a day. Ten cents a day is good wages for a man, and five cents for a woman. You can see thousands of women carrying brick and mortar for the builders, or breaking stones on the streets or roads for five cents a day, all the year round. Their lowest stamped coin is the sixth part of a cent, but in the bazaars they use shells to represent a still lower coin, equal to less than the fiftieth part of a cent.

There are some causes for their poverty, which might be prevented. They waste a great deal in their idolatrous festivals, and they sink a great deal in jewels and gold. There is no gold coin in India, for all the gold is immediately turned

into jewels. There are more goldsmiths than blacksmiths in India, and nearly all the wealth of the people is carried on their persons in precious gems. Perhaps the chief cause of their poverty is their ignorance of skilled labor. The best carpenters in the country are Chinese, — they get four or five times the wages of a Hindu Coolie. One of the best things

our Missions can teach their converts is skill in industrial work.

The seasons in India are three. There is, first, the cool season, lasting from November to March, when the climate is very pleasant, at times cold, and the cold, especially at night, is more penetrating than in America. We have actually suffered in Egypt and India, from piercing cold, when we had to have an umbrella over us to protect our head from the fiery sun, and yet our body and feet were



A HINDU RELIGIOUS BEGGAR.

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aching with cold, even under the weight of a fur overcoat. We have often lain down at night in a train to sleep, perspiring with heat, and awakened at three o'clock so cold that all the rugs we could put over us would not keep us warm.

The next is the hot season. It lasts through part of March and all April and May, and sometimes till the middle of June; and then it is hot—sometimes 125 in the shade,—hot both day and night, so hot that even the breeze is like a breath of fire.

Then comes the wet season. It lasts from the middle of June until September. It is called the time of the Monsoons. And then it does rain. On the mountains the rainfall often reached four hundred inches, an average of three or four inches a day. On the plains it is about thirty to forty inches. This is not an unpleasant season, although it is somewhat feverish. Then the land grows rich and luxuriant. After the rains, the cool season comes again for, at least, six months.

Upon the whole, India is not an unhealthy climate or a very trying one. The hot season is very hard to endure, but it is not very long, and there are mountain stations near almost all parts of India, where its severity can be broken for a time. There is no extreme heat upon the hills of India. Such places as Darjeeling, Ootacamund, Mahabelashur and Simla are a paradise all summer, and are only trying in the rainy season.

The life of the Europeans in India is adapted to the climate. They wear light flannel or linen clothing, and have houses especially constructed for the country. Their meals

are adjusted so as to keep them indoors in the heat of the day. The morning begins about 6 o'clock with a single cup of tea and a slice of toast, which they call "Chota hazry" or "little breakfast." Then they work till breakfast time. This is the best part of the day.

The Public Schools begin at 6 o'clock and close at noon. In Poona we preached to the Sabbath morning congregation at 7.30 A. M. Then comes breakfast, usually about 10 to 11 o'clock, compelling people to stop and rest. After breakfast the time is spent indoors for several hours. The midday sun is very hot and dangerous. Dinner usually closes the time of rest, at, perhaps, 4 o'clock, and then the cool evening is free. With others there is a Tiffin or lunch at 2, and then after an hour's rest an evening of work till 7.30, when dinner closes the day.

The natives take their principal meal at night. Many of them work all day on an empty stomach, chewing the betel leaf, or a little parched grain, and coming home at night to prepare a little curry and rice, or, if too poor for rice, some cheaper grain, and then go on with nothing else till the next night.

Their homes are very poor. We were in a good many of them. They are built of clay or mats. There is one room—sometimes an extra one for cooking. There are often no windows. The fire is kindled of dried manure in a little open space in the corner, and the smoke disappears somewhere as best it can. They all lie on the floor. Their beds are carried with them. They are mats and cheap rugs. They all lie down together on the floor, wrapped up in their rugs.

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Their dress is very simple. The laboring men have simply a pretty full cloth wrapped several times around the loins. The poor women and girls wear little more. In Central and Northern India they have a piece of bright cloth about six yards long, and they wind it several times gracefully around the body and carry it over one side of the head, but in Madras the peasant women have nothing over their shoulders.

The children are almost always beautiful; but after twenty-five years of age they look worn. Early marriage has been a physical and social curse to India. We noticed the difference among the native Christians at Lucknow. The girls kept their beauty, and brighter faces you could not see than the young ladies of eighteen to twenty-four in the girls' school.



A HIGH-CASTE HINDU WOMAN.

But the girls of heathen India are almost all wives at twelve years of age. A young lady you never see. Even the little girls you meet on the street are nearly all married to somebody, and 20,000,000 of them are child widows—the saddest lot in the world.

All that India needs to lift her dear people out of their depression and degradation is Christianity.

The heathenism and idolatry of India is most depressing. It has nothing attractive about it. The temples

have some architectural grandeur, but, inside, everything is repulsive. The gods are all objects of fear rather than love. The object of worship is to keep them from doing the people harm. Think of a small-pox god, and a cholera god, that have to be propitiated and appeased. The idea of divine love is unknown.

We saw a good many temple worshippers, but they all depressed and oppressed us with the foolishness, and emptiness of the performance. The worshipper would go in and ring a bell to wake up the god, and then walk seven



A HINDU IDOL.

times around the hideous image and pass on. The priests are a revolting looking lot of rascals, more intent on getting money than anything else. Some of the exercises are very filthy. At one of the great feasts they sprinkle manure

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over the crowd, and every one is eager to get under the filthy shower. At Benares we saw cows living in the temples and turning the house of the gods into a beastly and filthy stable.

On the Ganges many corpses were lying with their feet in the sacred river, and priests were raking the half-burned bodies of the dead into the sacred stream where others were bathing in holy ecstasy. There is a filthy god to whom mothers often devote their baby girls, in return for some great favor, and the service of this god is a life of promiscuous shame for this poor child, in which even she has no right of choice, but is the common property of the abominable temple and all its worshippers.

Little children are brought up from their infancy in horrible familiarity with all kinds of evil. There is no privacy in the home and no reserve in the talk of the family. The little ears and eyes are polluted before they know the difference between right and wrong. Unnatural crimes and vices are not uncommon, and men are often lower than the beasts.

And yet, upon the whole, the Hindus are a far more promising race than we expected to find. It is a wonder that heathenism has not left a deeper blight. Even the present generation is a thousand times worth saving. They are a civilized people. They are an affectionate people. They are a bright, intelligent people. They are our own race and have our own features and hearts. They make beautiful Christians. They are Christ's people for whom He died. O, let us go to save them !

But we must pass from the country to its Missions.

What has been done to evangelize India? In 1706, missionary work was begun in the Madras Presidency by Schwartz and others, and in 1800, Carey went to Serampoor, near Calcutta. The evangelization of Western India began in 1813. To-day there are nearly one hundred missionary societies laboring in India with seven hundred male missionaries and over twelve hundred foreign laborers altogether, counting both men and women. The Bible is circulated in all the languages of India, and the missionaries have penetrated every province except Nepaul and Bhotan in the extreme north. In nearly all the leading cities missionaries are placed, and there are, probably, half a million communicants in the various Missions, and, perhaps, two million native adherents altogether.

It would have been a great pleasure to visit all these Missions, but it would have taken a year to do so. As it was, we visited a few of those that God has most signally blessed in recent years. We saw a good deal of the Methodist and Baptist work, and something of the American Board and Presbyterian Missions. We met, personally, more than one hundred of the missionaries of other societies than our own, and we made very careful inquiry respecting many that we could not visit, and we are glad to say that we have a very high opinion of the missionaries and the mission work of India, upon the whole. When we think how very little has been done by the churches at home, we can only wonder that God has made so very much out of it already for India.

There are two sides to the missionary enterprise. One is

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the home side and the other is the foreign ; and we must say --as representing the former,—that it is very far behind the other. We have not sent our missionaries to India to teach the other workers, far less to criticize them, but to help them, to supplement them, and to vie with them in holy service. It is true there are two classes among the missionaries of India, as there are two kinds of Christians at home, and the proceedings of the late Conference have given much cause for regret that there was not a bolder and more evangelical testimony. But we are glad that we have met the other type of men and women, and there are enough of them to bring a great blessing to India, and to encourage the church at home to uphold their hands and reinforce their numbers as never before.

But after all that has been done in and for India, the fact remains that there is still only one foreign laborer, including both men and women, to 300,000 people ; and while the great cities are, in a measure, occupied, yet there are immense spaces between them, extending sometimes to even hundreds of miles, where there are no laborers. We can count thousands of towns and tens of thousands of villages where the Gospel has never been preached.

Besides, very much of the work of the other Societies in India is either educational or the raising up and training of native evangelists. Most of the American missionaries in nearly all of the fields we visited are simply superintendents of work. They expect the natives to do the evangelistic work and to go out as pioneers and preachers. This is, no doubt,

an excellent plan—if only we had native preachers enough. But there are no more to be had, and unless we send out men and women from America to do this work of evangelizing, it will not be done.

In this respect our missionaries are undertaking a work that is but little done by foreigners in India, and a work in which there is room for thousands more, the work of preaching the Gospel to the present generation before it shall have passed away.

We have taken pains to collect exact information respecting the unoccupied fields of India, and we believe that we shall find that more than half the population of the land is yet beyond the reach of the Gospel.

But much of our interest in India must, of course, be in our own missionary work. We have already spoken very fully of it, and it is only necessary for us to sum up a few general conclusions.

1. God has given us, in India, the most open field in the world. It is a civilized country under an excellent government, with railroads and highway leading in every direction, perfect security for life and property, and enough English-speaking people to open our way to every place in the land.

2. It is the most economical field in the world. The purchasing power of money is three or four times as great as in most other countries, and our missionaries can be sustained on less than one half what it must cost in Japan, South America and other fields, and, we believe, much less than even in China and Africa.

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3. Its languages have been thoroughly acquired, and an ample Christian literature can be obtained and distributed in all of them, at a low price.

4. God has given us an admirable field for our work. The great province of Berar lies all along one of the leading railways of India, is easily reached from Bombay, has but one language, and is left for us, unoccupied by other Societies—a precious inheritance of faith and service.

5. The field has been long prepared. For twenty years faithful pioneers have been going over it preaching, praying and preparing for the harvest, and winning for our workers in the leading towns a kindly welcome and an open door.

6. God has given us an invaluable Superintendent, a man of God, who thoroughly understands the field and has labored in it for ten years, who is in perfect sympathy with all the principles of our work, who stands in the kindest relationship with other Societies and missionaries, who has the confidence and love of our missionaries, and who has, also, an intelligent and large-hearted view of the whole neighboring field, and is able to give a most necessary and valuable oversight of all our work in India.

7. And God has given us as the nucleus of our future work a most blessed band of missionaries, men and women of entire consecration, zeal, faith and power in the Holy Ghost, and whose spirit of unity and devotion must exercise a great and permanent influence on all others who may join them, and upon all other missionaries who come in contact with them.

What are some of the results that we trust have been gained for our work by these five weeks in India?

1. We have gained a conception and realization of the field, the work and its needs, which nothing else could give, and we trust to be able to reproduce it upon the minds and hearts of our people at home.

2. We have found room to place in India as many more missionaries as we can wish to send for the next two or three years, at least.

3. We have been able to settle mutually and in perfect harmony the methods and principles of the work with respect to all the unsettled points, relating to the distribution of the workers, the erecting of new buildings, and the reception and training of the missionaries in the field.

4. Our missionaries on the field have received a mighty inspiration for their work, in the blessed Convention we have been able to hold together.

5. We have learned very much of the best methods and results of mission work by our visits to the other Missions.

6. Our work has been brought into very blessed relation and the most affectionate fellowship with all the neighboring Missions and with some of the best Missions in other parts of India.

7. Through Mr. Fuller's visits along with us, he and our missionaries in India have come into touch with several other Missions among the most advanced and successful in India, and the relationship thus formed will be of the greatest value to our work in India, and, we trust, not without corresponding blessing to these Societies and workers.

8. We trust that our simple messages to the native Christians, the heathen, the various theological schools addressed, and the companies of missionaries we have met, have not been without fruit, and we have much cause to believe that many have been stimulated to holier, stronger service for Christ and India.

9. Besides our work in Berar, God has shown us, we believe, some new fields for the extension of our work in Central and Western India, where hundreds of laborers, starting from our common centre, can occupy new and unoccupied ground in two new languages for Christ.

10. And more precious, perhaps, than any other purpose that He has been pleased to lay upon our heart, He has, we believe, shown us a door to Thibet, for the evangelization of which our Alliance was originally formed. So that if we had seen nothing else come out of our long journey, we have been amply repaid for the 17,000 miles of travel we have already had over land and sea, by the blessed results which we trust are to come for dear India.

And now, India, dear old India, for the present—farewell. Thou art ever lying a living picture, with thy hundreds of thousands of Christless villages, upon our heart. God engrave thee upon the heart of His dear people, and some day let us see thee covered with the light and glory of the Gospel, and crowned with the harvests, whose early seeds we have humbly helped to sow !

XVI.

CALCUTTA TO BURMAH.

IT WOULD not have been for our highest good if we had been permitted to leave India, after five weeks of uninterrupted blessing, without some trial of our faith and patience. And so, when we reached Calcutta, and prepared to embark for Burmah, we found that our trunk, and also a valuable parcel, which we had left to be shipped at Bombay so as to meet us in Calcutta, were not to be found. On making inquiry we found that they had been shipped from Bombay by a freight train and might not arrive for a week or two.

This was somewhat serious, as we were now on our way, by rapid stages, by a number of different steamship lines, and it would be hard for our baggage to overtake us. But we felt that it was, doubtless, one of our Father's ways of proving His all-sufficient grace to us, and giving us some new testimony for Him. And so we drove to the freight office and asked the company to telegraph for it, and have it sent on by a passenger train if it could be found, and forwarded after us by the next steamer to Rangoon in the hope that it would overtake us during the four days we were to wait there. And so we went to the bazaars and got a few necessary articles of apparel, and went on, minus our baggage.

The next steamer came in while we were waiting at Rangoon, but our things were not on board, but a dispatch came instead, telling us that they would be on the next boat, nearly a week later, and would be sent on to Singapore. It seems probable that we shall have to leave Singapore before that steamer can arrive, and so the present prospects are that we may not receive our trunk before we reach Hong Kong or Shanghai, nearly a month hence.

But, with perhaps a little lonely feeling, we just trusted our Father again with it all, and felt that He would take care of it. And as we told the little story of our trial and our Master's grace for it, we found that it did the missionaries more good than anything else we said; for it is in just these little things that our faith and love and joy break down. And we are glad to be permitted to triumph even in this. It may seem a small thing at home to lose a trunk, but 15,000 miles away it is like the loss of a companion; and, besides, it is not always easy, in these circumstances, to get the things you need in native bazaars. But the dear Lord has arranged everything, and in due time we shall, doubtless, meet our old companion, and, no doubt, get many blessings out of it all.

Our reason for taking the route from Calcutta to Singapore was that we might have the opportunity of visiting Burmah, and seeing a little of the wonderful work which God has wrought among the people of that land through the American Baptist Mission.

We took passage on the "Pentakota," of the British India Steamship line. We had a nice and a good captain,

but some very frivolous passengers on board, like too many of the English and Americans that we meet abroad. The only themes of conversation were races, dances, dresses, and lotteries; and we felt more truly alone than among the heathen. Our Sabbath was spent lying at anchor at the mouth of the Hooghly River, waiting for the tide to take us over the dangerous sands, but there was no religious service or recognition of God, and we found our way to the "little sanctuary" which He has promised to be to us in far-off lands, and there we met with Him and the dear ones at home, and had a peaceful and blessed day.

The navigation of this river is very dangerous. There is an immense amount of sand carried down the stream, and bars and quicksands are always forming, so that pilots have to be most careful in entering and leaving the port of Calcutta. There is one point where vessels have been known to strike the bar, and then be swept over by the strong current, and sink in the quicksands, disappearing utterly in a few minutes.

We got safely out to sea, and after two days' sail on the Bay of Bengal, which was smooth and pleasant, we cast anchor in the mouth of the Irrawaddy, and again waited for the tide to take us up to Rangoon. This was also providentially arranged, and on Wednesday morning, a little after sunrise, we sailed up to the landing jetty of the capital of Burmah.

The view of Rangoon from the river is very attractive. A good deal of luxuriant foliage and many fine buildings line

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the river for two or three miles, and, in the background, numbers of Burmese pagodas, with that peculiar and striking form that you see nowhere else, give the whole scene a most picturesque appearance. Rangoon is a large commercial city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and is full of English merchants and stores, and has a more English appearance than any



RANGOON.

other city we have seen in the East. The streets are very wide, the buildings large and far apart, and there is an appearance of great spaciousness and considerable style.

Burmah is now a province of the Indian Empire, and has a population of about eight millions, including Upper Burmah and the other dependencies. Our readers will remember that a few years ago the ruler of Upper Burmah, old

Thebau, became so outrageous that England sent an army, captured Mandalay, his capital, and annexed his territory. He is now a royal prisoner in Ratnagary, a British fort south of Bombay. He was a modern Herod, and when he came to the throne he killed all his relatives. They tell strange stories of his brutality. His wife, however, seems to have been the ruling spirit, and the Jezebel and instigator of his crimes. They tell a grim story of her: that while she was confined—a state prisoner—in Madras, a number of people went to see her, as a public curiosity. Among them were some ladies who laughed very heartily at some things she said and did. This so annoyed her Majesty that she summoned the officer of the prison, and said very excitedly to him: "Take those women out and cut their heads off." This was, evidently, her old way of settling annoying people, and she could not see why the English authorities should object to it.

Burmah is a rich country, and is quite distinct from India in many of its features. It is, largely, a rice producing country. They call the raw grain "paddy," and the whole delta of the Irrawaddy is one immense "paddy field." In the wet season the whole land is flooded, and the people travel about on elevated roads, which are built about four feet above the ground. As soon as the ground is wet enough, they turn in with their buffaloes and rude plows, and work up the mud, about three feet deep, and they then plant the rice in these mud fields, and the water remains till it ripens, and then dries up and allows them to harvest it. We went out into the country and saw these paddy fields. It was the dry

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season and the rice had all been harvested, and the land was one plain of cracked and dusty clay. The houses are all built on posts about four feet above the ground, so as to escape the inundation.

Burmah is, also, a great timber country, and the teak tree grows here in its perfection. It is a most valuable and



ELEPHANTS MOVING LUMBER IN BURMAH.

beautiful wood, hard and enduring as oak, and coloring finely to the tint of black walnut. We have never seen prettier wood carvings than the natural teak wood after it has seasoned. They do not even oil it, but it grows nearly as black as ebony and it lasts for centuries. The inside woodwork of their houses is very pretty in simple teak wood. The trees

of Burmah are much larger than in India, and the vegetation looks more luxuriant. The rains come a month earlier, and the hot season is shorter and more moderate.

As we sailed up the river, the native boats were very pretty. They have a very picturesque shape, with a high, pointed prow, like the point of a Turkish slipper, and the stern is round and nicely carved. The boats are about the shape of a mason's trowel, with the point raised very high. The boatman stands and rows by pushing his oars and propelling the boat in front of him.



A BURMESE BOAT.

We found ourselves at once among a new race. These were not Hindu faces. They are much rounder and flatter, and have a distinct Mongolian touch. Many of them are quite good-looking. They are much better dressed than the Hindus. The men and women dress very much alike. There is a very bright and pretty skirt, usually of brilliant checked

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or tartan cloth or silk, tied around the waist and reaching to the feet, and, over this, a jacket, usually white; the head dress is a pretty band of pink or scarlet tied around the brow and hanging loosely behind. Their dress is quite picturesque, and at least cannot always

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our Indians, and like the hill tribes of India, and on these the Burmans look down, and formerly persecuted them. The Karens number over half a million, and the other tribes about half as many. It is among these aboriginal tribes, as we




A BURMESE LADY.

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shall immediately see, that the Gospel has achieved its grandest triumphs.

The Burmese are Buddhists. At once one is impressed with the entirely different character of their religious worship and buildings. Here you see none of the hideous and disgusting idols to be every where one face rethousand places—in baster, wood, gold, but al—same quiet, good—na—insipid face, a dreamy girl dering wheth— or a woman. tama, the dha, and if he recommenda—



A BURMESE WOMAN.

tion he certainly is decent and harmless, a great improvement on the bestial and devilish forms of the Hindu temples.



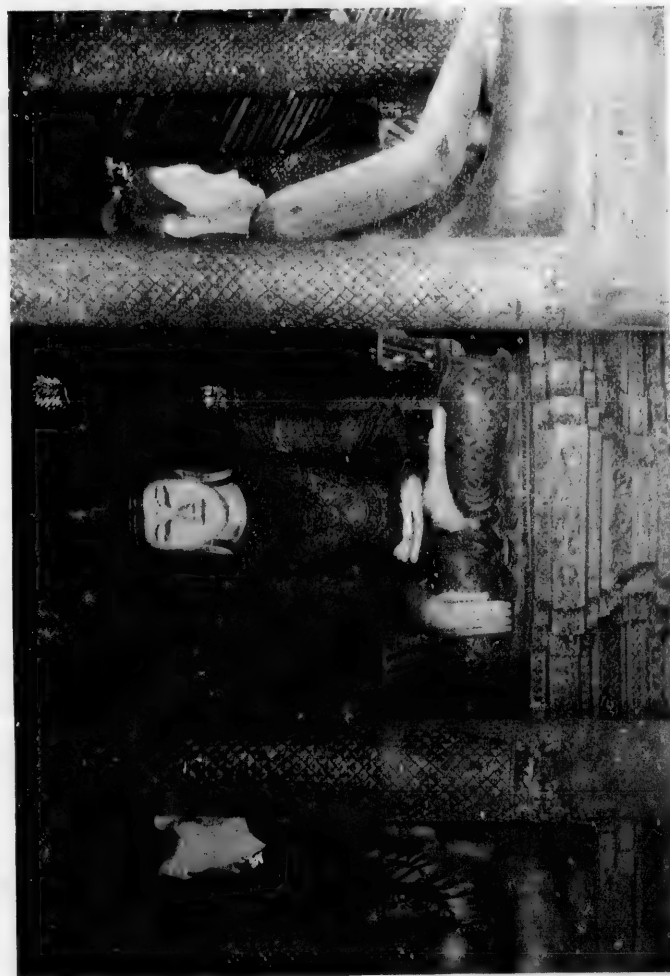
A BURMESE WOMAN.

Everywhere he is enshrined in fine pagodas, and both he and the pagodas worshipped devoutly. These pagodas are not temples, but monuments and shrines to Guatama. An image of him is at the base of each pagoda ; indeed, usually a

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THE IMAGE OF GUATAMA, RANGOON.



DISTANT VIEW OF SHWEE-DA-GONE PAGODA.

great number of images. Some of them are of immense size and finely carved. The pagodas are often very fine. The great one near Rangoon known as Shwée-da-gone, is over three hundred feet high, and more than one hundred feet in diameter at the base. The shape would be very hard to

describe. It must be seen. It is a good deal like a bell with the handle running up to a fine ornamental point. The top is an umbrella of fine gold, and often set with the most precious stones. This immense pagoda stands on a high hill approached by splendid steps and colonnades, and containing an immense enclosure, at least one thousand feet square. In the centre stands the Great Pagoda, and, in the space, innumerable other artistic figures, columns, pagodas, idol houses with picturesque roofs and turrets, and the finest carving in wood, brass, stone and stucco work.

The place was thronged with priests with their shaved heads and rather handsome flowing robes of pure yellow. Each priest was followed by a crowd of boys carrying his offerings and parcels. This is regarded by the boys as a meritorious work and will bring them a great reward in the future life. Everything in the Buddhist system is merit. Whatever good thing we do goes to the account of merit, and will count so much in our favor in the next stage of our existence.

And what is this next stage? It is transmigration. It is to be born in the form of some beast or bird, through age after age, until at least we come to the Buddhist's heaven—Nirvana, which just seems to mean—annihilation. So that the brightest hope of the future, and the best thing our works of merit can bring us, is to come back next time in some higher animal form, some more fortunate crow, or snake, or beetle, or, perhaps, some sacred brute, like a monkey, or a cow. Well, God have mercy on their poor, blind hearts! Is it not heart-breaking?

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SHWEE-DA-GONE PAGODA, RANGOON.

These pagodas are being constantly decorated and re-gilded by men who gladly give their gold and their time to this work, in the hope of laying up a little stock of merit. Truly the god of this world is leading men captive at his will, and making fools of those who were created in the image of God. The dishonesty of the whole system is glaring. On account of their idea that every animal is just the incarnation of some man that once lived, they do not believe in killing animals. And yet they get round it very comfortably. They let some one else kill it, and they buy it and eat it. Or, they say they simply took the fish out of the water and it died,—they did not kill it ; but they do not hesitate to eat it. The idea lying back of Buddhism is self-denial ; but, practically, their priests are said to be notoriously immoral, and they have some specious way of excusing everything by some evasion or subtlety.

There is another race in Burmah, whom we expect soon to meet in their own land, but already they have made themselves felt in Burmah. They are the Chinese. Next to the English they are the most wealthy and prosperous people in Rangoon. Some of them are quite rich. Wherever he goes in Southeastern Asia the Chinaman leads the native. He has elements of character—mechanical skill, business enterprise, persistence, thriftiness and endurance, which make him easily master in the race with the Malay, the Burman and the Hindu. They are the greatest of the Asiatic races. God help us to give them the Gospel ! We were glad to hear of several Chinese Christians even in Burmah.



But we have said enough about the land and the people. Our special object was to see the work of God amongst them.

It is just eighty years since Adoniram Judson entered Rangoon as the first missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Six years later, the first Burmese convert was baptized. Twenty years later the Scriptures were translated into Burmese by Mr. Judson, and, a few years later, the Karen Bible was also finished. To-day the Baptist Missions contain a native community of over seventy thousand, and more than thirty thousand actual communicants. There are no less than five hundred Karen churches. Many, indeed most of these, are already self-supporting; and, besides sustaining their own pastors, these churches have formed a Home Missionary Society, and are sustaining Missions and evangelists among the destitute villages of their own people. They have always been more ready than the Burmese to receive the Gospel, and, in some respects, have made greater progress in Christianity than any other people among whom the Gospel has been preached in modern times.

These Karens are, apparently, an exotic race. They speak an entirely different language from the Burmese, and are a distinct people. They live in their own villages and often move in whole villages, especially when pressed or persecuted by their Burmese neighbors. In some respects they are like our American Indians, and in many, like the hill tribes of India. They have some strange traditions, among others an account of the Creation, and the temptation of our first parents, almost identical with the Bible narrative. They

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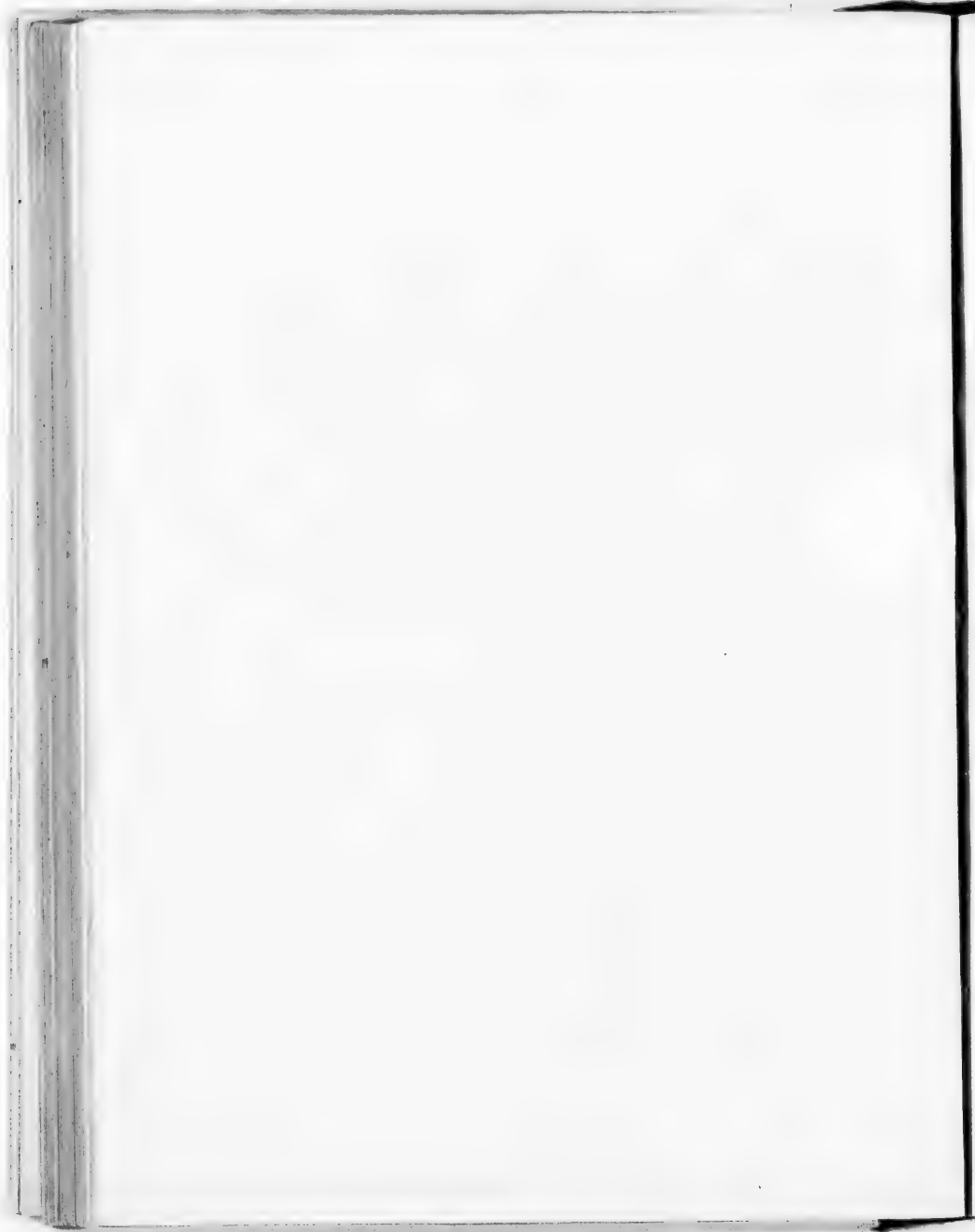
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SHWEE-DA-GONE PAGODA, RANGOON.



have, evidently, touched the Jewish people at some point in their history. They had, also, a tradition that some day teachers were to come to them from the West, and so, when the missionaries came to them from Western lands, many accepted the Gospel, and whole villages, in many instances, embraced Christianity.

It was a great pleasure to be permitted to visit this interesting Mission. More than one hundred American Missionaries, including ladies, are laboring in Burmah, and over two hundred native preachers. We spent nearly five days among them, and had the privilege of meeting no less than thirty-seven of the American Baptist missionaries, besides a number of workers in other Societies, and a few of the native preachers. We were invited to address a number of meetings among the missionaries, and found a deep spiritual hunger and an earnest longing for more of that blessing which God is pouring out upon the Telugu Mission through the Holy Ghost.

We could not have been more cordially received by our own workers than we were by these dear friends. Several of them we had known in America, and there were not a few whom God has been calling for a good while very near to Himself, and fitting by a special anointing for great usefulness. We were the guest of Prof. Gilmore, son of a very dear friend in the ministry in the United States ; and he and his beloved wife and baby made our stay a real taste of home. A number of the workers came in from Maulmain, Bassein and other points. The season was a little unfavorable, being

the vacation time in all the schools; but we saw most of the teachers and school premises, and got a very good conception of this part of the work.

Our most interesting experience, and one which our friends planned for us with special thoughtfulness, was a visit

to a Karen village in the country. Riding out by train to the station of Mhawbee, we were met by the Karens with their carts, and driven across the paddy fields to their villages in the jungle, where we spent a day and a night, and saw them in all the simplicity of their native home.



KAREN GIRLS.

The good pastor gave up his house to us, and we just took possession, bringing our own provisions and cook, and making ourselves at home. Every missionary in India, who travels in the jungle and

goes out itinerating, has a servant who is accustomed to this sort of cooking. And you would have been surprised at the nice dinner and breakfast our "boy" gave us. Give one of these natives a little rice, a chicken and a few spices, and it is amazing how many dishes he will prepare for you.

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After breakfast we were met in the chapel where the people had assembled to greet us. There was a congregation of over seventy, notwithstanding the short notice. We, of course, were invited to preach to them, and we did, the best we could, through a native interpreter. We have found that the only way to reach these people is to give them simple illustrations. They listened very attentively, and when we got through, they came up, one by one, and began to respond. One after another they would squat down, Indian fashion, in front of us, and looking up into our face like very children would talk out all that was in their heart.

One of their preachers made quite a speech, asking us to thank the American Christians for sending them the Gospel, and saying how poor and weak they yet were as Christians, and not able to understand all the deep things of God. This was one of his simple illustrations: "One hen," he said, "can cover ten chickens with her wings, but ten chickens cannot cover as much as one hen. We are the ten chickens, the American Church is the hen." Several of them brought us money, but, of course, we handed it over, with a little added to it, as a contribution towards the new chapel they are about to erect.

After the meeting we had some hours of leisure, and walked through their jungle and a neighboring village.

The men and women all smoke, and we got some of the girls to present us two or three of their cigars as specimens. They are made of corn husks, very thick and large, and many of them a foot long. What would you think of your

young lady friend taking from her mouth something like a small stick of timber, and then deliberately sending in your face an immense cloud of tobacco smoke? Well, at least they are consistent in letting the women smoke, for if it is good for the one sex it is surely as good for the other. They only laughed merrily when some of us attempted to raise the question of the right and wrong of smoking. They had not got this far yet.

Later, we visited the neighboring Burman village. It was a long, winding street, with houses on both sides, and about three dogs to a house; and as we passed along, these wolfish-looking dogs watched their chance, on each side, to dash at us with a yell and a snap, and only the vigorous use of some stout bamboo rods kept us from their teeth. In proportion to the density of its heathenism, we found, is the number, the meanness and the manginess of the dogs a Burman village possesses.

The native pastor of the Karen village went with us around the country villages. We found him a very remarkable man. He is the pastor of a church of three hundred members in this and several other Karen villages in the vicinity. During the past year he has baptized one hundred and twenty persons, and is to baptize thirty more next Sabbath evening. The American missionary who superintends the Karen work in the Rangoon District was along with us, but he has one hundred churches and six thousand members to oversee, and he can only give a general supervision, and has to trust all the details to these men. Such native pastors are

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of great value, and they have been the chief instruments in the great work which God has done among the Karens.

We slept that night in the jungle, and heard the "tok-ter" calling near our bed through the night, with his loud call, "tok-ter." He is a great lizard, more than a foot long, with a voice louder than that of a frog. But we let him call, for they told us he kept away the snakes, and there are some of them in Burmah's jungles. But we slept in peace, and awoke in safety, to find men and women, indiscriminately, walking in and out of our room in perfect innocence of the fact that we had to make our toilet. We looked out on the village street, and the men and women, indiscriminately, were taking their morning bath. They did it in the most ingenious way. A woman would take a pail of water from the well, and with her thin fold of cotton around her, would pour it over her head, again and again, and then she would dexterously slip a dry robe over her head, and let the old wet one drop off, under the other, and she was dressed for the day—no need of towels or looking-glass. And another would come along and take a similar *douche*, and the dirty water would just soak down and back into the well again, and the dear people would draw it up in buckets and drink it; as innocent, as a babe just born, of all our modern notions about sewers and filters and civilized sensitiveness.

The good native pastor could not understand the use of the filter we brought with us. He thought it was sort of drinking cup. We found one very pure and refreshing drinking cup about which we need have no qualms. It was

the great bunch of cocoanuts the good people brought us, just ready to pour out their crystal draught of acidulous water. Upon the whole we greatly enjoyed our Karen visit, and felt we had a glimpse of primitive life that few visitors to Burmah or India ever get. Above all, we saw, with all its simplicity and crudeness, what God is able to do for heathen souls, and in it we beheld the promise of the harvest which is surely coming to our own field. Judson labored six years in Burmah before he saw the first convert, and, to-day, there are tens of thousands. Praise the Lord for what we yet hope to see !

On our return to Rangoon, we had the pleasure of meeting, at lunch, the president of the Karen Theological Seminary, and also his excellent and accomplished wife. He told us that he had one hundred students in training for the ministry, and a graduating class of nearly twenty. This is the best hope of the Karen churches.

We also visited the yet unfinished Memorial Hall, which the Karens are erecting at their own expense, as a monument of God's goodness to their people. It is one story high, as yet, and covers a large area, and when completed will be one of the most striking missionary buildings in the world. Their means are limited, but their hearts are large, and, we trust, they may soon be able to complete this most interesting memorial.

Many American friends will be glad to know that God is greatly blessing and using our dear sisters, Miss Ranney and Miss Phinney, whom many of our people will remember

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meeting at Round Lake and the New York 'Tabernacle, besides many others whom we should be glad to name if it were proper.

But we must leave Rangoon and Burmah. God bless this land and this work! Here, too, we have placed "the sole of our foot," and claimed it for Christ and His coming.

Our Baptist friends have nobly preempted it and very fairly occupied it. At least, we believe that ere long they will occupy the entire field, and it would seem to be a pity to divide the thought of these simple people, who know nothing of sectarianism, by sending any rival church there. But there is need, even in Burmah, for one hundred more missionaries. May God speedily send them from the Baptist churches of America to the unoccupied villages of Burmah!

It was very hot in Burmah—a real taste of tropical summer. And it was a relief to stand once more on the cool deck of the "Pentakota" and sail down the coast of Arracan in the face of the old Southern Cross, and toward the shores of Sumatra and Singapore.

XVII.

AMONG THE MALAYS.

NOTHING could have been more delightful, so far as physical conditions are concerned, than the sail down the Bay of Bengal, from Rangoon to Singapore. It occupied seven days, and followed the coast of Burmah, Tanasserim and the Peninsula of Malacca. The weather was extremely pleasant, with a hot sun, but a delightful breeze night and day. We had few passengers and plenty of room, and lived on deck both night and day, only going down to the cabin long enough to take our meals. At night the steward made our beds on deck and we slept in the cool breezes until he brought us our "chota hazry," or cup of tea, at 6 A. M., and awoke us for our salt water bath and simple toilet.

We were able to do unbounded literary work through the long hours of the breezy day, and to come somewhat near overtaking an enormous mass of accumulated correspondence and other writing. It certainly was not a pleasure sail, although a very pleasant one, and, like all our other days abroad, we asked the Lord to let these days, which He made so calm and still, count the very utmost for His work and kingdom.

As we got farther south, and nearer the equator, the Pole Star sank lower and lower, until at last, a good while before we got to Singapore, it disappeared altogether, and, at the other side of the heavens, the Southern Cross rose higher and higher toward the zenith with a great train of glorious new constellations behind it, making the midnight sky a galaxy of glory.


The climate underwent the most marked change. Instead of the long dry season of India, we soon sailed into the zone of showers. Every night the horizon would be illuminated by brilliant lightnings, and nearly every day there would be rain, frequent and heavy, although short showers, much like our American summer thunder storms. Along the equator it rains all the year round, and the hottest day is almost sure to be cooled by a few hours of moisture. In consequence of this the vegetation is most luxuriant, and every island and shore was wooded to the water's edge and rich with glorious forests and flowers.

Animal life, too, began to grow exuberant. Our cabins swarmed with red ants, and they walked over us at all hours of the day and night without asking leave before they lunched off us. Their bite is not as bad as that of the mosquito, but it is not a tropical luxury. One morning we found a colony of them in one of our pockets where something edible had attracted them. Occasionally, one would hear a female scream, and the disturbing cause would usually prove to be a great, and, perhaps, hitherto unknown species of cockroach or beetle. Our good-natured Scotch captain told us



NEAR MALACCA.

that his cockroaches swarmed Sundays and Wednesdays, and then came out of the recesses of the ship to exhibit. We are afraid, however, that ours did not always keep regular hours.



On our way down the bay we passed far to the west the Andaman Islands, which form the Penal Colony of India, and where the worse criminals are transported for life. The natives of these islands are said to be the most degraded type of human beings on the face of the globe, and much lower even than the aborigines of Australia. We stopped a day at the Island of Penang, which is an English Colony and part of the Straits Settlements. We had time to land at the pretty city of Georgetown and send off about fifty letters by the India and English mail, just leaving. Then, in the afternoon, we took a jinriksha and rode out several miles through avenues and forests of palms to the Botanical Gardens and the waterfall which comes down from a mountain about 2,500 feet high. We found ourselves not only in a new British Colony, but surrounded by new races. The Chinese were everywhere and the Malays now began to appear.

We will not stop to speak of the beauty of the ride or the Gardens, except to observe that it was a scene, all the way, of tropical luxuriance. The grass grows here as, of course, it cannot in India, especially in the dry season; and the ground was one rich carpet of verdure covered with a luxuriance of palms, banyans, plantains, and many equally beautiful trees covered with orchids and other parasites in profusion, and, often, richest bloom. The Gardens, with the orchids and fern houses, must be seen to be realized. Many beautiful islands surround Penang, and the city is most picturesque as seen on entering and leaving.

We reached Singapore two days later, and here found

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IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

ourselves in the metropolis of English Malaysia, and all that
we could say of other points can be still more truly said of

this. The approach through the "New Harbor" is exceedingly pretty. The straits are quite narrow, and many beautiful and thickly-wooded islands dot the lovely harbor, while ships of all nations, and war vessels bearing many different flags, lie at anchor in the quiet waters.

We were met at the wharf by our dear brother, Mr. Lelacheur, and were glad to find him looking exceedingly well after a year of heavy pressure both in toil and suffering. Most of our readers know that, accompanied by Mr. Anderson, he came out to Hong Kong and Singapore for the purpose of finding an approach to one of the group of islands in the South Seas, where God seemed to be leading us to attempt to plant a Mission,—the island of Yap, the most western of the Caroline Islands.

After reaching Singapore it was found that Mr. Anderson had left New York, without the knowledge of the Board, in a somewhat advanced stage of consumption. In this damp climate it developed very rapidly, and Mr. Lelacheur found himself under the necessity of devoting much of his time to the care of his suffering brother, and deferring his journey to the Islands until this great responsibility should, in some way, be relieved. Meanwhile, however, he gave as much time as possible to the study of the Malay language, and with so much success, that, already, even at his age, our brother can speak it fairly, and has already given some addresses to the natives.

A few weeks ago Mr. Anderson's illness terminated in his death, and Mr. Lelacheur had the satisfaction of know-

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ing—a satisfaction in which we all deeply share—that nothing was neglected that was necessary to the comfort of our dear young brother. During our stay in Singapore, we visited Richard Anderson's grave in the English cemetery, and took a few leaves from the border of pretty flowers growing around it ; and we gave orders for the erection of a simple stone to mark the sacred spot where another precious life is laid on the great altar of Moriah, as the pledge of another land for God, through our dear Alliance. Many such graves are already on the Congo, and many in the dark Soudan. Surely there must be a mighty harvest from such a costly sowing. Two more are on the Yang-tse River ; one lies in loneliness at Kobe, in Japan ; one sleeps in beautiful Poona ; one, beneath the palms of Singapore, claims the Malay Peninsula for Jesus.

Dear young Richard Anderson was worthy to be a missionary martyr. He was a bright and earnest young Scotch-Irish lad, whose call we remember well. He had begun to succeed in his little business in New York, when the Lord came to him and asked for all his heart, and then called him to be a missionary. A few of us knew how much he sacrificed to be able to afford to attend the College ; and when it was found out that he was living in a cold and cheerless room, and doing without the necessities of life that he might gain his object, it was no longer allowed, but measures were taken for his assistance. He gave a very bright, and, indeed, brilliant address at the College Commencement in May, just a year ago, and was selected by the unanimous

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vote of his fellow students for this honor. A good deal was expected from his bright, young mind, his heroic and enthusiastic spirit, his deep piety and consecration, and his stirring faith in God. But God calls some to the plow and some to the altar. The motto of the English Baptist Missionary Society is an ox standing between an altar and a plow, with the words inscribed on a scroll, "Ready for either or both."

Before he passed away, Richard Anderson said to his brother and companion that he believed that God had received from his life all the service for which He had called him; and, although he could not understand all His dealings with him, he could fully trust.

The only mistake he made, it seems to us all, was in not frankly telling us his actual condition of health before he allowed us to send him away to such a climate. Had we known it we should not have sent him. Another case came before us at the same time that he was appointed,—a lady who desired to go to India but was physically unfit to go. She desired, however, to trust the Lord for her healing, and she was accepted on condition that she should be actually healed, and be really in a condition to go before the time came. She was in a far worse condition than our brother, but she took the Lord for it, and months before she needed to sail she was thoroughly healed, and is now one of our healthiest, happiest, and most promising missionaries in India. We trust that our candidates will always be perfectly frank with us, and enable us to counsel and help them, and avoid all needless risks.

We know that Mr. Anderson was perfectly sincere and candid in his purpose. He really meant that, trusting God for his healing, he should not recognize the disease or symptoms. It is true that we should steadily believe above our symptoms, but it is also true that these symptoms should be actually removed before we go to the field, and will be if we steadfastly trust God. Faith in God is not only a "make believe," but it also brings direct and definite results, and if God wants us for a field He will surely give us the strength to go in such a sense and measure as to satisfy every reasonable inquirer.

We spent three very pleasant days in Singapore, and saw a good deal of the city, the people, the Christian and missionary work of the country and, above all, the needs of the field and the work to which the Lord is calling us there.

The first day was a Sabbath, and we were permitted to preach in the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Chapels, and on Monday evening again in the latter place. The M. E. Church of America has a Mission here, chiefly educational and English, but with a work among the Chinese, and a Publishing and Printing Department, which has a Malay Branch. We had the pleasure of meeting good Bishop Thoburn here, whom we had missed in Calcutta. We saw a good deal of him, and thanked God for the wise, humble and thoroughly earnest, practical and capable man whom they have in charge of their great work in India. It is a shame if such a church, with such a work and such a leader, does not back himself in a manner compared with which all they are doing now is but as child's play.

Y LANDS

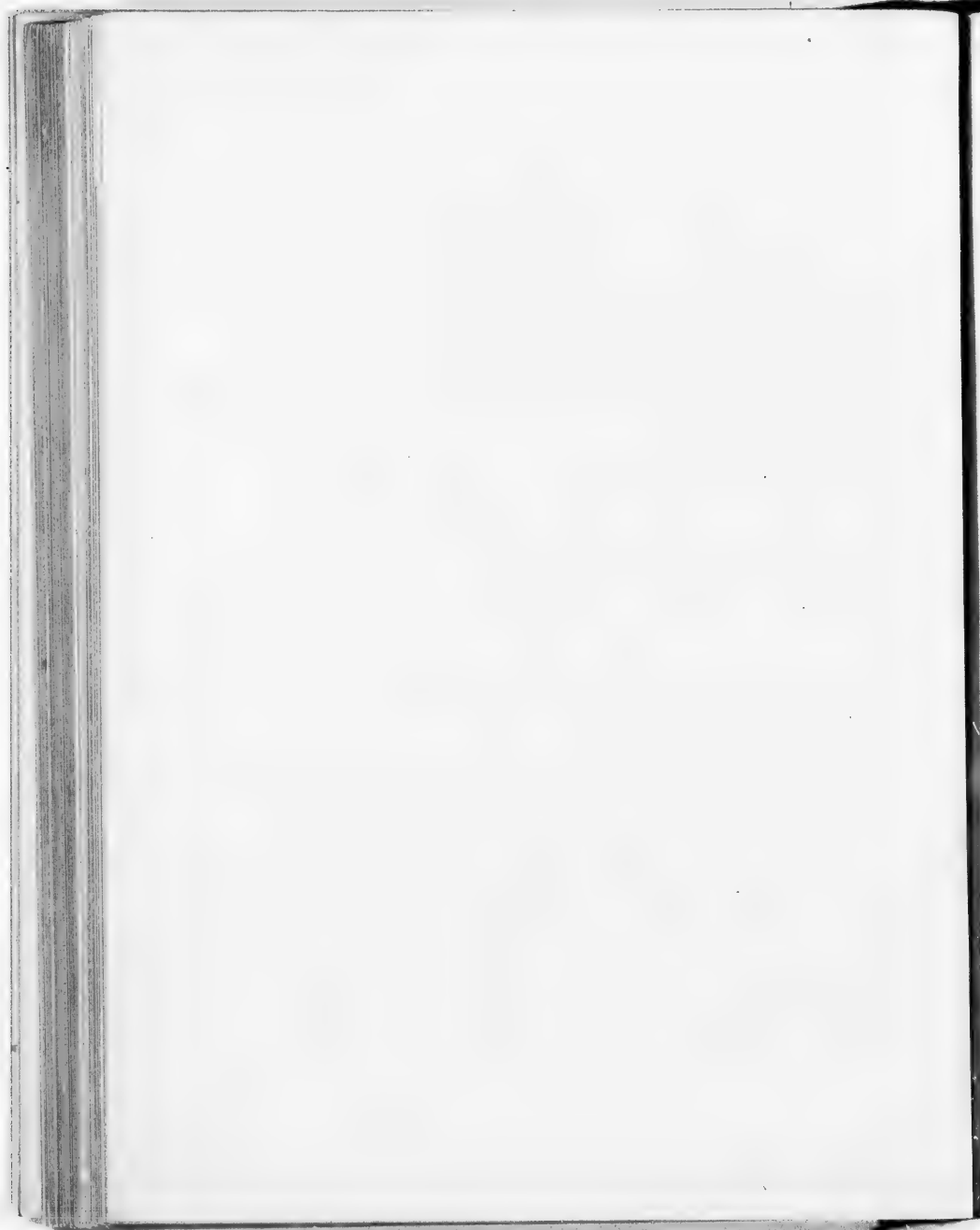
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COFFEE PLANTATION, MALAY PENINSULA.





We also met about a dozen of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and found them all busy for Christ. They have several fine schools, a good English congregation, and an excellent work among the Chinese. The brother in charge of this, Dr. Luring, has given much assistance to our missionaries, and is a man of rare gifts and character. He is a fine scholar, knowing Sanscrit, Malay, and Chinese, besides other languages, and has the greatest simplicity and singleness of heart. He has already translated some of our Alliance tracts into Malay, and thus enabled Mr. Lelacheur to preach to the Malays with our literature. Besides the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal work, there are no other missionaries here except our own.

On the following days we saw something of the city and country. Singapore is a large and flourishing commercial city, with a population of over 100,000, and an immense shipping trade with all the world. It is just half way round the world from New York, the difference in time being twelve hours and ten minutes. It stretches out its arms in one direction to India, Burmah, England and Europe—in another to Australia and the islands, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, New Guinea, the Philippines, and the thousands more which cover the Archipelago, with their immense trade in all tropical productions; and, in yet another direction, the trade reaches away to Hong Kong, Saigon, Bangkok, Shanghai, the whole China Coast and Japan.

No city in the world has such a central location as Singapore between East and West, as a sort of *rendezvous* for the

ships of all nations. It is full of English and Scotch people, and they are merchant princes, and live in great luxury. It is full of Chinese, and their houses and stores crowd hundreds of streets. And it is surrounded by Malays, the real natives, of whom we shall speak shortly. There are great numbers of Hindu Coolies from Madras and Bengal. There are Dyaks from Borneo and from Celebes, and people from all the Islands. And there are a good many Germans and Dutch, who are the lords of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Borneo, and have much trade passing through Singapore.

The climate is peculiar. Lying on or very near the equator, it has, of course, the direct rays of the sun, and as you hold up your umbrella at noon, the shadow falls directly at your feet and covers your whole person. We did not dare to look up to see that fiery sun, which no European eye can defy with impunity. But it is not nearly so hot as Northern India, thirty degrees farther north, is in the hot season. It is seldom one hundred degrees—indeed, rarely above ninety-five in the shade. But it is always warm. There is no winter, autumn or spring, but one everlasting monotony of heat, just like our July weather continued forever. And then it is moist heat—we would call it sweltering weather. The air is saturated with vapor. It rains almost every day, and you are in a steam bath all the time. We do not remember an hour in Singapore when we were not in a profuse perspiration. The rainfall is between sixty and seventy inches a year, and in Berar, only between thirty and forty, notwithstanding the heavy Monsoon rains in the latter place. Such

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TRAVELLERS' PALM, SINGAPORE.

a climate produces glorious vegetation, but involves a heavy strain upon human life.

Cholera and small-pox are frequent visitors, and the former was very bad at the time of our visit, and we had to take the Lord to guard us from its breath. It had just carried off the leading judge of the island, and we saw two graves in the English cemetery where a husband and wife had lain down within a few days of each other. Dear Brother Lelacheu had a fierce attack of it while worn with waiting on Mr. Anderson, and only the power of God carried him through the great struggle. And yet Singapore is not an exceptionally unhealthy place, and, as compared with any oriental city we have seen, it has some peculiar attractions.

The drive to the Botanical Gardens was very pleasant. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there to be found such a collection of tropical vegetation in its own native soil. Here they are all classified and named and can be studied at leisure. For example, in one section there is a group of all the varieties of palms. Our readers would scarcely realize that of these alone there were more than a score wholly distinct. We had already become familiar with the date palm, the cocoanut palm, and the Palmyra palm; but here were many new ones. For example, we saw, for the first time, the "Traveller's Palm," the most beautiful object in a tropical garden. It is just an immense fan, the handle growing up about twenty or thirty feet, and then the branches spreading out flat, like a great fan, often twenty feet in diameter, and beautiful beyond description. The leaves form a lot of little

cups, and are always found full of water, so that the tired and thirsty pilgrim always rejoices when he sees a Traveller's Palm.

Then the Sago Palm is not only most beautiful but invaluable. They cut it down and split it open, and make out of the pith and fibre a nourishing and delicious article of food. A single tree will produce sago enough to feed a man a year. There is another palm whose stems are of the most brilliant crimson, with leaves of green, and it is a most picturesque object.

Many of the trees are covered with orchids. They climb and creep over the tree in every direction, and hang with the most lovely blossoms. A visit to the orchid house in the Gardens revealed hundreds of varieties. They have a strange peculiarity in Singapore. All the orchids of a certain variety bloom on the same day. The day of our arrival we saw great quantities of a beautiful white blossom shaped just like a white dove. Our friend told us it was the "Pigeon Orchid," and every one of them on Singapore Island was blooming to-day, and to-morrow there would not be one to be seen,—until, perhaps, two months later, when the next blooming day would come, and so on all the year around. Then, he said, in Java all the orchids of a certain kind would have their day of bloom, and so, all over the Archipelago, on every island, they had different days to bloom, and then the forests would be hanging with their bright streamers and festoons.

There was no end to the magnificent ferns, the leaves of some of them being nearly two yards long. Indeed, days

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TROPICAL FOLIAGE, MALAY PENINSULA.

But we want to speak of the Malay people. We had visited the home of a new race. We need not tell our readers that the Malay people form the fifth of the races of mankind, and are essentially different from the Mongolian, the Caucasian, the Negro and the Indian.

This race, with its various families, numbers, we believe, about thirty millions, and occupies the Peninsula of Malacca, and the islands lying south and east. They are usually supposed to include the Papuans or people of New Guinea and the Australian Islands. They are nearly all Mohammedans, although some of them are of a moderate type. They speak a good many different languages; the Sumatrans, the Javanese, the Dyaks of Borneo, the people of Celebes, the inhabitants of the Philippines, Timor and New Guinea, each having their distinct dialect. The Malay language proper is spoken on the Malay Peninsula, and the small islands lying contiguous, and by many Malay villages that have been planted along the shores of many of the larger islands.

We drove out into the country a few miles to see a genuine Malay village. We had often heard of these people, and of the strange way they built their houses over the water, but we had always supposed a Malay village meant a filthy, swampy settlement, where no one else could live in the damp, unhealthy atmosphere. It was a genuine surprise to find that a Malay village is constructed on the most perfect sanitary principles, and may be the healthiest place in the world. They select the side of a stream washed by the tide, and they build their houses on posts, about four feet above the ground,

L.A.N.T.

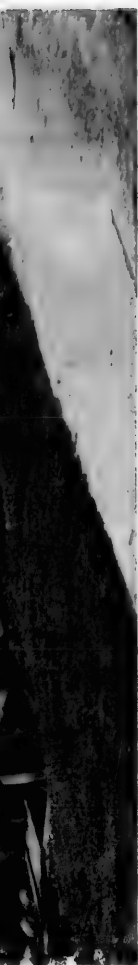
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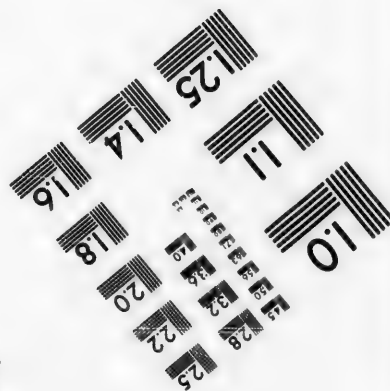
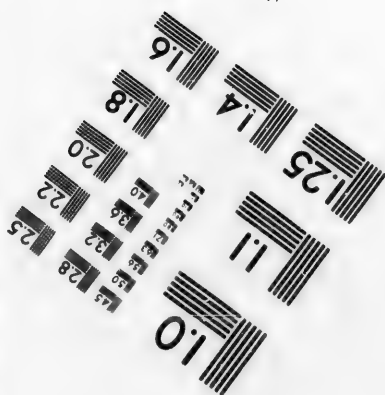
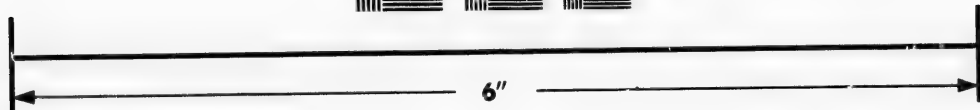
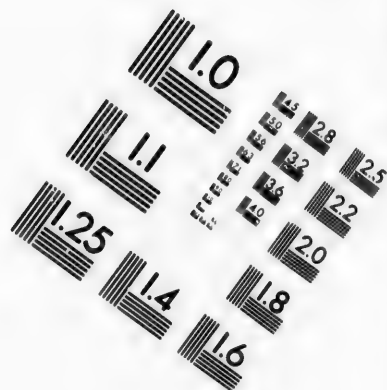


A MALAY VILLAGE.



A MALAY VILLAGE.





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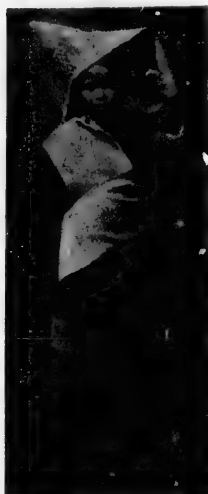


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A SUMATRA WOMAN.

can walk from house to house even at full tide. In short, it is a sort of Venice in miniature. Our local friends told us that it was decidedly the best way to build a house in a Malay town, and that they would recommend our missionaries always to live in just such houses. A very fine Malay house of this kind, of native materials, and with room for three or four persons, can be built for less than \$200 in gold, which is certainly very cheap, much cheaper than anything we can build in India, even with its low prices.

We were informed by Dr. Luring, who has given much study to the people who speak the Malay language proper,

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AMONG THE MALAYS.

there is at present no missionary work whatever under a Protestant society. The Methodist work in Singapore is not

among them, but is confined to English and Chinese. The German and Dutch societies are laboring on Sumatra, Java, and Celebes, but these people do not speak Malay, but a local dialect. And so this great people and tongue are wholly neglected at the present time, and calling to us to send them the Gospel. It is true that Malacca has been a Mission centre. It was here that all the Chinese societies began. But it has always been a centre for points beyond itself. It was the base of operations where the missionaries learned the Chinese language, and then, on the opening of the Chinese ports, poured their workers into China, and left the Malays still unevangelized.

This really does seem to be an open and a needy field. Our dear brother, Mr. Lelacheur, has learned this language and has this people much upon his heart. He and Dr. Luring told us of many points that could at once be occupied at very moderate expense. There are three Malay villages a few miles from the city of Singapore. There is a cluster of Malay villages about fourteen miles down the Straits. Then there is the large sultanate and city of Jahoreo occupying, perhaps, two hundred miles along the gulf, and whose Sultan is a graduate of a Mission school, and friendly to Missions. This whole state—which is under British protection, and the chief officer of which is himself a Christian, is without a missionary. These are but some of the Malay openings in the immediate vicinity of Singapore, while on Sumatra and the other islands, there are many Malay-speaking villages that have no voice to tell them of Jesus.

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Singapore is not

This does seem to us, after prayerful consideration, to be one of the fields to which we should send a few workers very soon.

Then, from Singapore, it is but a short distance, with direct communication by steamer, to the great Kingdom of Anam with its twenty millions of people without a single missionary. Singapore is the natural centre for this, also, at present at least. We were repaid for our whole journey by learning, we think without doubt, that Anam is really open for our missionaries. A young Spanish colporter has recently sold Bibles along the whole coast, and has stated that he has the fullest liberty to labor within the whole kingdom. We trust that as little time as possible will be lost in getting even a small beginning in Saigon, the capital of Anam.

But what about the Islands of the Sea, and especially the Caroline Islands, which were the direct goal for which we went to Singapore? Well, this has not been lost sight of, and, we believe, will also be reached from Singapore.

Our brethren were hindered by Mr. Anderson's illness from attempting the long voyage necessary to reach these Islands; but, meanwhile, careful investigations have been going on, and it is believed that a direct line of monthly steamers has been found from Singapore to the Sulu Islands, from the Sulus to Mindanao, and from Mindanao to Yap, which is the island we have aimed to reach. But in reaching it, we may also be able to reach two other groups near to it, and that are as destitute and unevangelized as Yap is.

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A MALAY FAMILY.

pore among the English-speaking people. His life and testimony among the English Christians and missionaries have been true, manly, and most blessed. He has won for himself and our work the respect and confidence of all the other workers. Amid trying circumstances he has stood consistently and bravely, and God has given us in him a leader of tried faith, deep convictions, practical wisdom and experience, and fearless courage, such as we cannot always find, and greatly need in such new fields.

He has had a most excellent work among a number of young men and women, who meet with him in evangelistic street meetings, and are doing glorious work for God.

The need of English work is very great in Singapore. Our friends took us one night down Malay Street, and we would not dare to describe too vividly the scenes we saw, and yet it is good for us to know something of this world's dark side. Every house in the long street, on both sides, was crowded in the open fronts with abandoned women of every nation under heaven, and they not only stood and sat on the open verandas, but swarmed in the middle of the street, taking hold of every passer-by, and, literally, almost dragging them to their dens. They were in all the costumes of all the races, and they shouted and shrieked, in nearly all the languages under heaven, their calls to the passer-by. And up and down, and in and out, were passing hundreds of European men—sailors and soldiers, officers, low and even high, without shame or effort at concealment.

On this street our brother holds a Gospel meeting every

week, and with his voice of thunder he proclaims the Word of God to these wicked men, and points his finger at them in the sight of all the people, as the men that are making the name of Christianity to be despised among the heathen. He tells us that the street is usually cleared within a few minutes after he begins, and these scoundrels are glad to get away from the sound of his voice. God bless him in his brave and difficult work, and let not a morbid sensitiveness make us afraid to see and meet these awful needs.

But we saw a sadder sight in Singapore than even Malay Street. Our good missionary friends took us to see the Chinese opium dens. Entering an ordinary shop door, we were ushered into a room, about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a long table on each side running the whole length of the room, and a passage between, about a yard wide. These long tables were covered with cheap mats, and on these the Chinamen were lying—smoking or sleeping. Our friend could talk to them in Chinese and we got a very good idea of the way these poor fellows felt about it. They were quite



A CHINESE PEDDLER, SINGAPORE.

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willing to talk, and received us kindly, and offered us tea. They seemed to respect him very much, and let him talk freely to them. We asked them many questions through him, and they were perfectly frank and open in their answers.

Here are some questions and answers:

"How much do you spend on opium?" "About seventy cents a day." "How much do you earn?" "I spend all I earn!" Another said he earned thirty cents a day, and spent forty on opium. Another, who spent all his income on it, said he did not save anything for food. We asked him if he was married. He said he had a wife and family here. He did not make any provision for them.

We asked another if it made him happy. He laughed bitterly and said—"No," he could not afford to buy enough to make him happy. He was just able to drown a little of his misery. He asked them how long they stayed in these places. They said, "All night." They just smoked till they fell asleep and then lay there till morning. Often they awoke in the night, and had to get more, so they had to stay there where they could get it. We asked them if they would like to give it up, and they all said "Yes," if God would give them the power to do it, but they did not have the courage.

Our friend preached the Gospel to them, and they listened with earnest, kind faces, that made our very hearts bleed, and when we got through they just went on smoking again, and seemed to sink back into despair. We asked him how many of the Chinese of Singapore indulge in this habit, and

he said at least eighty out of every hundred. We were appalled. And we felt that the devil was an awful master, and the power of Omnipotence alone could break this chain. Many of the men blamed our government for providing opium, and their feeble voices were but echoes of God's tremendous judgment, when some day the question shall be asked, "Who slew these souls?"

We looked at their emaciated bodies and gaunt faces, and thought of how it would all end, and we asked them how it was going to end. And they said they believed they would go to heaven, for *they always paid for the opium they used!* Poor, lost, human souls! Oh, let us pray for the heathen. How we wished we could speak to them! How we longed to take them in our arms, and make them feel the love and power of the One that alone can save the slave of opium and the captive of Satan.

And this is only the beginning of China. Away beyond these stretch the mighty plains, where four hundred millions of these bright, strong, capable minds and hearts are bound in yet stronger chains of darkness and despair.

Lord, help the heathen! Lord, haste Thy coming!

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XVIII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTHERN CHINA.

WE HAVE just spent about ten days in Southern China, chiefly in Hong Kong, Canton and vicinity, and have met many of the missionaries and a number of other persons interested in and acquainted with this field. We have given much careful study to this vast region, with its distinct dialect, its numerous great cities and its three provinces, containing a population of over 30,000,000, and we are beginning to have some adequate conception of its needs as a mission field, and its claims upon the church of Christ.

We had a slow and somewhat tedious voyage of nearly a week from Singapore on one of the oldest ships of the P. & O. line. They only run their best ships, as a rule, to Bombay and Colombo, and transfer their passengers for China to inferior boats. We had a good many passengers, including some very pleasant Christian friends, among others Rev. Dr. Ridgeway, President of the Methodist Episcopal Theological Seminary, Evanston, and his wife, Col. and Mrs. Waller, of India, and Rev. Dr. West and family, of Singapore Methodist Episcopal Mission.

We had a daily Bible reading in the cabin and Sabbath

services. On Sabbath evening we had the opportunity of speaking a few words for Christ, and at the close of the service we got a good introduction to a class of men whom we had met a good many times already in the East, and who form a very distinct and influential class in the seaport towns of China and Japan. They are the English abroad, and, we are sorry to say, that many of them are the worst people in the East, and the worst enemies of Christianity and Christian Missions.

We had spoken quite plainly in our address on Sabbath evening, and as we left the saloon we were accosted by a crowd of men, all first-class passengers and supposed to be gentlemen, with a lot of insulting questions about Christians and missionaries. Some of them were young men on their way to business and official appointments in China; others were older men in business in the East. One of them was a man between fifty and sixty years of age, the father of two very nice looking young ladies, who were travelling as passengers on the steamer. He was the rudest and loudest of all the crowd.

They began by denouncing missionaries as the worst men in China, charging them with the basest crimes, as well as selfish luxury and all sorts of things, and they said that they were universally hated by the Chinese and the English, and other foreigners wherever they lived. We ventured to suggest, amid the loud words of the crowd, that, perhaps, the reason the missionaries were hated so much by the foreigners and English, was because they told them some plain

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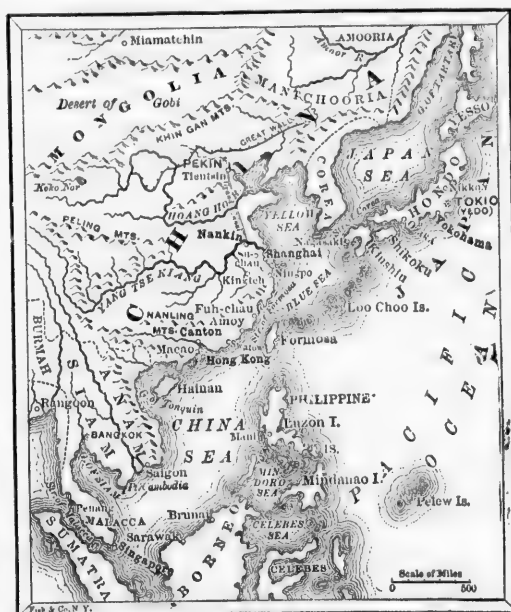
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truths about the shameful way they lived among the heathen, and we told them that we had seen a good many Englishmen on Malay Street, Singapore, in very bad company.

Then they laughed in our face, and told us that they themselves were there, and everybody went, and it was all right to go, and the old man, particularly, boasted that he had a perfect right to go; he was made with these passions and appetites, and it was

intended that he should indulge them. We asked him what he would think of his daughters doing so, and suggested that if it was all right for a man it was just as right for his wife



MAP OF EASTERN ASIA.

and his child. He said of course it was, and his daughters had the right to do the same if they wanted to. We were so disgusted that, after trying in vain to say some earnest words to this crowd of first-class ruffians, who literally gloried in their shame, we turned away with a few words of solemn warning, and got alone under the stars of heaven to talk to God about something worse than even heathenism in China. This is the element amid which, with, of course, some beautiful exceptions, many of our missionaries have to commend Christ and Christianity to the people of China with these object lessons before their eyes.

On Monday morning we found ourselves in the harbor of Hong Kong. This island, with the beautiful city of Victoria, forms one of the most striking harbor views in the world, and as you go ashore and visit the various points of the island your first impressions are confirmed in every way.

The heat is moderate, never approaching the summer temperature of India, and seldom exceeding ninety degrees in the hottest weather, or going below forty-five degrees in the cold season. The vegetation is very rich, and, while not nearly so tropical as Singapore, yet it is quite luxuriant, and the hills and valleys are a mass of living green. The streets and roads that wind about the hills are beautifully shaded with avenues of fine trees, and the ferns literally swarm on every hillside. There are over one hundred varieties of ferns indigenous to the island, and the moisture of the climate keeps them ever fresh and beautiful.

Immediately back of the landing wharf and the city, the

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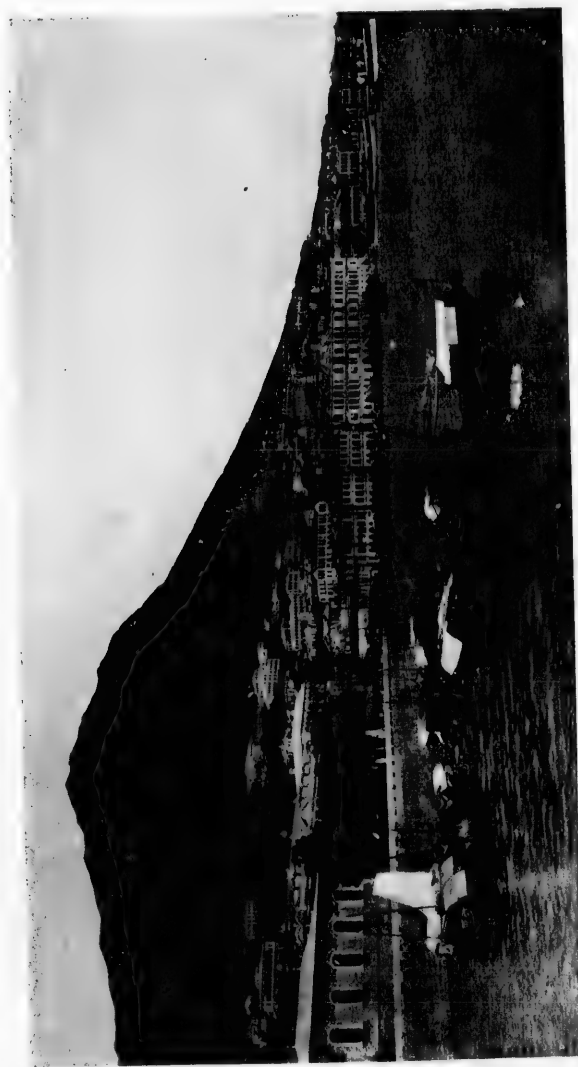
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HONG KONG.

Peak rises to a height of 2,000 feet, and lesser hills surround it on every side, but the nearness and boldness of these hills give them a greater apparent height, and they stand like gigantic shoulders in the background. At their base and up their sides many handsome buildings rise in terraces of



STREET IN HONG KONG.

streets, presenting a fine appearance. The architecture is well adapted to the climate and scenery. Government House is half way up the hill, and the Botanical Gardens, with some fine trees and plants, a little higher up. There is a tramway leading almost to the summit, and the view from the Peak over the harbor and islands is superb. The view from below,

at night, when tiers upon tiers of light encircle the gigantic hill almost to its summit, is extremely grand.

The population is about 240,000, of whom 8,500 are Europeans and Americans, and 110,000 Chinese, and the rest of them Asiatics. The trade is enormous, exceeding \$200,000,000. The population has increased one-third in the last ten years, and the business of the place is evidently extremely prosperous. Its shipping and telegraphic communications touch almost every part of the world, and, like Singapore, it is a sort of rendezvous for the commerce, both of the eastern and western nations. It is the eastern boundary of Great Britain's wonderful Empire, and one of her most beautiful and prosperous colonies. She has held the island since 1841, and it is the base of her military and naval movements in the East, and the point from which she is able to enforce upon the haughty Chinese the observance of their treaties, and the rights of British and other foreign citizens abroad.

Hong Kong, while not directly a missionary field, at least in the same sense as Canton, is a missionary centre, and the headquarters of many of the missionary societies for Southern China, especially the Church Missionary Society, the Basil Missionary Society, and the London Missionary Society, some of which we had the privilege of visiting.

But our objective point was not Hong Kong, but Interior China. And so, the day following our arrival at Hong Kong found us on board the fine steamer, "Hankow," sailing through a multitude of beautiful islands at the mouth of the Pearl River, and then up that fair river to Canton. The

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picture was a pretty one. The islands and shores were clothed with richest green—the finest shades we have seen in the East. The entrance is through the Tiger Pass, between two promontories which the Chinese have crowned with two pagodas to keep the strong current of the river from carrying the good luck it bears from the interior out to the sea, and so losing these precious influences to the country. Undulating plains and distant hills, with many intersecting canals and streams, and waving fields of young rice of the most brilliant green, spread out on either shore. Here and there a handsome pagoda rises, some as high as nine stories; and, occasionally, a square tower is seen, designed to bring good luck and success to the literary candidates from this village or neighborhood. Myriads of graves cover many of the hillsides, every one being located on what the Chinese oracles had pronounced a "lucky" spot; for to be buried in "a lucky grave," and to be worshipped by his children and posterity, is one of the highest ambitions of a Chinaman. The scenery of the Pearl River from Hong Kong to Canton is not unlike the Hudson, and in some respects is quite as pretty.

A sail of eighty miles brings us to Canton. An immense forest of masts; miles of small boats of every size and shape, roofed over with matting and filled with families of women and children, who live in them all their lives; a great expanse of low-roofed houses stretching along the river front and reaching back to the hills beyond; one or two English-looking church spires; a lofty native pagoda in the distance;

a few nine-story, square buildings, over-topping the rest, and standing out all over the city like the new Chicago castles in the air; and there, at the landing, a great swarm of Chinese men, women and children, and one familiar face, waiting on the jetty to welcome us—this was our first view of Canton, the capital of Quan-tung Province, the metropolis of Southern China, and almost the largest city in the Chinese Empire. What its population actually is no one can accurately tell. Those who have the best right to know estimate it at between one and two millions at least.

Perhaps one-fourth of the population live always on the water. Their houses are little boats, roofed with matting, and arranged with a simple kitchen in the rear, a little cabin in the front, where the family live and die, eat and sleep, and find both their residence and means of livelihood. The front cabin is a sleeping place at night, and during the day a place for passengers to sit while they are ferried by the Chinese family, for a few cents, across or up and down the river or canals.

These boats all have a place to moor at night, and this is theirs by right, and the only local habitation they ever know. They may go ashore to labor, and the father often does during the day, but they must live on the water. The little girl that is born on the water must die on it. She dare not marry a shoreman, or ever leave this class of river people. She may, and indeed does, marry some Chinaman, but it must be a river man, who will take her to live on some other little boat.

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ing We had to cross on these boats many times while in Canton, but it was seldom that we could get a man ; usually an old woman stood in the stern and worked the scull oars, and two or three young girls in front pulled the other oars, while two or three of us sat in the cabin, and watched their pleasant faces and firm muscles as they pulled the oars with the strength of men. Thousands—yes, tens of thousands—of these boats line the shores of the river and its numerous canals, and a high official told us that perhaps one-fourth of the people lived in them.

It was a great pleasure once more to meet our dear missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and their native assistant, Fung Wön, and to find them well and happy in their new field. We spent nearly a week in their hospitable little home, and had many hallowed seasons of conference and



BOAT GIRL.

prayer respecting the great work for which they had come, and also many opportunities of meeting the other missionaries in Canton, and of seeing the city and surrounding country.

We shall first give a few sketches of the country and people, and then refer to the missionary work.

Our first visit was to the foreign quarter. This is a



FOREIGN SETTLEMENT, CANTON.

pretty little island called "Shameen," which is detached from the native city and assigned to the English, French, Americans and other foreigners for their residence. It was fitted up by the Chinese Imperial authorities at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million dollars. It is very neat and pretty, and free from the odors and other disagreeable things that infest all Chinese cities. Here are the foreign consulates and the homes of most of the Missions, including our own. We had the

pleasure of meeting the American Consul here,—a gentleman who has spent ten years in Canton in official service, and whose removal at this time would be deeply regretted by all the missionaries.

It is a most critical time in China. The reckless course of the American Congress in their Anti-Chinese legislation is at length beginning to react in China, and only a few days ago, here in Canton, a native paper boldly advocated the policy of retaliation, and proposed that if America expelled the Chinese, China should undoubtedly expel every American from her shores. At such a time it is easy for a popular disturbance to arise at any moment; and, therefore, the presence in China of an American representative of Mr. Seymour's experience and high standing with the Chinese officials, is of much more value and importance than any question of political expediency incident to a change of parties at the White House.

Our next visit was to the native city. The first impression a stranger has of the streets of Canton is the thronging crowd. What myriads of human beings, pushing, jostling, shouting, tramping on—on—on, with their curious, various loads and costumes and faces, through those narrow, crowded passages evermore. Go where you will, it is ever the same dense, teeming crowd. You can gather a mob of thousands in any part of Canton inside of three minutes. You have but to stand on the street, and they are around you so thick that you can scarcely move. You have but to enter a store, and you have a score to witness your bargain and inspect

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LARGER OUTLOOKS ON MISSIONARY LANDS.

your purchase. You have but to look around, and voices are calling, "riksha," "chair," "Coolie," which means, "Do you want a jinriksha, or a Sedan chair, or a Coolie?"

And what strange mixtures are in that crowd! Here come three bearers carrying a Sedan chair, with a lady inside, carefully curtained from view. Here comes a water carrier, with his two great vessels of water balanced on a bamboo pole over his shoulders. Here is another man, with two baskets similarly balanced, containing a nice fat dog in one and several cats in the other; of course, they are for the cat and dog market, which we will soon reach. Here are two Chinamen carrying an enormous pig in a basket, hung from a long bamboo pole. And as they all go dashing on, they are shouting and screaming to clear the way, and every pedestrian is expected to make way. The first time we went through the streets, we, too, had a chair, and our runners screamed as loudly as the others, and the people turned aside and made room, and then stood a moment, and said, one to the other, "Foreign devils!" At other times we walked more leisurely, and let the strange scenes slowly fix themselves on our imagination.

Then one is struck with the narrow streets. We have seen narrow streets in Jerusalem and Cairo, but never such streets as these. Why, some places they are not more than four feet wide, and we need not say that no wheeled vehicle, not even the narrow jinriksha, ever passed through these labyrinths.

Then the smells. They are of all sorts. There are re-

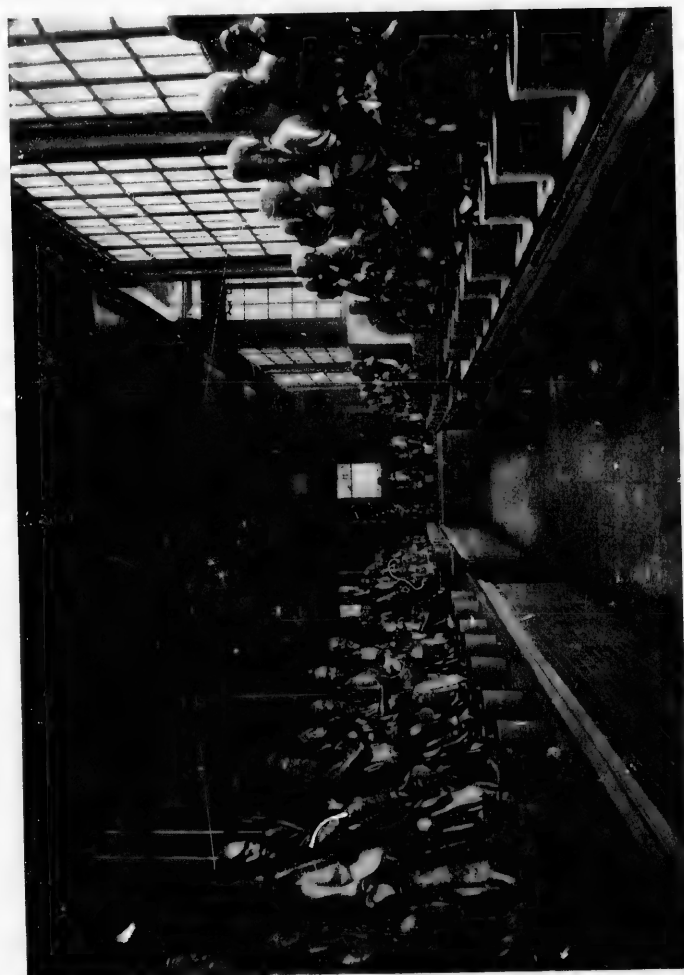
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TEMPLE OF FIVE HUNDRED GODS, CANTON.

ligious smells, from incense tapers and burning papers, and there are the most vicious odors conceivable from foul accumulations and fetid markets, and decaying fish and vegetables, and crowded shops and tenements. And yet the worst street in Canton is a paradise to one of the temples of Benares.



CHINESE TEMPLE, CANTON.

Of course we went to the "Temple of the Five Hundred Gods," and saw the coarse and jovial-looking deities in brass ; images which looked much more like a crowd of jolly Dutchmen in a lager beer saloon than anything divine or even Chinese. Two of the five hundred were near the entrance, and they had their arms full of babies, and they seemed to

be the favorites, for their shrines were full of burning incense, placed there by their worshippers.

At the "Temple of Longevity" there were several huge deities in brass, who must have lived a long time to grow so big, but they all had the same jovial look of coarse animal enjoyment, showing the Chinaman's highest ideal of a superior being in a very humbling light. At this temple the crowd was very rough, and two of us received slight blows from some young rascal in the mob, but no serious injury. We had a lady with us, and she was the occasion of most of the excitement and curiosity. For a lady to appear publicly on the streets of China is very unusual, and the freedom of Europeans always attracts much attention.

The "Temple of Horrors" is also one of the sights of Canton. It contains a number of representations of future punishment, that are vivid enough to make even a Chinaman sober. Each little chapel contains certain representations of the torments of the damned. In one they are being boiled in oil, in another encased in a hollow tree and sawn asunder down the whole length of the timber, and so on through a dozen different progressions of every conceivable torture. In each scene the god of the lower world is represented in some horrible form, and the poor culprits who are waiting for their turn are standing in the background with much concern and terror depicted on their faces. This temple is farmed out every year to a speculator who pays a large rent for it, and receives all the offerings of the worshippers in return, and, it is said, always makes a fortune out of it. The

practical Chinaman is not unwilling to make money even out of a subject so horrible. The place was full of money changers and various professions and offices, and seemed a strange mixture of sordid avarice and ghastly superstition.

The public execution grounds were not much less revolting. Here is an open triangular piece of vacant ground, with a number of large crosses leaning against the wall, where not less than three hundred persons every week, on an average, are publicly executed.

One of the executioners, a brutal-looking creature, wanted to show us the swords they use, but we could not stand this. Here, men and women are tortured to death at the rate of 15,000 a year, in the name of justice. They are



CHINESE MODE OF PUNISHMENT.

sometimes fastened to these crosses and hacked to pieces as they hang there; sometimes sliced into a dozen pieces and slowly tortured to death, and sometimes more mercifully beheaded or strangled at once.

In China any man may be arrested on suspicion and lodged in jail, and when his trial comes off there is no lawyer to defend him; lawyers are unknown in China; but he must plead his own cause before a magistrate, who is always open

to bribery, and from whose decision there is no appeal. Every accused person is bound to prove his innocence, and, unlike English law, is assumed to be guilty, unless he can do so. Unless an accused person has money he rarely escapes condemnation. Thousands of innocent persons languish in prison without a hearing, or die on the execution grounds as brutes, and there is none to help or pity, and the great crowd rushes on and misses them not. If Solomon had seen Canton he could not have given a better account of it than his sad refrain over human wrongs: "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore, I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive."

Our circuit led us out through the city gate to a lofty hill on which stands the Five Story Pagoda, and from the top of this we got a good view of the great city below us, with its almost countless houses, apparently built in one solid mass, with just a narrow path between them. These high buildings, that rise here and there to eight or nine stories, are the pawn shops, and in their upper stories are the accumulated pledges of years, on which money has been loaned at exorbitant interest, and, in almost every case, they become at last the property of the money lender. These men are the millionaires of China, and in these odd tower-like places are treasures of great value.

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Yonder, in the distance, is the Roman Catholic church, with two great spires cleaving the sky, which have been a constant offence to the Chinese, who hate any sharp point in the air, because, they say, it obstructs the Dragon as he flies, and makes him angry. They would have torn down the old Cathedral long ago had it not been for foreign protection.

Here, just under us, are far-extended hillsides covered with the graves of many generations. On several of them we can see the fires burning where incense has just been offered, and paper money burned, that it may go to them in smoke and become currency for them in the other world. On others there are great offerings of rice, or sometimes a fowl or a piece of meat, which the poor Chinaman really needs for himself, but offers instead to his deceased father, and expects the spirits to carry it off that night, and give it to him. It usually does disappear before morning, but it is into the mouth of some hungry Chinaman or wandering Pariah dog.

They also burn over the graves suits of paper clothes for their departed friends to wear. You can buy these suits in the stores, but you must not be surprised if the trousers have only one leg and the tunic one side. As it is only a spiritual transaction, the Chinaman believes that half a coat will represent a suit as well as a whole one, and there is no harm in saving even that much tissue paper. Indeed, they have an idea that they can cheat the gods; and so we heard, the other day, of a little girl that had a boy's name, and the mother said in explanation, "You know the gods don't like little girls, and so we want them to think this is a little boy, and

they won't know the difference." Poor, groping heathenism, —strange they will not consider!

As we afterwards passed more leisurely through the narrow streets, we had a better chance to see the shops and stores. Some

of them are rather fine, with a good deal of costly carving and gilding. They are all on the same pattern with a counter on one side and a set of nicely-carved seats or benches on the other side for the customers to sit down; for bargaining is a leisurely business in China, and the merchant will take any amount of trou-



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LADY EMBROIDERING.

Reproduction from a Chinese Painting.



ble for you, and gladly show you all he has, whether you purchase anything or not. The class of goods to be seen is very ordinary and exceedingly monotonous. There is little of the exquisite fancy work and infinite variety of novel, ingenious and attractive things to be seen in a Japanese store. One can walk the streets for hours, in Canton, without seeing anything that he cares to buy, even as a novelty. The Chinese mind is intensely practical and rather common place. Their finest work is embroidery and silk weaving.

We went through one of the silk factories. We saw the whole process, from the spinning of the silk thread to the completion of the web. Every part of it was by hand, and our surprise was to see the beautiful and perfect work that came out of such crude machinery. The hand looms are very simple, but the work was perfect, and the long pieces of pure white silk shone with almost metallic splendor. We asked the price, and found it was sold wholesale at thirty cents a Chinese foot, which would be less than fifty cents a yard in English measure and money. The silkworms are produced in great quantities in the silk country, which is only a few miles southwest of Canton, and is the wealthiest and most anti-foreign district of the Province.

The fan palm country is adjoining, and myriads of fans are also to be seen in the stores of the dealers; for everybody here deals in specialities, and you have to go to one store to get your paper, another to get your ink and pens, and a third to get your books. The writing is all done with a camel's hair brush, on rice paper and with India ink, made in long

sticks like sealing wax. There is also much lacquer work to be seen, and a great deal of jade-stone jewelry, which is the national ornament and very costly, single sets selling for hundreds of dollars, but showing little artistic beauty. The coffin shops are very numerous, and men who can afford it pay immense sums for a coffin of certain kinds of wood which are especially "lucky."

But the restaurants and butcher shops are the most characteristic. Here we find all manner of creatures, dead and alive. Here are fish and creeping things for sale, junks of pork and other kinds of meat, live rats hanging by the tail, and here are the cats and dogs we met on our journey,—all ready for lunch. The black cat is a special luxury. And there is one restaurant where they keep nothing else, and where you can see on the signboard this tempting bill of fare: "Nice, pure, black cat always ready inside." The signs are great, long boards, hanging down perpendicularly from the second story in front of the stores, with great red characters running down in columns, proclaiming the advertisement of the goods inside. These hang so thick along the narrow street that you can scarcely see anything else as you pass along.

We spent a day in a country village up the river, and saw something of the rural or village life of the people. A small party of us got a boat, and up the interminable creeks and canals they rowed us until we were quite out into the country. Southern China is the city of Venice multiplied by one hundred. It is a collection of tens of thousands of cities

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towns and villages, all built on the water. Creeks and canals run everywhere. Even as you sail up and down the great river, you can see boat-sails all over the country, winding about among the network of watery passages that go in all directions. You can reach almost any place by water. We found



ANCIENT BRIDGE NEAR CANTON.

the country almost wholly covered with young rice, growing in the water, and looking wondrously beautiful with its tints of light, brilliant green. Every few hundred yards we came upon another village. These villages have from five hundred to five thousand people in them, and they form an almost continuous city over the whole land. There are no isolated

houses in China ; all the people live in villages, and go to the fields to work by day, returning to the adjoining village at night.

As we landed at one of these villages, about six miles from Canton, we were astonished to find that we were as strange to these people as if we had come from another world. The children ran screaming into the houses, and the mothers were afraid to let us look inside lest we should "frighten the children." It was evident that some of them, at least, had never seen a foreigner before. Soon, however, they began to crowd around us, and ere long we were marching through the town with more than five hundred men, women and boys in our train. After we had scattered a few bits of sugar-cane in the crowd, which is their favorite sweet, they considered us quite safe, and perhaps even popular, and they showed us around.

The great sight of this village was the duck house. Here the ducks are incubated by artificial heat, and we saw great trays and boxes full of thousands of duck eggs in all stages of hatching. When the ducks are old enough, they are taken out to feed in great flocks. A duck boat is quite large and will hold many thousands of them. They simply sail up a little creek, and lay a plank to the shore, and the ducks just march out at call, and scatter in little companies over the rice fields, and spend the day in feeding on all the bugs, worms and insects to be found. They are very welcome visitors, for they destroy the pests that injure the crops, and the farmers and ducks are great friends. When evening comes, the duck

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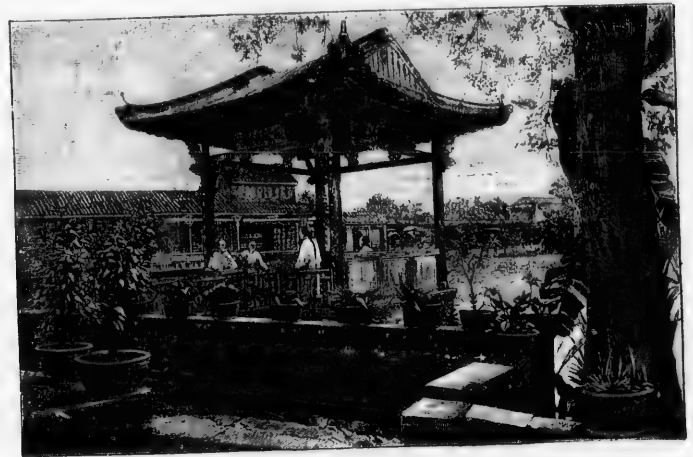
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shepherd calls in his flock, and they come quacking along as sensibly as well-trained sheep, and walk across the gang-plank to the ship, and each flock knows and goes to its own cabin or sleeping place, without the slightest trouble. The driver has a long whip, and they say there is great excitement when the ducks come to embark, for they know that the tardy ones and the last one will get a thras'ing, and so they scramble and scream to get in first.

The first thing we saw at every village landing was the ancestral temple, or hall, where worship is regularly paid to the parents of the various households. Indeed, we found that usually each village belonged to a single family, all being related to one another and bearing the same name for countless generations. The village we landed at was La, and all were the children of La and successive Las, and so all assembled at the same shrine and burned their tapers to the same ancestors. We went into the temple and saluted the score or two of head men and others that were there, and as we looked at the countless tablets with the names of all their fathers, we began to feel something of the age and conservatism of China.

In one of the villages opposite Canton we went into a number of Chinese flower gardens, and laughed again and again at the odd shapes into which they had dwarfed and twisted every sort of plant and tree. Some were like dragons, others like men, women and gods. Some were comic, others religious; others, again, beautiful imitations of mountains, valleys and landscapes, with grottos, pagodas and

houses here and there on the mountain side. But all were in miniature. Here were orange trees with fruit and flowers, and the trees were less than a foot high ; forest trees, many years old, as big as rose bushes ; boxwood plants cut to look like a great fat Buddha, or brother Jonathan, tall and lank,



PAVILION NEAR CANTON.

with an umbrella in his hand and his hat on one side of his head.

In another village was a great Buddhist temple full of lazy priests and sacred pigs and hens. Here is a regular pig-pen, with gigantic swine, so fat that they can scarcely move, which some one has rescued from the butcher's hands and dedicated to the gods, and here they are fed by all the

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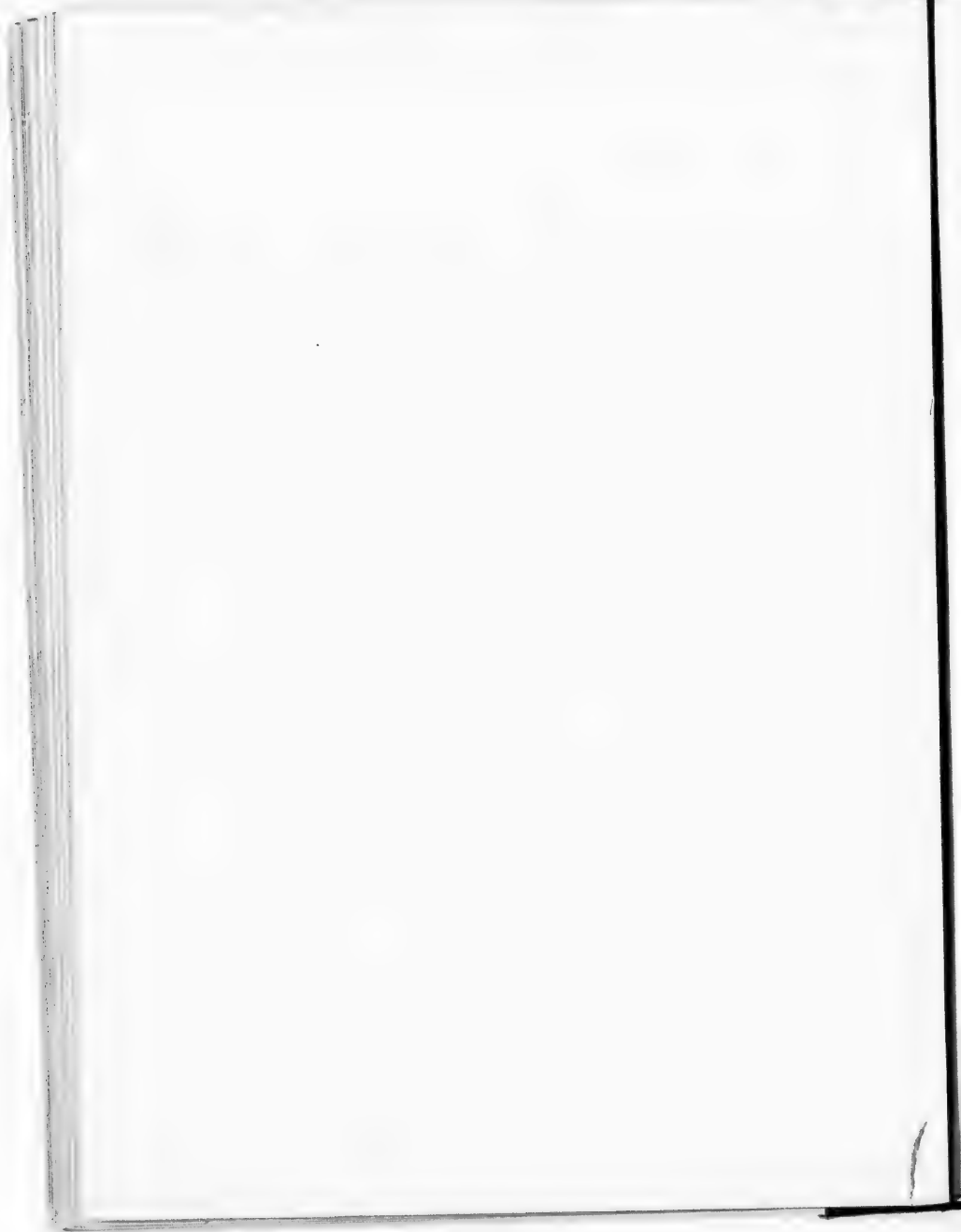
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CHINESE TEMPLE.

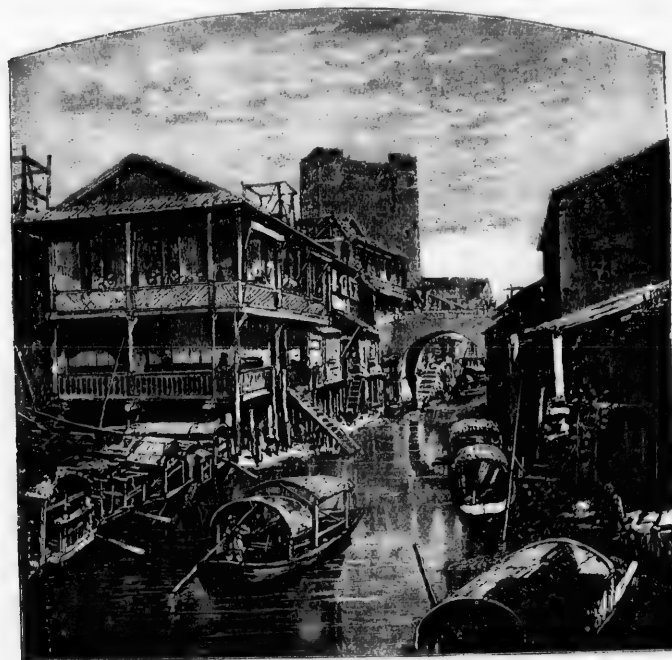
Reproduction from a Chinese Painting



pious worshippers who come, until their troughs are running over with rice and onions, and they are ready to die of corpulence. Here they live in peace till they die of old age—worthy types of the bestial degradation of blind and Christless heathenism, or Matthew Arnold's "Light of Asia."

But the saddest sight we saw that day, and the one that will live longest in our memory as a sort of Monograph of heathenism in its cruel horrors, was a little dead baby girl, floating with downward face on the water of the canal. All around were hundreds of boats, little family boats, full of men and women and children rowing and paddling about in the canal, but no one seemed to notice or care for her. Not a yard away was the boat from which, perhaps, she had fallen, but her little helpless hands had been stretched out to them in vain, and her little cries had been stilled by the waters of death ere they responded. *She was only a girl!* It was "*her fate*" to fall over, and why should they interfere? So our friends told us the Chinese really believed and acted. They assured us that if we were to fall into that canal, probably not a single hand would be moved to save us. It was our business, and why should they interfere? If we chose to drown, they were not going to hinder us; and if we chose to swim, why—all right.

Indeed, the captain of our river steamer told us that only a few nights ago he heard a splashing in the water near his ship as she lay at the wharf. There were men around, but nobody moved, and he could not possibly have got near without going ashore, and taking ten minutes to get round



A CANAL IN CANTON.

the pier to the spot. Next morning he asked one of the men, who had been standing by, and he said it was a Chinaman who had fallen in, and they let him die. It was his business,—why should they interfere? And there, sure enough, when the tide went down, lay his dead body in the low water, and the people came down all day to wash their



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rice and fill their water vessels—right beside him—and no one noticed or seemed to care for that poor, lifeless form that died because there was none to help.

And so our little baby girl lay floating in the river, and no one lifted her out or sought for her a burial robe or "lucky grave." There she would lie till she floated out with the tide to the deep sea, or the river shore, to be devoured by the fishes or the dogs. If she had been a little boy, perhaps more would have been done for her, for we noticed that all the little boys on the river-boats had life preservers, made of gourds, tied on their backs, but they never tie them on little girls, and so she had to die because she was only a little girl, and to lie, unburied, unpitied and unremembered, because she had the sad lot to be born with the face and form of a little daughter of Eve in cruel, heathen China.

Poor, little, dead, Chinese baby girl, speak—speak to the women and girls of Christian lands, as thou hast spoken to our heart, until there shall be enough of pity, love and power to reach and save the other poor, sad women and girls of China, whose sorrows we never see!

ONLY A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

Only a little baby girl
Dead by the riverside.
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
Over the boat too far she leaned
Watching the dancing wave,—
Over the brink she fell and sank,
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry;
But she was just a baby girl,
And she was left to die.

It was her fate, perhaps they said,
Why should they interfere?
Had she not always been a curse?
Why should they keep her here?

So they have left her little form,
Floating upon the wave;
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave?

Yes, and there's many another lamb,
Perishing every day,
Thrown by the road or the riverside,
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,
Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these helpless lambs,
Out on the desert wild?

Is there a little Christian girl,
Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
Out on the mountains roam?

Think as you lie on your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand,
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land.

Ask if there is not something more,
Even a child can do ;
And if perhaps in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the riverside.
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.

But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as a nation's woe ;
O ! has it left some willing heart,
Answering " I will go."

XIX.

MISSIONARY WORK IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

IT IS a fact not generally known that Southern China is a distinct and once isolated section of that great Middle Kingdom, and has only been incorporated in it since the Second Century, while the northern portion of the Empire looks back ages beyond this period. It is divided by a range of mountains from the great provinces of Kweichow and Hunan. It has a distinct river system, watering the Southern Provinces and emptying into the sea by the many mouths of the Pearl River. And the language is quite distinct, a Cantonese being as unable to understand a Mandarin-speaking resident on the Yangtse, as his dialect would be unintelligible to the northern Chinaman.

Southern China properly includes the provinces of Quantung, Quangsi and Yunnan.

Quantung has a population of about 22,000,000, Quangsi of 8,000,000, and Yunnan of about 3,000,000. The latter province, although in the latitude of Southern China, belongs by altitude, properly, to the north. It is separated by a lofty range of hills from Quangsi, and speaks the dialect of the north—the Mandarin—and is being reached by missionaries from the Yangtse rather than the Pearl River, and may yet

be also reached from Anam and Tonquin by the new highway of commerce which French enterprise is opening up through the Red River of Tonquin.

It is, at present, an almost wholly-unoccupied Mission field, and may well claim our most earnest thought and prayer. Our chief inquiries, at present, however, have had to do with the two provinces of Quantung and Quangsi, which speak the same language and really constitute one geographical section and one Mission field.

These two provinces together have a population nearly as large as Great Britain, and more than half as large as the United States. It is very dense, in some places exceeding 700 to the square mile. All the people live in towns and villages, and they lie so close together as almost to form one continuous city, for many miles. In the silk country, south of Canton, from one single cluster of towns and cities, covering a few miles, and all connected,—no less than 300,000 fighting men could be furnished for military duty. The entire population must have numbered over a million. From one low hilltop in the Delta 350 villages can be counted, averaging at least 2,000 persons.

Canton, itself, has anywhere between one and two million people; and, only fifteen miles farther up the river, the city of Fat-Shan has 500,000 people, and between the two cities there are many villages. We went up among these villages five or six miles, in boats, and they seemed endless. It is probable that within a limit less than the distance from New York to Yonkers, there is a population in and around

Canton nearly as great as the city of London, while in many other parts of the province you still find the same teeming crowds around other centres.

The accessibility of this vast population is one of the peculiar features of this part of the country. The whole country is one interminable network of rivers and canals, and nearly every place of importance in these two provinces is either on a river or else within a few hours of it.

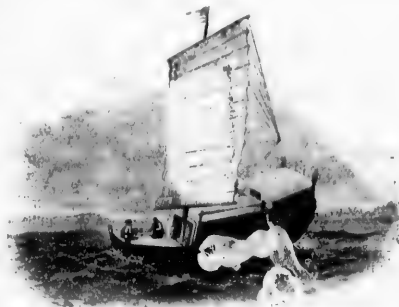
These rivers are traversed by boats of every description. There are a few steam launches going regularly to several points in the interior, and a still larger number of native "passage boats," going almost everywhere and carrying great numbers of passengers, but these are so uncomfortable for Europeans that few missionaries use them if they can go any other way. The most comfortable way is to take your own boat. If you are in a great hurry you can take a "Slipper boat," the "Chinese express," a boat that looks just like a slipper, and is propelled by four strong rowers, and can make, under pressure, from seven to ten miles an hour, it is said. If you wish to go more slowly and cheaply, the ordinary "sampan" can be had, with crew, for about a dollar a day.

The most comfortable boats are the House boats, with accommodation for several people, where a missionary party or family could live for months if necessary, and preach from place to place along the numerous streams. The boatman can be got for about twenty-five cents a day, and the river is a much safer place in the event of a mob than the land. In-

deed, the great majority of these thirty millions of people could be evangelized, at least, so far as the rapid publication of the Gospel is concerned, by passing up and down these streams, and spending a few days at each point, and then passing on. Of course, this is not all that needs to be done, but this would be something; it would be much, and the planting, of course, would need to be afterward carefully watered and husbanded.

Let us look for a moment at the river system of these provinces. First, we have the Delta of the Pearl River. This begins about one hundred miles from its mouth, a little above Canton, and spreads out toward the sea like a great fan about fifty miles wide at the wide or ocean end.

This section is cut up by many rivers and canals, and is a region of great wealth, and containing, literally, scores of great cities and many millions of prosperous and enterprising people. This is the region of the silkworm and the fan palm; and the anti-foreign feeling is so strong, that in many of the towns missionaries cannot yet enter. But the most available centres have been already occupied by the Presbyterians and others.



A NATIVE BOAT.

Next is the river system of the interior. Some distance above Canton, the Pearl River begins to spread out into its numerous feeders or branches. The principal of these are the East River, the North River and the West River.

The East River waters the country north-east of Canton, and its valleys are thickly populated and occupied by some of the most successful mission stations in the whole province. The North River runs down from the mountains that border Hunan and Kweichow, and it forms a waterway for the whole northern section of the province. The country at its headwaters is said to be most beautiful; and the mountain scenery of Lienchow, a city near its headwaters, is said by those who have travelled much to be unequalled by any in the world.

The West River is the longest of the three, and drains the most extensive country. As we ascend it, we find it branching out into three great lines, and spreading over the whole of Western Quantung, and most of Quangsi. One branch runs up north to Kweichow, the capital of Quangsi. Another stretches away many hundreds of miles through Central Quangsi till it reaches the mountains of Yunnan. And another sweeps down to the south of that province and flows on—a fine, navigable stream, with cities and towns all along its shores—to the western border.

Such, then, is the physical frame of this great field. Along these water lines God has distributed the people and taught them to use them as the avenues of communication. And along them the Gospel must be carried to their teeming millions.

To a certain extent this has been done for eighty-six years.

Eighty six years ago, a solitary missionary sailed in an American ship from New York to the port of Macao, for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the Chinese. As he started on his new and apparently hopeless mission, a scepti-



MACAO.

cal American said to him: "So you expect to convert the Chinese, do you?" "No," he answered. "I expect God to do that." That man was Robert Morrison. He waited seven years before he saw the first Chinese convert baptized, and twenty-seven more before he saw China opened to allow the preaching of the Gospel in Canton and other ports; but could he look down from heaven to-day he would see over

6,000 converted Chinese in the province at whose gates he spent his life, apparently in vain, and nearly 40,000 more scattered all over China.

His work was foundation work, and every other missionary has reaped the fruit. He translated the Scriptures into Chinese, and prepared a dictionary of the Chinese language, both of which great works were the basis of all the literary work that has since improved upon his difficult but valuable beginning.

In 1841, the treaty ports of China were thrown open to foreigners and missionaries, and immediately a number of the leading missionary societies began operations in Canton. Gradually, during the past forty years, these operations have been extended over the province, until now there is a force of nearly 100 European and American laborers, nearly 200 native laborers, and over 7,000 native Christians in the province of Quantung.

In the extreme northern corner of the province, the city of Swatow is the centre of the work of the American Baptist Missionary Union, where Dr. Ashmore, Miss Fielde, and many others have been laboring successfully for many years. Miss Fielde's work for women, through native Bible women, has had phenomenal success, and, although she herself has returned to America, her work is still going on successfully.

Here, also, the English Presbyterians have a good work, founded originally by that apostolic man and missionary, William Burns, of Scotland, and still bearing the seal which

his devout and lofty spirit left upon it. We had the pleasure of meeting, in Shanghai, dear Mr. McKenzie, one of their oldest missionaries, and a sweeter, humbler and more Christ-like spirit we have rarely met ; and some of the incidents he mentioned of the working of the Holy Spirit among the native people reminded one of the days of the founding of Christianity.

In Canton and vicinity the strongest force of workers is connected with the Presbyterian Mission, which is well-organized and manned, so far, at least, as the forces at its command will allow. The venerable Dr. Happer is now in America, but he has succeeded in obtaining a large endowment for the Chinese Christian College which is in contemplation for the higher education of Christian boys. Dr. Henry is the best known of the workers in the field, and his two remarkable books, "The Cross and the Dragon," and "Lingnan" (among the very best of the many volumes we have read in China), not only give a most clear and vivid view of Southern China and its Mission work, but also afford a striking glimpse of the aggressive spirit and missionary labors of the man. His work is entirely evangelistic and missionary, and in the course of his intensely active life he has penetrated almost all portions of the province, and explored and opened to the world the interesting island of Hainan, which is now the scene of one of their most successful Missions.

Mr. Fulton is also engaged chiefly in itinerant, evangelistic work in his missionary boat. He spends weeks along the rivers of the interior, and has had the honor, we believe,

of being driven out of the West River country, which we have already referred to as the field our workers hope to occupy. In this department of missionary work there are several chapels in Canton, and elsewhere, where daily evangelistic services are held, and the floating crowd ever surging by, drop in, one by one, to hear the Gospel.

No man ever had a more honored and successful ministry in this connection than Mr. Preston, of Canton, who for more than a quarter of a century preached from day to day, in this great city, and was permitted to sow seeds in tens of thousands of hearts as they passed by from all parts of the country, many of whom have since, from time to time, come out into full confession, and told how they received their first impressions through his words. He is now in a better world, but we had the pleasure of meeting his daughter, who is the wife of a missionary in Canton, and is still carrying on his good work. Her husband, Mr. Wiesner, is in charge of the Boys' School, which we visited, and which is the nucleus of the Chinese Christian College about to be established or re-



CHINESE SHOEMAKER.
Reproduced from a Chinese Painting.

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modelled. Rev. Dr. Noyes is the Superintendent of the Theological Seminary where a number of Chinese are preparing for the ministry.

There is a very well organized hospital and medical work in connection with this Mission, under the charge of Dr. Kerr (now in America), Dr. Swan and Dr. Niles. Through the extreme kindness and hospitality of Dr. Swan and the other workers, we saw much of the work, and have reason to believe that great numbers of the natives are reached and interested in the Gospel while coming in touch with the hospital.

Tens of thousands of persons visit the hospital every year, and while waiting for treatment as out-patients, or remaining under treatment in it, they always hear the Gospel, and more or less impression is made upon them. As they return to their homes they have a grateful and friendly feeling toward the missionaries, and are used by God to open doors in the interior. The Presbyterians have a strong medical work, which, we believe, they are honestly using as a handmaid and auxiliary to direct missionary work, and we have not met a more true or earnest missionary spirit than Dr. Swan, the gifted head, at present, of the Canton Hospital; but we are sure that he and others feel that the greatest need to-day is more time and men to do the direct missionary and evangelizing work for which the other is merely preparatory, and without which it would only be simply a waste of time and a perversion of money, which is given not for scientific or humane, but directly missionary purposes. We believe that

there is opportunity in Southern China for some medical missionary work, but we are sure that even the medical missionaries recognize the necessity for direct evangelization as paramount.

Among the many whom it was a great joy to meet, and whom we cannot stop to name, was Dr. Beattie, of Toronto, and his dear wife, who were about to open a new station in the western part of the province, south of Canton, and who are well known to many of our dear students and friends from Toronto, and are in full sympathy with our work.

We had the opportunity of visiting the Girls' School, under Miss Cutler and Miss Lewis, and seeing some of the little Chinese women of the future. Over a hundred bright girls are here preparing to be native Bible women, wives of native preachers, and the wives and mothers of the native Christians in their various callings.

A certain amount of educational work seems to be necessary, as the native schools compel their pupils to learn and practice heathenism, but the aim of the missionary church will have to be, as soon as possible, to lay this upon the native Christians themselves, and not require the home church to maintain in China an expensive and gratuitous system of secular schools. This the Karens have already done in Burmah, and this the Southern Baptists have, in a measure, done in Canton, where they have a boys' school for the higher education of native Christians, initiated and carried on by the native Christians themselves, aided by the missionaries, and working successfully.

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Time and space will not allow us to follow our Presbyterian brethren through their interesting work down the Delta and up the North River to Lienchow. We met several of their native pastors, and attended one of their native services, on Sabbath morning, conducted by a brother, who came to Canton from among the Chinese in California. The men sat on one side and the women on the other, with a high board partition between, which Chinese etiquette requires. Had not this wall been there the same rigid etiquette would have prevented the men or women being allowed even to look across at each other. This is one of the things that our young missionaries are slow to realize, and sometimes try to ignore and disregard; but the free intercourse of the sexes, as it would be innocently regarded with us, is impossible here, not only among the natives, but also the missionaries. The time will doubtless come, when the native Christian community will be strong enough to establish more simple and natural habits and customs; but, at present, it would be an unwise struggle with long-established customs, and would turn the thoughts of the people to a mere side issue, and awaken prejudices and suspicions which we may easily avoid by a little prudence and self-denial.

We saw in the Canton Hospital a specimen of foot-binding. The patient had come for treatment, and was suffering from her feet. She was very unwilling to let us see them, but Dr. Niles kindly insisted, and unbound the poor crippled lumps of twisted bones and muscles, and we saw the cruel mutilation which every Chinese woman who expects to be

fashionable must endure. There is nothing more sad than to see the poor laboring women who have submitted to this cruel custom, in their childhood, in the hope, no doubt, of being ladies, but who have now to toil for a living and drag themselves about on these stumps of mutilated feet. We were glad to see that many of the humble and laboring classes do not require their children to undergo this outrage, but they are able to run about on sound limbs and enjoy their life in freedom.

We also had the privilege of meeting the principal workers of the Southern Baptist Mission. Dr. Graves, the venerable father of the Mission, who has grown gray in its service, was most kind and courteous, and with characteristic Southern politeness offered us all the assistance in his power, an offer which we value very highly as we expect to labor in the field where they alone have obtained a footing. We also met Mr. McCloy, who had just returned from the West River and the borders of Quangsi, and brought a good deal of encouragement; and had much pleasant Christian fellowship with other members of this thoroughly efficient Mission, which has a high record in Southern China.

The American Board, the English Wesleyans, the London Missionary Society and the American Swedes are also laboring in Canton and vicinity, and we had the privilege of meeting their workers and knowing something of their work. The Church Missionary Society has a few laborers in Quantung. They have two missionaries at Pakoi, an open Custom's Port in the southern corner of the province, and have

been trying from this point to enter Quangsi for many years. We met good Bishop Burdon, of Hong Kong, and were much touched by the heartiness of the good bishop and his desire to encourage any movement to reach that province on which his heart has long been set. He told us that he himself had taken the tour which our missionary is about to take up the West River through Quangsi overland to the coast, and found it open. It is beautiful how we find that on the great field our small denominational differences melt away, and all hearts are one in the desire to meet the awful need of a lost world.

The Continental Societies are also laboring in Quantung. The Rhenish, the Berlin and the Basel Mission are all represented. The latter has a long chain of stations up the East River, and is said to have an ideal Mission work. They have avoided the great cities and have planted their stations in the villages, and have a compact and well organized work covering a large chain of villages in Northern Quantung. Our time would not allow us to go up to see them, but we heard on every side of the wisdom and efficiency of their work. We found the same reports of their great work in Southern India. These Continental people have a patience, a thoughtfulness and practical wisdom, as well as faith, which we may well study and emulate.

We had some service in Canton. On the night of our arrival, we found a most interesting body of young men assembled in Mr. Reeves' parlors, gathered from the Custom House workers in the city, and we spoke to them in the Mas-

ter's name, and believe there was blessing. On Sabbath we had two services. In the evening one was in the Presbyterian Compound, and the missionaries of all denominations were present, and God was pleased to bless the service to many hearts in a deeper baptism of the Holy Ghost. Even missionaries need to be quickened and consecrated, and we have never met hungrier hearts, or more open doors, than among the missionaries abroad. We had the privilege of meeting about forty of the workers in Canton, and deem it a great privilege to know these dear standard-bearers and be counted as fellow-workers with them.

Our own work, we need hardly say, had only begun, but already, through the modest worth and wisdom of our dear workers, it had become established in the affection and confidence of other missionaries. We believe the time has come when we may send a party of workers to reinforce our friends in Southern China. They went to this part of the Empire chiefly to see what openings there were still unoccupied in this oldest of the China Mission fields. But they found such destitution and need that we could easily employ hundreds of laborers.

After much careful and prayerful inquiry, we believe the Master would have our Alliance endeavor to occupy the neglected province of Quangsi. It lies just west of Quantung. It has a population of eight millions of people, and, with the exception of one or two little stations, recently planted by the Southern Baptists on the West River, is entirely unoccupied. The Presbyterians attempted to occupy it a few years

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ago, but were driven out; but the Baptists persevered, and have a small but solid footing, and report that the people have become more friendly; and now the Presbyterian brethren, we believe, regret that they have not the force to occupy it at present.

This is surely the "regions beyond" of Southern China. With one exception—Hunan—it is the most unoccupied and destitute field in the Empire. To reach it is an ambition worthy of the bravest heart. To claim its eight millions for Christ would be to our hearts an inspiring hope if we were ourselves free to go. Most of its people live along the shores of the great river that flows past Canton, and its various tributaries and headwaters. Every part of it can be easily approached from Canton by boat.

A party, if need be, could live in a boat for months and evangelize along the river shore. We wish there was a score of such Gospel boats along the rivers of Quangsi, and we believe there will be, ere long—at least, we hope there will be—at least half a score of pioneers ready to go before the close of the year and take this region for Christ.

But let no one think that this is a work that can be done by inexperienced enthusiasm. No field so much needs the best men as this. A false step in China may easily prove fatal to all the work. China is not India, a land all open to the Gospel, and a people who meekly give place to the Englishman. In China you are the inferior, and you enter and stay only on sufferance. Undoubtedly, the secret purpose of the Chinese nation is, as soon as they can afford it, and can manage it, to get rid of the foreigner.

You cannot go where you like or do as you please here. You can do nothing without their good will and confidence. Every step you take you will be watched by a suspicious crowd. They cannot believe that you have come there without some selfish and mercenary motive. If you go off alone, it is reported that you have gone off to find some fabled golden pig that is concealed in a cave in the valley, and that you are carrying off the good fortune of the place with you. If you put up a Chapel, you are sure to get some corner of it wrong, so that it hinders the progress of the dragon as he flies through the air. In Swatow the missionaries had to give up the property they had secured, because it was found, on consulting their oracles, that the land was located right on the dragon's tail. Only a few weeks ago, the Baptist Chapel, in this very province of Quangsi, was about to be torn down because they said it was keeping back the rain; and if the Christians had not prayed, and the Lord sent the rain within four days, the Mission would, undoubtedly, have been expelled.

If you are going to Quangsi you must go expecting, perhaps, to be stoned and driven out after you have spent months in establishing your work. What are you going to do about it? Why, as a good missionary said in Southern China lately: "Just go back again and if they drive you out a second time go back once more, and they will respect you for it." And when they see that you have decided to stay they will let you alone, as they have done already more than once in the case of noble, indefatigable men, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

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If there are such men in America waiting for a call, Quangsi is the place for them, especially if they will take the Lord to give them His wisdom, courage and all sufficiency.

Any degree of talent, capacity and holy energy will find ample scope in this great arena. Why, these mission fields are imperial realms, and the men and women that are now taking them for God will be the princes and the crowned ones of the Coming Kingdom. May God open the eyes of some of His loved ones who are wasting their lives at home, or only getting God's *Better* instead of God's *Best* for the solemn, precious life that each of us can only live but once !

XX.

SHANGHAI AND ITS MISSIONARY WORK.

WE sailed from Hong Kong to Shanghai on "The Empress of India," of the Canada Pacific Railway Company. She is one of three great "Empress" steamships, which are, doubtless, the finest in Eastern waters, and only surpassed, perhaps, by the new Cunard liners, recently placed on the Atlantic. The others are "The Empress of China" and "The Empress of Japan." They are painted pure white, and in contrast with the black hulls of most ocean steamships, present a most queenly appearance on the water. The young Canadian colony has good reason to be proud of her vessels. We had expected to continue our journey on them all the way, at a later date, to Vancouver, but found afterwards that it would be necessary to part with our tickets and return from Japan, via San Francisco, in order to be home in time for the Old Orchard Convention, of whose earlier date we have just heard.

We cannot speak too highly of the comfort of these great steamships, and the courtesy of their officers, as well as the exceptionally high class of passengers who usually patronize them. They make the voyage from Japan to America in twelve days, and reduce it, almost, to an Atlantic passage.

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GATE OF WOOSUNG FORT, SHANGHAI.

On the way we had the privilege of meeting the venerable Bishop Burdon, of Hong Kong, and learning much from him about Quang-si. We also met some other faithful missionaries and esteemed acquaintances.

On the third morning we entered the vast mouth of the Yang-tse River, and were soon anchored at Woosung, and a little later, steaming up the river in the launch to Shanghai, fourteen miles further up.

We were not prepared for our first view of Shanghai. We expected a foreign settlement—a number of streets, banks and English stores,—but this splendid and imposing foreign city, stretching for miles along the river, with its parks, gardens, splendid warehouses, offices and hotels quite took us by surprise, and made us wonder if we were not in Calcutta, Rangoon or Bombay. Shanghai is, indeed, worthy of comparison with any of the great foreign capitals of the East; and we found afterwards, as we often traversed its fine pavements, and passed up and down its magnificent streets, that our impressions were not disappointed.

There are three distinct quarters, all succeeding each other, on the river front, viz., the American, British and French, but the British is the most substantial and imposing. In these Concessions most of the foreigners live, and most of the missionary and business houses are erected. Back of this lies the native city, which has a population of about 125,000, densely crowded into its close and narrow streets, very much like any other Chinese city. The foreign population of the European Concession in Shanghai is between

4,000 and 5,000, and the native population about 200,000 in the foreign city, and 125,000 in the native—or a total of 329,000 altogether. The trade of Shanghai exceeds \$1,600,000 annually, and the actual value of property in the foreign city is \$70,000,000.

We were kindly welcomed and most hospitably entertained by our dear brother, Mr. Stevenson, at the China Inland Mission Home, Woosung Road. Here we met a number of the missionaries of this model society, and realized much of the spirit of their work. We felt very much at home among these dear young hearts who reminded us of our own young people in America at the College Home. The Shanghai Home is a beautiful and commodious building, accommodating, we should think, nearly one hundred persons, and is, we believe, the gift of one of their own workers.

The spirit of the Home is most hallowed. Every meal is closed with prayer, and every day has its special fields for prayer and intercession. The Missionary Map is part of the decoration of the wall, and as the places are called out for special prayer, the long pointer moves along the map and all eyes and hearts meet over the place where some lone heart is standing as a witness for Christ. The work of the China Inland Mission covers the whole Empire, and it is most inspiring to realize the grasp of China which God has given this great missionary movement, after the toils and trials of thirty years, comprehending so many of the strategic points of this mightiest Empire on the globe.

At the missionary prayer meeting it is usual to read ex-

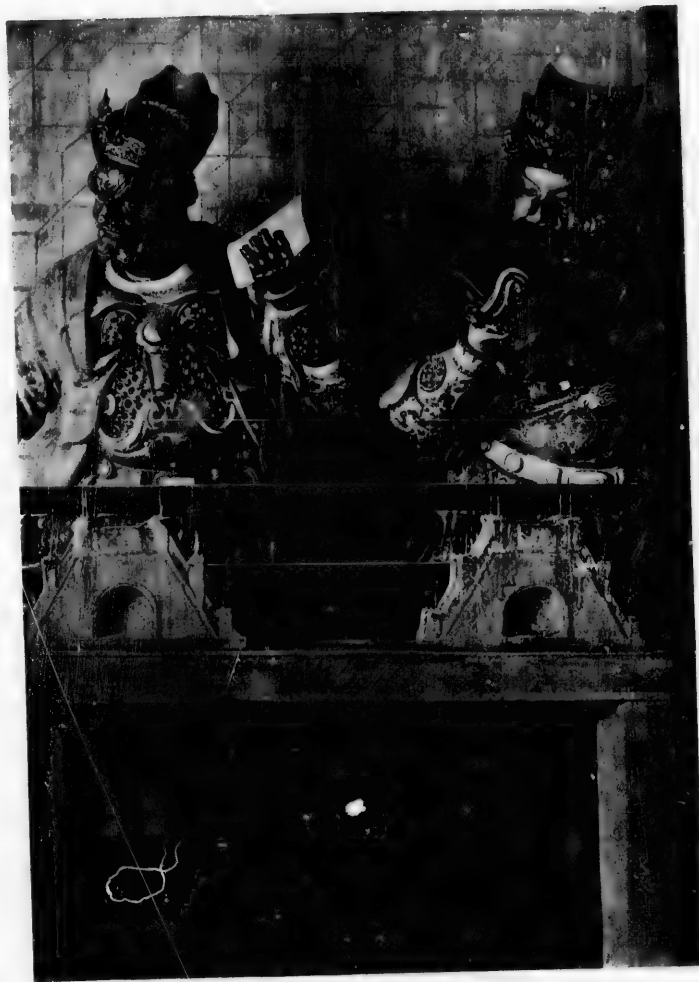
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CHINESE IDOLS, NATIVE CITY, SHANGHAI.

tracts from the letters that are ever coming from the field, and telling of the triumphs as well as the trials of the work. We are so glad to say that the former were far in the ascendent at all the meetings that we attended, and that many of the incidents that were given from Yunnan and Kweichow, from Kiangsi and Szchuen of the things that had been happening the previous week, were thrilling and truly apostolic. God is working to-day, especially in North China, in the hearts of the Chinese, and especially through many of the native preachers, in a way that fills our hearts with hope and joy.

We had the opportunity of witnessing for Christ on Sabbath morning and evening to large English audiences containing many missionaries, and we were the recipients of many personal kindnesses and courtesies. Among these were not a few old workers and missionaries. It was a great pleasure to meet dear Anna More in her Presbyterian Home, and to find a little More added to her life and happiness, as well as home circle. Her husband, Rev. Mr. Silsby, has an excellent work at South Gate, Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs. Evans are doing a good and useful work in their Missionary Home and Agency. Mr. and Mrs. Fitch are connected with the Presbyterian Publishing House. Dr. Farnham is in Mission work in Shanghai. Miss Fannie Smith has become Mrs. Dr. Woods, and is up on the Grand Canal in her husband's field. Mr. Ferguson, of Nanking, who was the host and friend of some of our early missionaries, was in Shanghai. We also met Dr. Corbett, of the Presbyterian Mission in Chefoo, which God

has so richly blessed, dear Mr. McKenzie, of Swatow, with whom we had hallowed fellowship, and a good many whom we had previously known or with whom we had some special ties.

On Tuesday afternoon a large gathering, including most of the missionaries in Shanghai, and a number who happened to be in the city at the time, assembled in the chapel of the China Inland Mission to extend to us a welcome in behalf of our missionary work. This was an unexpected kindness, and it was most courteously and heartily given. It was in response to an invitation from our host and friend, Mr. Stevenson, whose kindness we cannot too gratefully acknowledge.

After the usual English cup of tea and sandwiches, we were glad to have the opportunity of explaining the object and plan of our work, and laying it upon the hearts of these dear workers for China. There had been some misunderstandings, especially in connection with the sending out of so great a number of Swedes at one time. It was feared by many that so large a number could not well be received and properly located at one time, and that any mistake in this direction might unfavorably affect missionary work in other parts of China. As our readers know, we had already anticipated these dangers before leaving England, and since our arrival in China had been very busy arranging the details of this great undertaking, and we were able to assure our missionary friends that every precaution had been taken, and still would be, to guard against anything that could

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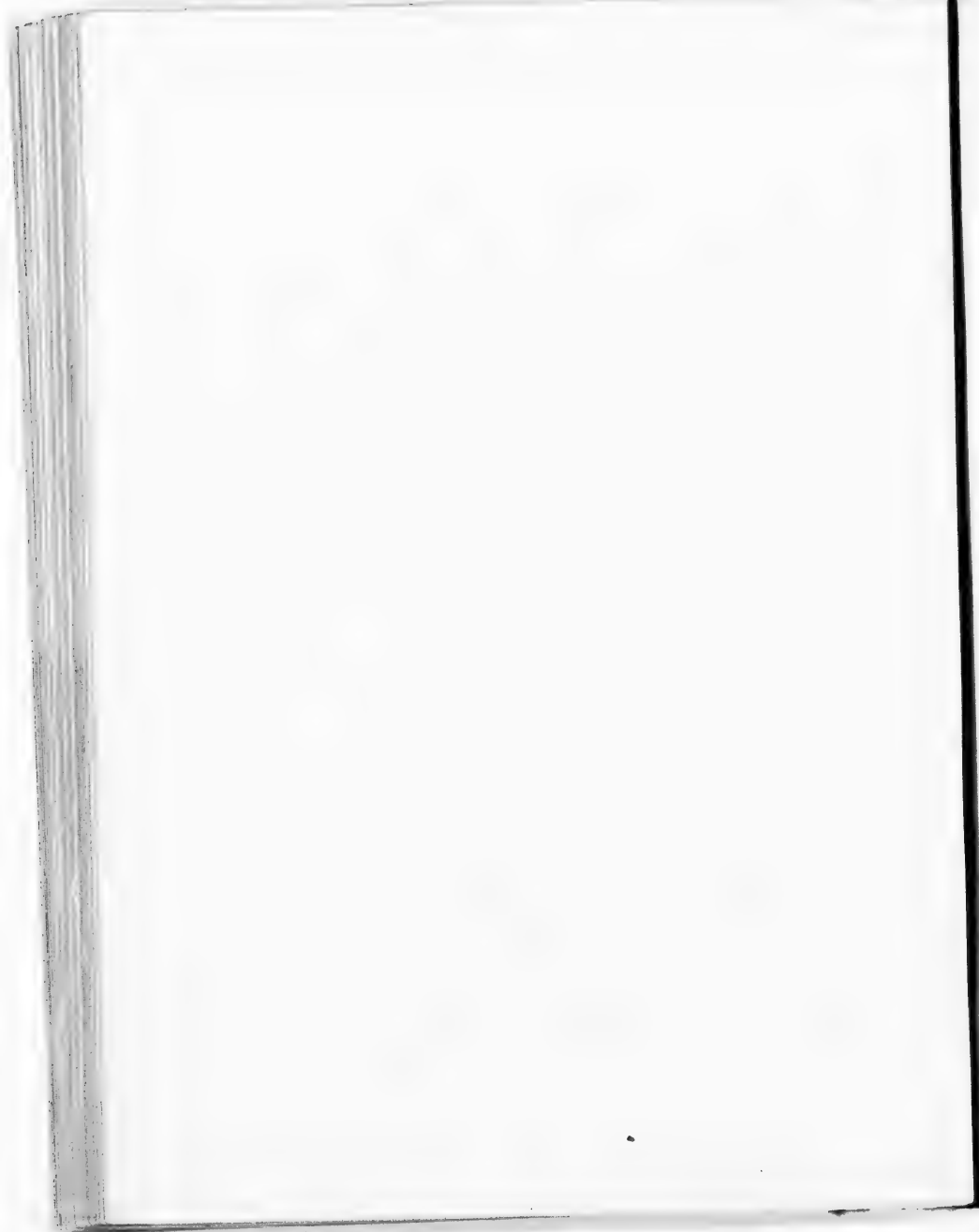
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A PAGODA AT PEKING.



imperil this work or prejudice the work of others. We were also glad to tell our friends of the profound missionary movement which God was stirring up in the hearts of so many at home, and the enlarged hopes He was giving us of the evangelization of China and the world in this generation.

At the close of the message we received a very kind welcome in the name of the missionaries present, from the venerable Dr. Muirhead, of the London Missionary Society, the senior missionary in Shanghai, and the companion and successor of Dr. Medhurst, and the early founders of missionary work in China. We were deeply touched as this dear old man recalled his early experience, and reminded a later generation of the changes which he had seen in China, and then welcomed us to a share in its mission work and told us that it was the great mission field of the world, and one which would repay, in abundant measure, all the efforts expended upon it.

It was a great privilege to meet this great body of men and women who had been standing face to face with the needs of China, some of them for more than forty years; and we were encouraged in the name of the Christians of America to take a new hold with them for the evangelization of China in the remaining years of this century. There was an attendance of more than one hundred and fifty, of whom the large proportion were missionaries. We have been impressed with the earnestness of the missionaries in Shanghai, and their catholic and united spirit.

We had the pleasure of meeting at this gathering, Epis-

copal dignitaries, and humble lay missionaries side by side, Northern and Southern Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists, and men of other names, all united in love for Christ and China. We saw much in the spirit of the missionaries we met in Shanghai to fill us with strong hope for the progress of Christianity in China in the next seven years. There has been much prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and most of the missionaries we have met in China are looking, we believe, in the right direction for the blessing which China needs to-day.

Many of the great societies are strongly represented in Shanghai. Here the China Inland Mission have their receiving home and their Central Offices and stores for the enormous business connected with the directing and supplying a force of over five hundred missionaries in all parts of China. Here, also, those great pioneer and auxiliary missionary agencies, the British and American Bible Societies, have their headquarters for China, and a staff of strong and devoted workers. Here the old London Missionary Society has a good local work, and a number of laborers. The Northern Presbyterian Church has a number of laborers in Shanghai, and a large printing and publishing department with one hundred employes, under the superintendence of our beloved brother, Rev. Geo. F. Fitch. The Southern Methodists have a very strong work and a fine educational establishment, under the care of Dr. Young Allen, now at home. The Church Missionary Society is represented by Venerable Archdeacon Moule; and the Protestant Episcopal Church of Amer-

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ica, by Venerable Archdeacon Thompson. The Southern Baptists, the American Church of the Disciples and the Seventh Day Baptists have each several laborers in Shanghai. The Woman's Union Missionary Society of New York, founded by Mrs. Doremus, has an excellent hospital and several missionaries. There is a Chinese Tract Society, a Seaman's Mission, a Mission for the Japanese, a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a Christian Vernacular Society. There are two Union Churches, with services in English, one meeting in Masonic Hall and the other in the Union Church edifice. "The Chinese Recorder" is published monthly by the Presbyterian Press, and the "Chinese Messenger" by Rev. Timothy Richards.

The first two parties of our Swedish Missionaries had already arrived, and through the wonderful goodness of God, had been provided for and conducted safely on their way, with-



PAGODA NEAR SHANGHAI.

out any serious misadventure. But had a larger number come at present, or had there been a prospect of several additional parties coming this season, it would have been attended with serious difficulty and inconvenience, and would have been the occasion of much concern on the part of other missionaries.

We cannot thank God enough, both for what has and what has not been done. As it is, a body of forty-five new missionaries, making, with their superintendents, over fifty, have gone to Northern Shansi, and are preparing for missionary labors in Northern China, under the most hopeful auspices. This alone is a very large body of missionaries, as large, perhaps, as the number of any other society in China, except the China Inland Mission. Their training will engage the utmost care and capacity of their overseers, and their number will be sufficient to occupy very fairly the large and populous district assigned to them. As soon as they shall have been properly introduced to their work and assigned to their stations, and their success shall have shown the entire practicability of the arrangements here, another party can follow them with the opening of next season,—a larger party if the circumstances justify it; and the work can be indefinitely multiplied, if the Lord shall continue to provide the means, agencies and openings.

It is simply a debt of justice and an obligation of the barest courtesy to say that we owe very much, indeed, of the facility with which the transit and location of our Swedish friends has been effected, to the kindness and wise cooperation of Rev. W. I. Stevenson and the China Inland Mission.

The Superintendent of the Mission is Mr. Emanuel Olsson. Mr. Olsson is the son of a prominent Swedish gentleman, and has gladly devoted himself to a self-denying missionary life for his Master's sake. He has been in China between two and three years, and has acquired the language and become acquainted with the people. He is very much encouraged in his work, and already the Lord has put His seal upon it in Northern China.

The field they have taken is Northern Shansi. It lies outside the great wall, and is occupied by a vast population of simple, agricultural people, who are very kindly disposed toward them, and a good many already are inquiring into the Gospel.

The field reaches the borders of Mongolia, and some of them, no doubt, will be led of the Lord to that great people, among whom, there is, as yet, no single voice to tell of Jesus and salvation.

We thank God for the hopeful commencement of the Alliance Mission—North Shansi—and commend it to God and the prayers of His people.

This movement, if wisely directed, will become a great blessing to China and prove the beginning of a wide-spread system of evangelization on simple and deeply spiritual lines.

These dear people have a simplicity of faith and capacity for self-denial, hardship and endurance which are much needed in China, and will prove a most helpful inspiration to all the other workers. There is no sort of doubt about their being able to live and do good work in Northern China

for the modest sum which they themselves have proposed. We feel sure that both they and their leaders are men and women of deep piety, and filled with the Holy Ghost, and that they will have the direction and blessing of God and the constant prayers of all our people, and that ere long the first stage of their work will be so fully established that the way will be open for sending them larger reinforcements.

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ON THE YANGTSE.

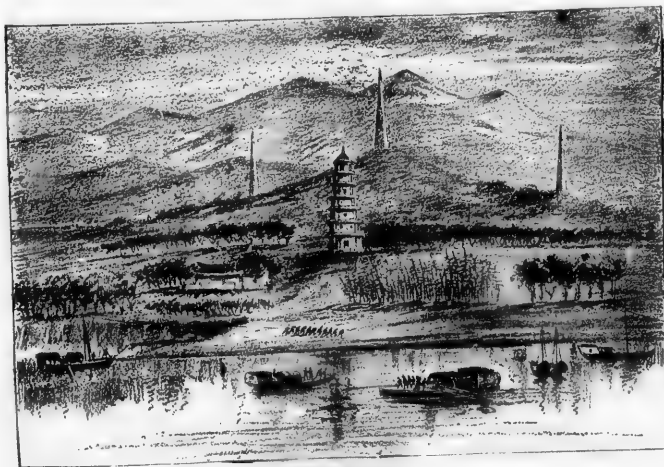
FIVE great rivers compete for the queenship of the waters,—the Nile, the Mississippi, the La Plata, the Amazon and the Yangtse. Two of these we have not seen, but certainly none of the others pour such a volume of water to the sea as the noble Yangtse. We have spent three weeks upon its bosom, passing up and down, and it grows upon us day by day in its immensity and importance. More like an inland sea than a river, in many places, so broad is its tide that our ship rolled and pitched in its current like a vessel in the ocean, as far as three hundred miles from the sea ; and even at Hankow and Wuchang, six hundred miles from its mouth, so rough were its waves the day we left Hankow that it was deemed scarcely safe, one part of the day, for the large ferry boats to cross, and they told us that they were often upset in the heavy sea and swift current. There, even, it is a mile wide, and the great tea-ships, drawing nearly thirty feet of water, were lying at anchor in its waters ready to start to London direct with their first fresh cargoes. Up and down its teeming waters pass thousands of Chinese boats, plying their busy trade, and the ships of all nations can be recognized at the various ports.

Several lines of fine passenger steamers run from Shanghai to Hankow, and there are sometimes two or three daily. They look just like our American river boats, and while owned by Chinese companies, are run by European officers. Above Hankow there is regular steam navigation several times a week, nearly four hundred miles farther to the city of Ichang; and above Ichang, the river is navigable for steamboats for six hundred miles farther, all the way up to Chung King, the metropolis of Sz-chuen; but the Chinese authorities, with their usual conservatism, have, as yet, refused to allow the foreigner to run his engines up these sacred channels. As a sample of their ridiculous policy of obstruction, it is seriously reported that when the question of allowing steamers on the upper Yangtse was referred, some time ago, to the Mandarins, they reported gravely that it would not be well to attempt it as the monkeys in the gorges of the Upper Yangtse were exceedingly fierce, and would throw stones down upon the ships and injure them.

This part of the river is now ascended by cargo boats, which are pulled up the strong current by trackers, who walk along the bank. At this season, when the current is strong and the river high, it takes our missionaries a month to go from Ichang to Chung King, a distance which can be accomplished down the river in two days, so swift is the descending tide. No wonder they hope and pray for the day when the fear of these dreadful monkeys will be overcome, and the whistle of the engine will be heard in the Yangtse gorges.

Our time would only allow us to go as far as Hankow.

It would have required a month or two longer to penetrate the heart of Sz-chuen, and so we could only look upward from the mouth of the Han, and borrow the eyes of others whom we met, who had traversed these upper streams and explored the vast interior of China.



ABOVE ICHANG.

Although this river passes through the most densely-populated section of China, yet there is little sign upon its shores of the teeming myriads that cover all these regions, as thickly often as seven hundred to the square mile. In America such a river would be lined with bright and busy towns. But here all is loneliness. A few cities appear upon the

banks ; with some striking landmarks, such as Wuhu, Ku-kiang and Hankow, with their foreign houses standing out in bold relief ; but most of the native towns are so low and flat, or surrounded with dead walls that are scarcely noticeable. And so we passed such world-renowned places as Nanking, without anything unusual to attract our attention, and Wuhu was really the first point of striking interest, at which we touched and tarried.

The approach to Wuhu is quite picturesque. A good many hills overlook the town, and a number of foreign buildings stand out in bold relief. The most imposing of these is the Methodist Episcopal Mission, on a high promontory overlooking the river, and about a mile above the town. The British Consulate, the Commissioner of Customs and the Roman Catholic Mission occupy prominent and elevated situations. Wuhu is a Treaty Port, and a place of considerable commercial importance. It is said to have the largest export trade in rice in the Empire. The population is about 100,000, and it is altogether a place of much more importance than we supposed, ranking with any of the river cities, except Shanghai or Hankow. It is the chief city in the Province of Ghanwhei, and its river system connects it with most of the inland towns very easily and directly. The province had, before the rebellion, a population of about thirty millions, equal to one-half the United States, but it is now much reduced. It lies north and south of the Yangtse River, in a very central position, and is very thickly settled. Almost all the land is capable of cultivation and is fully occupied.

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GROUP OF CHINESE MISSIONARIES, WUHU.

We found our dear missionaries at Wuhu waiting for us on the hulk where the steamers land, and we had a joyful meeting. They were all there except Miss Murray, who is temporarily at Nanking, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, who are at Tatung, about fifty miles further up the river. They were all well, and we spent two or three days with them in much conference and prayer respecting the work. The party at Wuhu consists, at present, of four ladies and ten brethren. They are living in three houses; the ladies in one, and the gentlemen in the other two, in a sort of Bachelor's Home style.

While at Wuhu we were the recipient of much kindness from Dr. and Mrs. Stuart of the M. E. Mission. We also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Longden, of the same Mission. Mr. Drysdale, of the China Inland Mission, proved a valuable friend in some important business transactions, in which his Chinese experience was very generously placed at our service.

We had several public services, which were attended by a good many of the foreign residents, and we believe ~~one~~ or ~~two~~ precious souls were led to fully decide for Christ.

We found our young men carrying on a good work among the English and American officials of the Customs service. After a few days' stay, we hastened on up the river, intending to complete our visit here on our return. Half a day's sail brought us to the pretty town of Tatung, on the same side of the river. Here Mr. Johnston was waiting to welcome us, and an hour's sail from the landing, in a sampan,

brought us to his house. Here we met his wife and two children, and another missionary laboring with him at present, and we tarried two days looking over the field with him, and endeavoring to plan for the best interests of the work.

Mr. Johnston left the Tabernacle in New York ten years ago, to prepare for missionary work, and about six years ago came to China, in connection with the C. I. M. Three years ago he left their service, and, one year later, he joined our Mission. Tatung seems to be a very promising field. Opposite Tatung is an island, containing a large city of nearly 20,000 people, and Tatung, itself, has nearly as many people. They are very friendly, and almost all seemed to know Mr. Johnston, and to look upon him quite kindly. It was the only place in China where even the dogs did not once bark at us. And this is a very fair sign of the friendly disposition of their masters, and their familiarity with foreigners.

Mr. Johnston has an excellent native worker, and carries on a constant chapel service every day and evening, and has some hopeful inquirers.

There seems to be a fine opportunity for work here. Back of the town is a hill commanding one of the finest views in China, which would make a beautiful site for Mission premises, and all around is a large, unoccupied country, accessible by the innumerable waterways of Central China. Mr. Johnston has a fine command of the Chinese language, and gets on well with the people.

He wears the Chinese costume, and we have no doubt that this is, by far, the best way for interior work. In the

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treaty ports it does not make much difference, and we have, as yet, no rigid rule on the subject. But, in the interior, it is, no doubt, much preferable in every way. If there was no other reason, the difference that it makes in the expense of travelling on the river steamers would be sufficient to decide the question.

By wearing this dress one can travel in Chinese style, which is not at all uncomfortable, as we can testify from a little experience. You can get a cabin on the upper deck by a little management, and a seat at the private table of the compador or Chinese steward, and thus have a fair measure of privacy. And the difference in price is simply out of all proportion to the difference in comfort.

A regular English passenger will pay about \$30 from Shanghai to Hankow, and the fare in Chinese cabin, is less than \$3.

As to the comfort and convenience of the costume, there is great disparity of opinion. Our unbiased judgment is that most of those not wearing this costume dislike it. And the great majority of those who wear it, prefer it for all purposes.



A CHINESE RAIN COAT.

It has some disadvantages for ladies. It has no provision for a covering for the head, so needed in this climate, and the umbrella is scarcely sufficient. But many now wear hats with it. The shoes are also rather uncomfortable, and the shaving of the head is an awkward necessity for men. But, upon the whole, it is easy, comfortable, very graceful and handsome, cool in summer, and in winter susceptible of any amount of padding and warmth.

We would not advise any lady to go to China for interior work who is not prepared to wear this costume without objection or prejudice, and those who do not wear it should, as a rule, stay in the older centres and work on the more conservative lines of the older Missions. It is not, in any means, confined to the China Inland Mission, but is worn by many of the Presbyterian, London, and other missionaries in their interior work.

From Tatung we went on up the river to Gangking, the capital of the province of Ghanwhei. This is the seat of the China Inland Receiving Home, where the gentlemen who come out as missionaries remain for six months studying the language, and getting their first introduction to Chinese life. This home is under the care of Mr. Baller and wife, and it was a great privilege to meet these choice spirits, and to spend a day with them and nearly twenty of their students. It is needless to say that they are peculiarly adapted to their work. Mrs. Baller is a born mother, and no young man there is allowed to feel that he is far from home, and she is just as able, with her tender, spiritual wisdom, to minister to their souls as to look after their darning and their dining.

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Mr. Baller is a fine Chinese scholar and an experienced missionary, possessing that peculiar combination of qualities which fits one to shape the lives and characters of others without seeming to control them. It is the hand of iron and the touch of velvet. Such helpers are a great boon to a home, and without them a home is of doubtful value. But under such happy does it is a great help to a young missionary, on his first step in a strange land, to have the privilege of learning language and preparing for his future work in such a loved and helpful atmosphere. The first half year of a missionary's life, and sometimes the first week, decides his future missionary career, and gives a life-long impulse or check to all his life work. The most serious mistake any work can make, is to send single missionaries abroad before the work is prepared, or the superintendence provided, without which much of their work and even their most diligent study is apt to be ill-directed, and perhaps wasted.

We had much delightful fellowship and profitable conference with the friends at Gangking. In the afternoon we walked around the city, just outside the walls, and saw it on every side. Nothing so touched our heart as the great field of human graves that stretched away for miles all along the north side. It was, indeed, the City of the Dead. It seemed as if millions must be sleeping there, and they all looked as if they were reproaching us because we had let them die in Christless darkness. It was the only part of China that we had seen without living people. Many of these had been slain during the Taiping Rebellion. At that awful time, of

which we shall speak again, the Taipings had captured the city, and murdered all who would not accept their rule and creed. And afterwards, when the Imperialists reoccupied it, they beheaded all who had been rebels, so that between the two fires the poor Chinaman had a hard chance for his life.

We left Gangking at sunset, and our friends escorted us outside the city walls, and then returned, as the gates had to be shut at night. In a little native inn, on the river bank, we waited for our steamer till three o'clock in the morning—alone. It was a little taste of life in the interior. It would have been nothing if we had known the language. But we could not speak a word of Chinese, and they could not speak a word of English.

But we got on very well and did not feel a touch of loneliness or fear. We had a single native Christian with us and he kindly helped us to embark, although he knew not a word of English. But his face shone with holy intelligence. At length the steamer came along and stopped out in the river, till our native boat took us out, and they tumbled us and our baggage on board and we steamed away to Hankow. Our old native Christian parted with us with much affection.

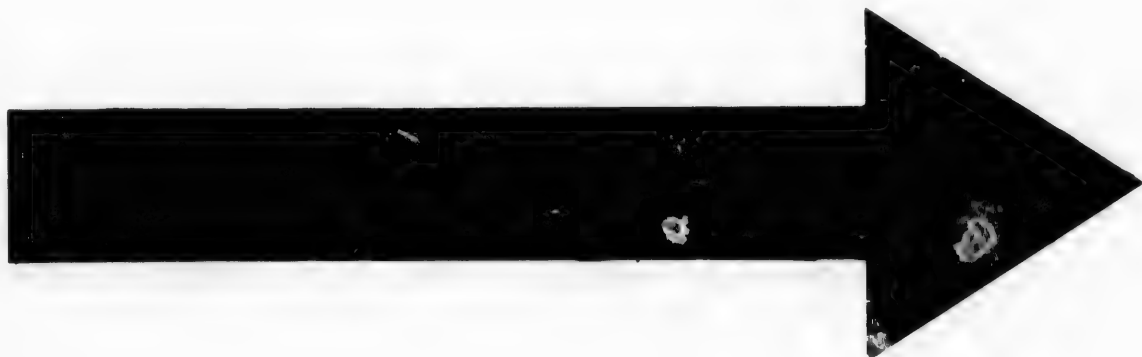
A party of seventeen soldiers also came on board with a poor prisoner in charge, whom we went down, with the captain, the next day to see. He was a pitiful sight. His hands and feet were chained, and around his neck was a great ox-chain fastened to a straight bamboo pole at his neck. The heavy chain crushed his neck. His posture was most painful, and his face was white with fear, as these seventeen sol-

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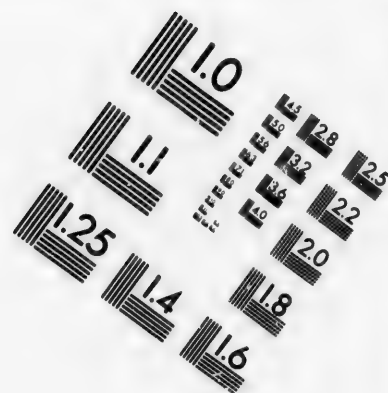
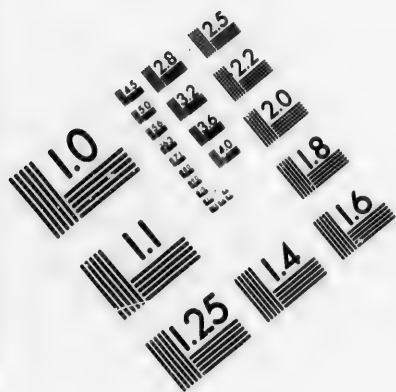
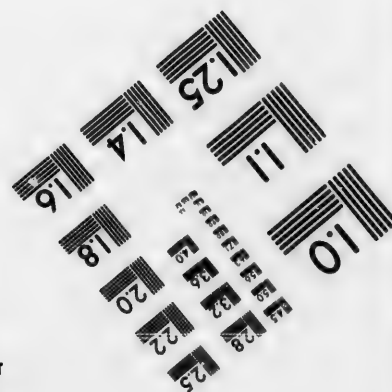
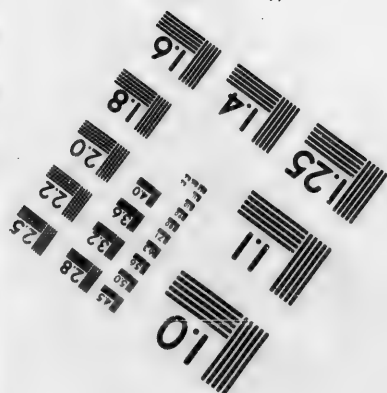
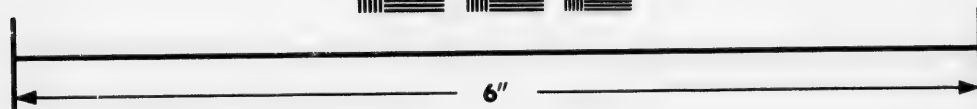
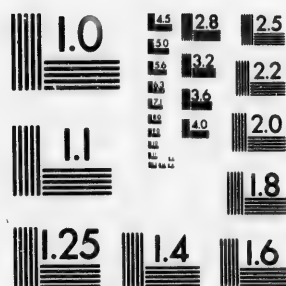


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diers stood around him with spears pointed and carbines loaded. He was charged with being a member of the political society known as the "*Ko-loa-wei*," which is said to have incited the riots of two years ago. They are taking him up to Wuchang before the Viceroy, for trial and execution, but we could not help asking God somehow to spare the poor fellow's life, and we trust in eternity to find that it was not in vain.

All along this river, at that time, from Ichang to Nanking, it was a time of terror and danger. Wuhu was the chief centre of violence, and there the Roman Catholic buildings were destroyed and all the missionaries compelled to flee. At the peaceful little town of Wusui, near Hankow, an English missionary, Mr. Argent, was murdered, and a Custom's officer cut to pieces. At Wuchang a rising was expected, and the foreign gunboats were ready at a signal to shell the town if it was attempted, and a place upon the walls preconcerted where the missionaries should meet in case of danger. Very few people now believe that there was any political society back of these riots, or anything worse than the crookedness and meanness of the Mandarins themselves, who are said to hate the foreigners, and, while professing friendship, are really the secret inciters of many a disturbance and the greatest obstacle in the way of sending the Gospel to the interior towns.

No one who has not lived in China can understand this official crookedness. The Chinese Mandarin is said to be a man with a mask. In the same city will be often seen a

public proclamation against foreigners anonymously circulated by the runners of the Official, and, at the same time, another proclamation signed by the Official condemning all these anonymous proclamations, and declaring that they are circulated by bad and unworthy people. The former is to promote anti-foreign feeling, the latter to keep up an appearance of uprightness and good behavior.

At the same time we feel it due to say that while this was the general opinion among the missionaries of the older societies in Central China, we have heard some very different statements from the most experienced workers of the China Inland Mission in the interior. Indeed, they have assured us, and shown us letters to prove that often the Mandarins are their best friends, and honestly endeavor to protect them, and do the very best thing they can for them in the face of the strong anti-foreign prejudices of the scholars and gentry. Upon the whole, we have concluded that the shield has two sides, and both statements are true, under varying circumstances.

We reached Hankow on Saturday morning, and spent three days in this great metropolis of interior China. It is a very fine city indeed. Its foreign Bund or settlement is only less imposing than Shanghai. The native city is three times as large, and much finer in every way, while two other great cities—Hanyang and Wuchang—lie right across the Han and Yangtse rivers, whose waters here meet. The three cities together have over a million inhabitants.

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TEMPLE AT HANKOW.



and Hunan, and a fine city of more than a quarter of a million people. Its houses are of a better class than any city we have seen in China. It is largely inhabited by official people. Hanyang is the smallest of the three, and lies between the two on the promontory formed by the meeting of the Han and the Yangtse. Hankow is the commercial capital, and has many fine streets and stores,—that is, for China. It is the Emporium of the trade of nine great provinces, containing among them two hundred millions of people. It is, in a word, the Chicago of China, while Shanghai is the New York of the Empire.

There are several strong Missions here; the oldest and strongest is the London Society. Rev. Griffith John is its oldest and best-known representative. We had met him in America, and were sorry to find that he was absent in the country on a tour, but we received the greatest kindness from his family, and from all the other members of the Mission. We had a good opportunity of seeing their work, and a good and substantial work it is. Its methods are conservative and careful, but its results are solid, if somewhat slow. We saw two of their native congregations on the Sabbath, and it was very inspiring to see that body of two or three hundred native Christians, mostly men, and to remember that they had been gathered, one by one, from heathenism.

They have three chapels in Hankow, where daily services are held, and a few stations in the country, in the vicinity. They have about a dozen English and as many native missionaries. This is the result of thirty years of hard and

faithful work. When we asked one of their workers about the prospect of multiplying their workers, this was his answer: "If our Board were to send us seven or eight more missionaries, we should welcome them; if they were to send us twenty, we should not know what to do with them." This well represents the conservative method of Missions in its best and most successful form. No wonder we asked, "When are you going to reach all the millions of China at this rate?" And no wonder missionaries, who see no larger possibility for China, are led to believe in a "larger hope," and some second chance for these lost millions in a future world. Thank God there is a better way. Notwithstanding the wise and honest convictions of such honored workers, we believe there is room in China for not only twenty more, but for men enough to occupy all her centres of population before the close of the present century. And we believe that, by the grace of God, it shall be done.

We spent some pleasant hours with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Foster, of the London Mission, in whose home Miss Stowell, of Boston, once associated with our Alliance, spent two years. We had one very interesting hour in the Hankow Hospital with Dr. Gillison, witnessing his treatment of thirty or forty outdoor patients, and seeing some samples of Chinese diseases, and the nature and value of Medical Missions. We had the privilege of teaching a Chinese Bible class through an interpreter, and seeing their bright, responsive minds. We were permitted to preach to the English congregation on Sabbath evening, and trust the Lord was pleased to bless His Word.

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We visited the two Swedish Missions, respectively in Hankow and Wuchang, and also met the workers of the China Inland Mission, who have a business station here for the supply of all their interior stations, and are now erecting new premises for stores and offices. We crossed the rough river to Wuchang, and visited several of the Missions there, and looked at some premises with a view to opening a station here for our own future work. This is, necessarily, the point of transition for all interior stations, and, if we are going to go farther West, it will be necessary for us to have a branch of our work here. It is, especially, the starting point for Hunan, the great unoccupied province of Central China, and sustaining the same relation to it as Quangsi to the South, and Thibet to the West.

So far the Hunanese have suffered no foreigner to settle in their province. Many have visited it, but only to be treated harshly and driven out. But God is working for Hunan, and it is soon to be opened to the Gospel; if not by foreigners, at least by natives.

Of late there have been many remarkable tokens of a rising of the native Christians to evangelize their own land. While we were calling at the London Mission in Hankow, we were delighted to meet two natives who were just returning from a missionary tour through that province. We had their story translated to us, and it was thrilling in its simple, apostolic interest.

One of them is an old man, a voluntary evangelist, who receives no salary and is under no Society, but simply a mem-

ber of the Wesleyan Mission. The other is a coolie, who was called by the Spirit to accompany the other and carry his books and baggage, and who went without pay. Each received his call apart from the other. Both had been praying for Hunan, in their homes—about nine miles apart. After praying awhile, the Spirit said to them, "What is the use of your praying unless you do something yourself to answer your prayer? Why don't you go to Hunan?" They thought of their weakness, and the difficulty and danger of the field, but God told them that He would be their Strength and Protector; and so they told the Wesleyan missionary, Mr. Warren, of their plan, and he and his people approved it, and had a meeting to send them forth, and gave them a collection of \$8.00; and, with this as their capital and outfit, they started on foot for the capital of Hunan, and when we saw them they were just returning from their first missionary journey. It was not unlike Paul's, in some ways. They had many perils and persecutions, but God had graciously delivered them and used them, and they were now going home, with glad and grateful hearts, to tell the story of His goodness, and go forth again with more books and tracts for a more extensive tour.

The older man was a fine sample of a native worker, full of deep, solid earnestness and holy simplicity, and the rough, uncultured country coolie was just as interesting, his face fairly shining as he told how he had been taken to the "Yamen," before the magistrate, and forbidden to sell any more of these books or preach the Gospel, and how, when he

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got back to his friend, they went on as before, and the Lord had preserved them, and the very men who had opposed and cursed them became their friends and bought their books.

This is but a type of the great movement which China needs for its full evangelization, and which God is already preparing. Let us pray, let us work, let us believe, and we shall see the glory of God. It seemed like a voice from heaven to us to meet this incident at the very moment of our arrival in Central China, and we commend our two dear brethren, Chang-I-Tzu and Li-Quang-Ti, or, as we might abbreviate it, Chang and Li, to the prayers of all who love to remember China.

We would have been glad to go up to Ichang, the head of steam navigation on the Yangtse, but it would have taken a week longer and our time was already overrun. So we contented ourselves with a good talk with our friends who had been there, and especially Mr. Broomhall, who had just returned from Ichang; and then, amid the kind leave-takings of many dear friends who "accompanied us unto the ship," we started down the great river for Wuhu, Nanking and Shanghai.

Just before we sail let us take one parting glance up these two mighty rivers to the vast fields that lie beyond.

South of us lies the Province of Hunan, with a population greater than all the Atlantic States combined, without a single missionary; and north, lies Honan, as large and nearly as needy. Up the Yangtse we might travel thirty days and reach Chung King, the commercial capital of Sz-

chuen, a province as populous as the whole of France, and just beginning to be evangelized within the past few years. A month still farther up the same river, lies Chentaun, the provincial capital of Sz-chuen, where our old friend, Mr. Hart, and a number of other missionaries have recently opened stations. It takes these dear workers two months from Shanghai to



ON THE UPPER YANGTSE.

reach their fields, and three months to get their letters from home.

Still farther from Chung King to the southwest, is the beautiful and mountainous province of Kwei-chau, where the China Inland Mission have planted a few pioneer stations. Up the Han to the northeast lie Shensi and Kansuh, with

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ten millions of people most friendly and open, and with hundreds of cities that are not yet entered, and where living is so cheap that one smiles when they hear the figures at which houses can be rented and provisions bought.

And in these vast provinces, as yet only a little handful of pioneers have placed the soles of their feet. There are empires of glorious opportunity waiting for Faith and Courage to conquer. Were we younger and freer, how our heart would spring to claim them! Compared with them, how trifling the greatest field at home! And we wonder that even the missionary abroad can be willing to settle down on some comfortable preserve, prepared by the toil and sufferings of another, content to "build upon another man's foundation," and not reach out to these "regions beyond" where God is waiting to give him a kingdom of souls that shall be forever, through the grace of Jesus, all his own.

Let us go forth, beloved, and claim our kingdom while we may. The possibilities of Mission work in interior China are immense, imperial, Millennial, and glorious indeed.



PAGODA ON THE YANGTSE.

XXII.

DOWN THE YANGTSE.

THE journey down the great river is much more rapid than the ascent. The swift current adds, at least, five or six miles an hour to the time the steamers make going down. And so we reached Wuhu, from Hankow, in about thirty hours.

We were in Hankow in the height of the tea season. It is the great mart for China tea, and so the river was full of tea ships, loading and leaving for London. These are splendid steamers, great ocean racers which compete for the quickest passage and the earliest cargoes of fresh tea for the London market. One was just leaving with *eleven million pounds* on board,—a cargo worth several million dollars.

The tea from all the surrounding country comes into Hankow, and here it is assorted, packed and shipped. The tea business employs many hands, and a specific profession, known as "tea-tasting," has grown up, which affords a lucrative business to many foreigners. The "tea-taster" usually receives a very large salary for his services during the tea season, of about two months, and is a gentleman of leisure for the rest of the year, residing at Shanghai or London or wherever he pleases. His business is to test the teas that are

offered, and they are assorted and branded according to his inspection. The tea production of China is quite different from that of India. Here it is all raised on small farms, by the natives, and brought to market in small quantities by innumerable sellers; whereas, in India, it comes in large quantities from great estates, which are all carried on by English planters.

The Hankow teas are usually black, and are of a superior quality, although we are disposed to think that they are inferior to the best India teas.

The tea usually drunk in China by the natives is green tea. Tea-drinking is universal. The tea houses are everywhere, and, for less than a cent, you can always get a cup of tea, in Chinese fashion. They put a few grains of tea in the bottom of your cup, and pour boiling water over them and then cover the cup and let it infuse. After two or three minutes it is fit to drink. To put cream or sugar in it would seem as strange to a Chinaman as it would to a Scotchman to put sugar in his oatmeal porridge. They drink this universally, and think it very delicious and wholesome.

A Chinaman never drinks cold water, and thinks it strange and dangerous for Europeans to do so. It is a great mercy that this is so, for the habits of the people are so filthy that were they to drink the raw water of their ponds and rivers, the whole population would certainly be swept away by cholera and other epidemics. The boiling of the water, in the form of tea, is certainly a wise and providential arrangement. As to the deliciousness of the tea, our experience was

too brief to reach a favorable conclusion. Our friends told us we should soon come to prefer it to all other, but for the present, at least, we have about the same opinion of it as we should have of the Scotchman's porridge without the sugar.

We were not surprised to learn that the China tea trade is suffering from the competition from India. But it is still an immense business, and has made Hankow a great city, its trade last year, through the foreign customs, reaching nearly \$50,000,000.

We passed through some very beautiful scenery below Hankow. The hills of Wusui are quite pretty, and the "Little Orphan" is a picturesque island standing alone in the river in romantic loneliness. The hills at Kui-Kiang, overhanging the Poyang Lake, and rising four or five thousand feet high, are rather fine, and afford a superb location for a summer hill station. The heat in July and August is said to be very great, and some of the workers occasionally need a change. Most of the missionaries find their best vacation in their country touring. A trip in a house-boat among the country villages, would be our favorite summer vacation. So far as heat is concerned, we have, so far, found none in China, and have suffered more from the cold than the heat up to this date, the beginning of June. But the sun is very strong, we believe, in the later summer, although bearing no sort of comparison with India.

We reached Wuhu on Wednesday morning, and spent three days with our brethren of the Alliance Mission in very important sessions for conference and prayer, and when we

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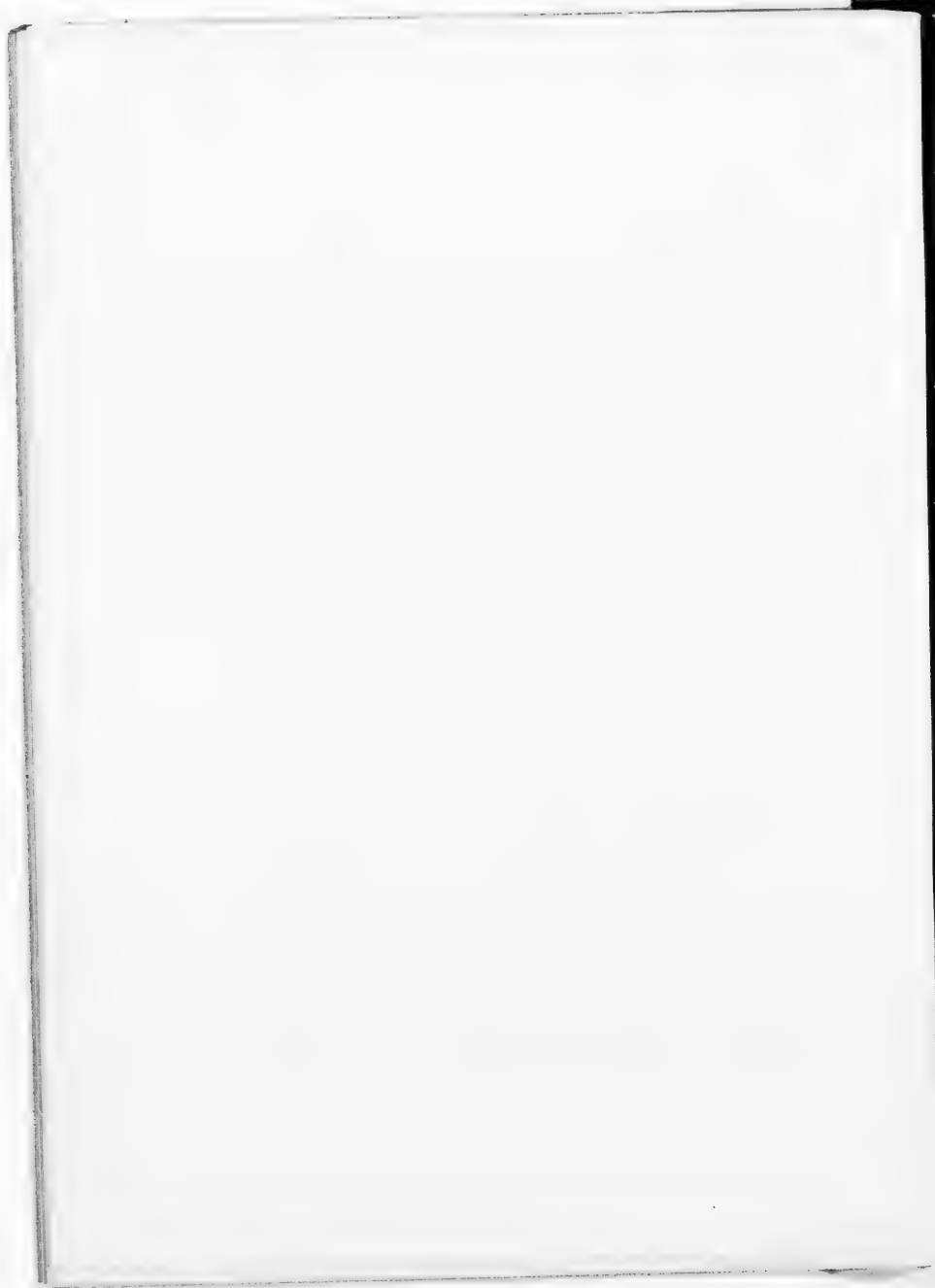
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THE "LITTLE ORPHAN," YANGTSE RIVER.





closed the conferences at the Table of our Lord on Friday night, and finally parted at the steamer hulk, on Saturday morning, we all felt that much had been accomplished, and that our Mission work in China was about to enter on the second chapter of its history, with much hopefulness and blessing.

Our Mission in China has passed through peculiar trials, commencing with the death of Mr. Cassidy on his way to the field, as its first pioneer and leader, and continuing from year to year, through some difficulties, chief of which has been the want of an experienced leader and a permanent organization. But we believe that God has carried our beloved friends safely through the early trials inseparable from every new work, and that the Mission will now go forward, under well-matured plans and experienced leadership to solid work and steady growth.

We have now a party of sixteen American missionaries in Central China, all of whom have more or less fully acquired the language and are ready to begin work. We have been able to arrange for their organization and distribution in such a manner as not only to provide for their highest usefulness, but also for the opening of the way for others who may follow them to the field in the immediate future.

One of the very first necessities of the work is the appointment of a capable and experienced Superintendent, not only for this field, but for all our work in China, and this has now been arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned ; and we rejoice to hope that henceforth our work in China will be, under

God, under the direction of a wise and strong hand, able to give to it the care it requires and desires. Such leaders God has given us in all our other fields, and without the most competent oversight on the field, our work in China cannot be carried on successfully. The success of the China Inland Mission is largely due, under God, to the wisdom, faith, and personal administration of men like Mr. Taylor, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Baller, and others whom God has specially fitted for these great trusts.

The way is also opening for the distribution of our workers in a number of new stations. Two of our brethren are preparing to open a station south of Wuhu, and four of them have two new fields in view on the north side of Wuhu, in San-Ho, a city in the vicinity of Luchau-fu, on the Chow Lake, and Han-San-Hsien, a city farther east in the province. All these points have been visited by them and work begun, and they are most important centres of vast and yet unoccupied regions with millions of people.

It would be premature to say that certain cities will be occupied; for the opening of a new city in China is a very different matter from what it is in India. In the latter country you can locate where you please, under British protection, and all you have to do is to go and rent or build a house. But in China it is a very different matter. You cannot go where you please. You cannot go anywhere without the good will of the people and the consent of the officials. You can visit a town and be well received, but when you come to rent a house, your difficulties begin. Many of the people might be

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willing to rent to you, but they are afraid. You might be turned out and the house destroyed by a mob. In some cases a man has been severely beaten by the Mandarin for renting a house to a foreigner. The present attitude of the Chinese officials is to allow as few stations to be occupied by foreigners as possible. Much tact, wisdom, and patience are necessary in opening new stations.

The Canadian Presbyterians have been five years in getting two small stations opened in Honan, and in that time they have had several disturbances. The Swedes, near Hankow, were escorted out of a city they had rented a house in, the other day. The Norwegians, on the Han River, had just been ordered to stop the erection of their new Mission house the week before we were in Hankow. The building of a foreign house in a new station is simply out of the question. It will be a great thing to get a native house leased, and we must not, therefore, be discouraged if our dear friends are a little while in getting settled in San-Ho, Luchau-fu and Han-San, and if they get marched out again more than once after they do get in.

But they are going to put the sole of their foot down on new ground, and we shall back them up by our earnest prayers. The province of Ghanwhei, where they are settled, is a large and populous one. It is the least occupied by missionaries of any of the Central Provinces of China. It had 34,000,000 people before the rebellion, and may now have 20,000,000. It has five great Fu cities, of which only one, we believe, is occupied by missionaries. The Fu city is the

capital of a great provincial district. Next come the H'schien cities, like our country towns. There are more than fifty of these in Ghanwhei, and not over half a dozen of them have missionaries. Besides, there are innumerable market towns of from ten to twenty thousand people, usually the best places for a missionary centre.

The field in Ghanwhei is about six times as great as the whole province of Berar, in India, and it will be seen that there is ample room for many scores of laborers within it. The people are fairly friendly, and the means of communication are very easy,—creeks and canals running past nearly all the towns, and enabling the missionary to reach the field and almost all his stations by boat. In this province we believe God would have us concentrate for the present much of our China work, and aim, as in Berar, to occupy it fully, and provide for the speedy evangelization of all its towns and people.

Wuhu is its principal commercial city—its best centre of operations. Here we shall have our headquarters, and from hence distribute our workers over the province.

Here we propose to build a Receiving Home for new missionaries, where they may come immediately on their arrival, and spend six months in the study of the language and preparation for their future work. We were fortunate in being able, we believe, to secure a site for such a Home, and we trust, ere long, to have a plain and suitable building.

Besides our work in this Province of Ghanwhei, the Lord has shown us that we must also prepare, on a moder-

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ate scale, for future expansion to the interior and the farther West. God is very plainly leading some of our missionaries to the great closed field of Thibet, and He expects us in faith and hope to begin to prepare a highway to that land, and all along that way to have a local work for China. The way to Thibet, we believe, is two-fold: first, by way of Northern India, as we pointed out in our letter from Darjeeling; and, secondly, through China, as recent events, which we shall immediately refer to, have perhaps shown.

With a view to the opening up of work in the West and the Northwest, and also of preparing a line of communication to the Western frontier, we have arranged for a station in Wuchang where the opportunity of securing a Home was offered. Two of our brethren will immediately occupy this great centre, and hold it for future developments. It is the natural centre of Interior China, and a grand strategic point, either for a movement westward along the Yangtse, toward Shansi, Ichang or Sz-chuen; or northwestward up the Han, toward Shensi and Kansuh, the great unoccupied provinces of the Northwest, and the line of approach to Thibet; or to the great province of Hunan in the South—the Gibraltar of China, and the one province in which no foreigner has yet been permitted to reside.

Our sisters in China will remain at Wuhu for the present, and engage in work for women. As soon as a country station shall have been opened, two of the young ladies have bravely decided to remove to it, and begin real evangelistic work. It is a little premature for many single ladies to go to China, until the way is somewhat prepared by men.

At the risk of seeming uncomplimentary, we must say that we question whether many of our American young ladies are as well fitted for real pioneer work in new fields as their English sisters of the China Inland Mission. It involves very great privation, and requires especial courage and training to engage in this work, and the average American woman is not equal to it, and will shrink from it when she gets to China.

There are two kinds of work for lady missionaries in China,—one, in the treaty ports, where they can wear the European costume and live in European houses or good native ones, and have most of the comforts of life that they have been accustomed to at home,—the other, in the interior, where they will be expected to wear the native dress, to travel native style, to sometimes eat native food, to face curious, impertinent and often rude crowds of men and boys, and to live in houses where many of the odors are disagreeable, and such a thing as a fire in your room is unknown and impossible.

We must say, from real investigation, that many of the ladies of the China Inland Mission do all these things, and undergo all these privations without complaint, and are considered by those most familiar with the work of that Society, to be often the most successful and efficient pioneers in even the newest and hardest fields.

All honor to these brave, self-denying women. We know they have been criticised, we know the wisdom of their course has been questioned by many, we know the com-

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plaints of a few are often unjustly charged upon the many, but after all we have heard and seen, we are satisfied that many of them are doing this sort of work and doing it well. But, at the same time, we believe that no woman should attempt it without fully understanding it, accepting all its conditions, and being specially prepared for it and called to it.

And we are bound to say that comparatively few of our American girls will be found equal to it, and none without a very real struggle and a very direct sense of the Master's call. The single item of winter fires will bring a test at the beginning. Many American girls are accustomed to a warm room heated to 60 or 70 degrees. The English girl is used to a cold room, and simply pads her Chinese dress a little thicker and never minds. Then she is inured to long walks of miles, and can stand any amount of physical hardship to which her western sister has never been trained.

These are, simply, facts that we have to look at either after we go to the field or before. At present our work in China is pioneer work. We are not far enough in to have many places prepared, so that our ladies can follow up the work of men. Our workers must go, like the men of Ephraim, into the thick wood and cut down for themselves. And, therefore, until we have opened up a number of new stations and cleared the way for easier work by women for women, the great need of our work in China is men,—young men, unmarried men—men that love bold, aggressive work—men that expect to remain single, at least until they have cut their way through the earlier difficulties

of their field, and after, perhaps, a five years' campaign have won their Jerichos and Hebrons, and succeeded in opening a station on virgin soil; not by "building on another man's foundation," but by reaching out into "the regions beyond" and conquering a kingdom all their own. These are the men we want in China to-day. May God give us a band of them!

And if there are any women, who, counting the cost, will dare to compete with them, and claim the honors and prizes of such pioneer work, we will not dare to forbid nor discourage them. But we will frankly say that unless they are prepared gladly and without question to adopt the native dress, to forego many things that they have considered almost necessities, and to press out into pioneer work as soon as they have acquired the language, they had better wait, or ask the Lord to lead them to India or some other field where the difficulties in a woman's way are less formidable.

There is another course, viz., to go out under one of the other Societies that are working in China, in older cities and centres, and have openings for woman's work, free from the disabilities and disagreeabilities which we have described. This is one of the temptations that will meet our girls on arriving in China. They will find many lady missionaries working for the heathen amid circumstances of comfort and social refinement, and they will wonder why they should be expected to fare differently.

They may forget that these places of service are in old Missions that have been long opened by the self-sacrifice and

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toil of others. Our work is not to go in and reap the fruit of their toil in the easy places. Our calling, as a Society, is to go to "the regions beyond," "where Christ has not been named." And, unless we are prepared to face the risks of this kind of work, we are not worthy of our trust. Therefore, we are calling for brave men who are willing to give themselves to this sort of work; and, therefore, we feel we should not impose it upon our sisters, save in those exceptional cases where a Deborah arises to put a Barak to shame, and show that the weakness of God and of woman is stronger than men.

Such a woman has just passed through China, and also America, on her way to England. We were two or three days behind her, and failed to meet her personally, but we have heard her story from others who have had long interviews with her. We had heard of her months ago, at Darjeeling, and her friends then were expecting her to appear on the frontier of Thibet at the time we were there. We refer to Miss Taylor, who has just emerged from Thibet after spending ten months in that long closed land. For many years this brave little English woman has had Thibet upon her heart, as a great burden of faith and prayer, and she has felt that it never would be occupied until some one had faith enough to "put the soles of their feet" upon it and actually claim it in the name of Jesus. This she has successfully done.

Nearly a year ago, Miss Taylor passed through China to

the Western border of Kansuh, one of the Northwestern provinces, and took her station on the border to watch her chance to get over into Thibet. Two or three times she was baffled by the vigilance of the authorities, but, like a woman, she stuck to her purpose, and, at last, one day, when the guards were sleeping, she slipped in. She was accompanied by a Thibetan and a Chinese servant. She travels with these men as a female merchant, wearing the Thibetan costume. She found no difficulty from the Thibetans, whom she describes as very friendly, especially to the English. The only enemies she had to fear were the jealous Chinese officials, and, to a certain extent, the lamas or priests. Her purpose was to reach Lhassa, the capital, and pass through it into India at Darjeeling. This she thinks she might have done if she had not been betrayed by her Chinese servant, who, perhaps from fear of punishment in case she was detected, gave notice to the authorities of her character and plans, and a company of soldiers was sent to escort her back to China. But she had already succeeded in spending nearly a year in the country, and preaching the Gospel in many of its towns and villages. She believes that Thibet is open, and has just returned to England to raise a company of volunteer missionaries to go at once to Darjeeling, and prepare to enter from the side of India, which she agrees, with our formerly expressed opinion, in regarding it as the most hopeful side. We trust our Thibetan volunteers in America are getting ready, and that God will soon give us also—as well as this brave woman—the desire of our heart.

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Our two dear brothers, Messrs. Christie and Simpson, who came to China to prepare for entering Thibet, went down to Shanghai, and had a long interview with Miss Taylor. She encouraged them in their purpose to persevere in seeking to enter from China, while others, at the same time, are entering from India. She strongly advised them to go to Peking and study Thibetan there, where numbers of Thibetans reside. We have encouraged them in this plan, and they will immediately remove to the capital, and with their fine knowledge of Chinese, will be able to do much good work, and, we trust, establish a permanent station while spending the necessary time—about a year—in acquiring the Thibetan language. And so God has, in a most gracious and providential manner, fitted this also into our journey, and enabled us, in His light, to see light more and more clearly respecting His will for this great, closed land of Thibet, whose opening gates touch so clearly the portals of His coming. Praise the Lord!

We trust to find, when we reach home, that God has been speaking to some other brave and believing men about entering Thibet, both from the India and China side. We would be glad to have a score of the right kind of missionaries, some for the India and some for the China band.

We have dwelt thus fully upon the plans and arrangements of our missionary work in China, that our dear people, who are our partners in all this work, may understand the situation fully, and be able to co-operate with intelligence and profound interest.

God is giving us five fields in this great land, viz.: first,

the great unoccupied province of Quangsi in the south ; second, the large province of Ghanwhei, in the centre ; third, Wuchang as the point of approach for the west and the north-west ; fourth, Peking in the northeast, where our sisters are laboring ; and fifth, Shansi in the extreme north, where the Swedes are settling. And now, in connection with our Thibetan work, we hope that the friends from Wuchang and the friends from Shansi will yet meet, by converging lines, away in distant Kansuh, and open two great highways, both from the west and the north, to the borders of Thibet ; highways which we trust will yet be lined with Mission stations for the great cities of interior China all along the way. This is the vision. May the Lord Himself fulfill it, and hasten it in His time !

We took some walks into the country around Wuhu. One of the first was to the little cemetery where William Knapp and Susie Beals lie sleeping, as pledges of China to Christ. It is a neat little enclosure, and we ordered two modest stones to be reared for those honored and loved ones.

The whole country is one immense rice field. It is, extraordinary how much these Chinese get out of their land. They raise three crops a year off all their fields, and keep the soil literally saturated with manure. The cultivation of rice is very interesting. First, they flood the land, and while it is a great morass of mud and mire, they turn in their buffaloes and plows and harrows, and just mix it up into a perfect quagmire. Then the women wade in and plant the rice stalks, about six inches long, which had previously been

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raised in a little nursery, and set them in rows in the mud, about six inches apart; and so it grows until it ripens as the water gradually dries. A growing rice field has the most exquisite light green tint imaginable, and when the country is covered with these fields it is very pretty. As soon as the rice is harvested, they plant some other grain. Most of the rice fields we saw had been planted just after the harvesting of their wheat and barley.

We saw one very novel sight. It was a battle with an army of locusts. These pests are very numerous, and were as yet only half grown. As we walked through the fields we trod upon billions of them, as

they literally strewed the ground and hopped about in clouds. They were about the size of small grasshoppers. The people were getting alarmed about them, and, one day, we saw a little army of men and boys stretched out in a long row, just like a regiment, and with long switches beating the ground before them, and moving forward in a solid line and



CHINESE MODE OF IRRIGATING.

driving the locusts in myriads in front of them. A little distance in front they had dug a trench, and lighted a fire at the bottom of it, and into this trench the locusts were being driven where they would, of course, be burned to death. But it would take a great many trenches and great many Chinamen to exterminate all the locusts we saw that day. Poor people, we pray God they may be saved from a locust famine this summer.

We took a Chinese passage from Wuhu to Nanking, and some of our dear missionaries accompanied us. The accommodation for Chinese passengers is very good and the fares low.

We spent two very pleasant days in Nanking. It is the old Imperial Capital, and is great, even in its ruins. Its immense walls enclose a space more than thirty miles around, and two-thirds of this vast space is occupied by market gardens and graves. The present native city is not one-fourth its former size, although it is still a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. Just beyond the city are the Tombs of the old Ming Dynasty, approached by an avenue of colossal elephants, carved out of single blocks of stone. Outside the gates also stood the beautiful porcelain pagodas, which were the wonder of Chinese architecture, but of which there remains scarcely a crumbling fragment.

The city was, for thirteen years, the capital of the Taiping Rebellion, and at the fall of that great movement, as well as at its inception, the destruction of human life was enormous.

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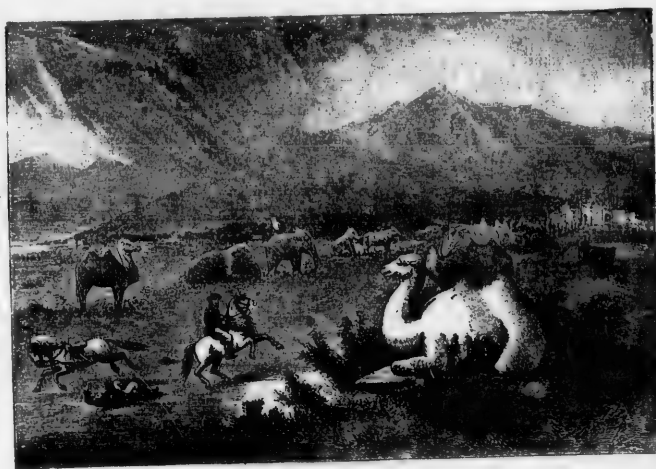


RAFTING.

Reproduction from a Chinese Painting

One of the most extraordinary movements of human history, that strange episode of Chinese history, over and over again, comes back to one in China with profound interest and wonder.

It was almost contemporaneous with our own American



THE MING TOMBS.

rebellion. It originated with a Christian inquirer in Southern China. This man was well known to the early missionaries, and at one time asked baptism at their hands. This was deferred, as it was felt that he needed instruction. He had a fair knowledge of Christianity, and incorporated its leading

doctrine as the basis of his system, although he doubtless included, along with much crude Christian truth, a great mass of fanatical notions and personal revelations. Feeling the injustice of the opposition and persecution offered to Christianity, and also to himself, he resorted to force in self-defence, and gradually gathering around him a band of enthusiasts like himself, he boldly took up arms in defence of his claims. As his cause increased in strength, his fanatical claims grew more and more exalted, until, at length, he proclaimed himself the "Son of Heaven," and demanded implicit subjection to his authority as the official representative of God. All who did not accept him and the new faith were put to the sword. Like a second Mohammed, he swept over Southern and Central China, and left behind him, everywhere, a track of blood and a holocaust of graves. He had a sort of Christian creed, and his armies marched to battle singing the Christian Doxology. His alternative was the Creed or the Sword. All who did not accept the Trinity, the Saviour and the Son of Heaven were put to death. It was the strangest caricature of the Gospel that the world ever saw.

He always professed to be the friend of the missionaries, and, again and again, begged them to join him. One of them told us that when his army was encamped outside of Shanghai, and his soldiers surrounded the mission property, and had free access to their deserted premises for weeks, not a thing was injured; and on their return, after his troops retired, not even the smallest thing was missing. This extraordinary movement swept over all Southern and Central

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China, carrying everything before it, and at length established itself at Nanking, the old capital of a former dynasty. The imperial power was helpless before it, and to-day China would have been under its rule and have become a sort of mongrel Christian empire, had it not been for the great powers of Europe which combined to suppress it, and especially for Chinese Gordon, who at last was the instrument by whom its power was broken and its capital was taken. Nanking bears the most tragic marks of the awful drama. It seems very strange, after thirty years, that half an empire should so quickly have recovered the doctrines of a Christianity which to-day it so detests. No doubt much of its success was due to force. But that strange spectacle of the native accepting Christianity at the bidding of fanaticism is, at least, a figure and a foreglimpse of the day when China shall accept the Gospel at the invitation of the Meek and Lowly One, the true Son of Heaven, whose only weapon is the Bible, and whose sole compulsion is the sweet constraint of love.

Some have almost wished that the powers of Europe had not interfered, and that the Taipings had been allowed to succeed.

No,—God is wiser than men. A counterfeit Christianity would be worse than a blind and cruel Paganism. Christ can never accept a homage won by blood and tears, or a triumph gained by any other power than His own grace and love. The curse of Mohammedanism to-day is that it has incorporated enough Christianity with its abominable fanaticism, to seal the hearts of its votaries effectually against the Gospel.

Thank God, China has escaped the curse of a second Islam, and is still open to a pure Christianity.

There is very much interesting and attractive Christian work in Nanking. It was opened many years ago by one of the old veterans of the China Inland Mission, Mr. Duncan, who long lived and labored at the most famous of its gates, the Drum Tower. But this Mission has moved on to less-occupied fields, and the mission work of Nanking is all of a somewhat conservative type. We do not mean by this that it is not earnest, aggressive and thoroughly alive, for we have not met more congenial spirits and more earnest workers anywhere, but that it is of that type usually found in fields that have for some time been occupied, and where the work is carried on chiefly by the older societies and methods.

We met with all the missionaries, visited several of their schools, hospitals and homes, and saw some of the native congregations. We listened with delight to a rousing Chinese sermon by our dear brother, Mr. Ferguson, and felt it, if we did not understand it, and we could not fail to see the response on the faces of his hearers. We had the pleasure of preaching a little to them through an interpreter, and we were permitted to address the missionaries on Sabbath evening, and to feel the deep response of their earnest hearts to our simple message about the supreme need we had of God Himself in all our life and work for Him.

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work, and our kind host and friend, Mr. Ferguson, showed us through their handsome new buildings, one of them the noble gift of our dear friend, Mr. Blackstone, and told us how his splendid school of more than sixty bright boys had all grown up in four short years. This Mission was once under the superintendence of Mr. Hart, at one time a secretary of our Alliance Mission. His place is now filled by Rev. Mr. Stevens, who has only been two or three years in China, and his success shows how a consecrated and judicious man, with a practical training and experience at home, may be transplanted to the foreign field at once, and be greatly used of God in the administration of the work there, even in the absence of a long experience in the field. More and more we have learned, as we have looked out upon the mission work of many fields, that a good superintendent is worth a score of workers, and is indispensable in any aggressive work. The Methodists have also a fine hospital under the care of Dr. Beebe and others.

The Disciples have also a good work in Nanking, and our dear sister, Ella Saw, formerly Ella Funk, who has joined them, was there with her good husband to welcome us, and we found she made a very good little Disciple. She was happy in her home and her work, and had the same bright girl-face as of yore. God bless her, and make her a blessing to these dear brethren and to China!

The Friends of America have also a Mission in Nanking under the care of Miss Butler--now in America. We felt at home as we saw the familiar face of our beloved brother,

Asahel Hussey on the wall, and were delighted to find that the beautiful building was his noble gift to the Mission. Our dear sister, Miss Murray, was visiting this home at the time of our coming to Nanking, and helping, temporarily, to fill the place of Miss Butler. We visited her large class of native women, and heard them repeat, with astonishing readiness, most of the fourteenth chapter of John in Chinese. These Chinese have astonishing memories. Their scholars know most of their classical books by heart, and are astonished when the missionaries cannot repeat the whole Bible without the book.

Altogether we had a very pleasant visit at old Nanking, and were well repaid for our tramp of four or five miles through the mud the next morning to reach our steamer for Shanghai. The chief fault of Nanking is that it takes so long to get to it from the steamboat landing, and at this season, especially, there is almost constant slush and rain.

On our way down we stopped at Chin-Kiang, the most beautiful city on all the river. Our stay was long enough to call on a dozen of the China Inland Missionaries at their sweet Christian Home under the oversight of Dr. Cox, and also to meet some dear Southern Presbyterian brethren on their way to the interior. We could not help taking a longing look up the Grand Canal toward the distant home of our dear former student, Fannie Smith, now Mrs. Dr. Woods, but our time would not allow the long journey that it would take to reach her. But we were comforted at hearing from many old friends of her bright and blessed life in China, the

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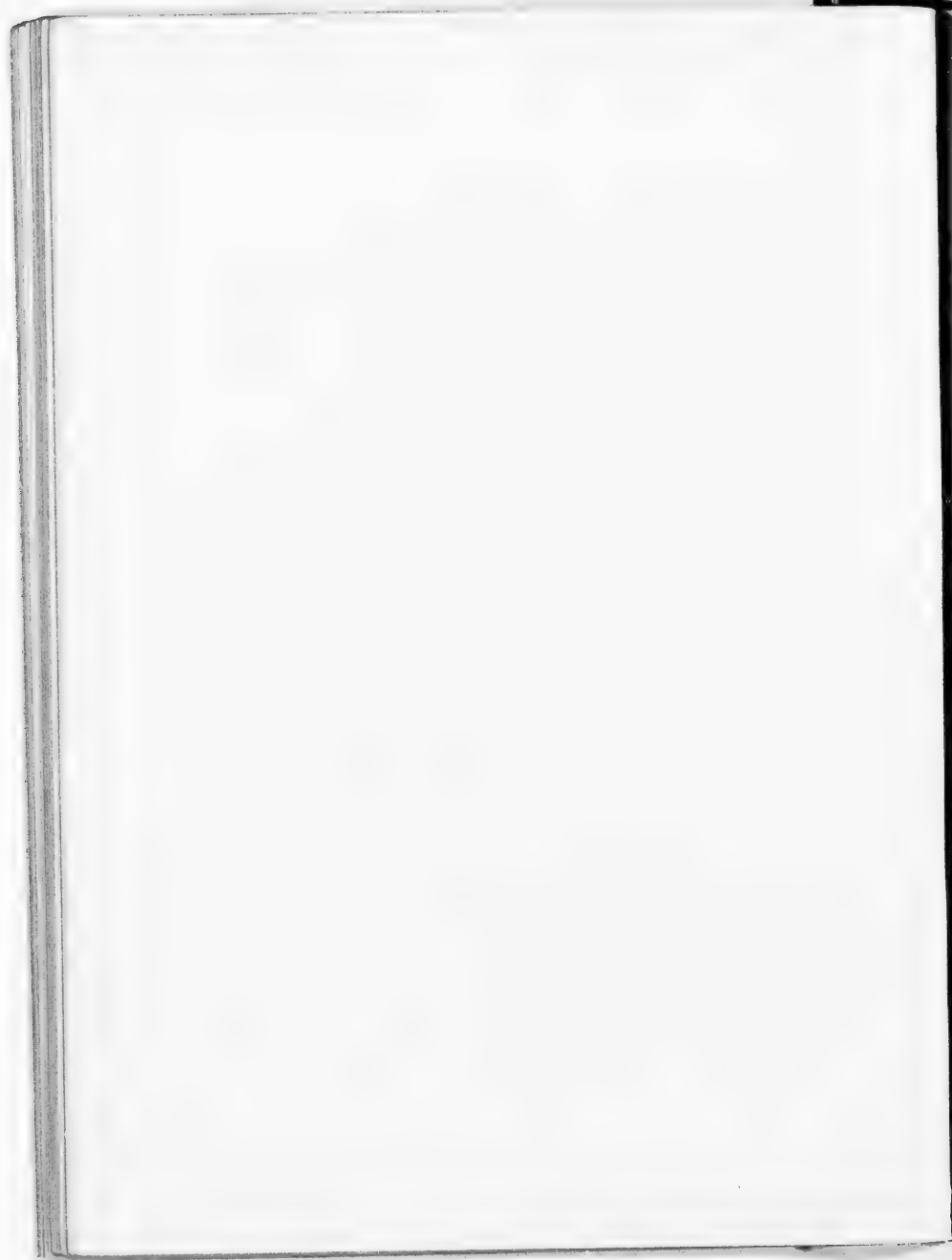
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land, indeed, of her birth. Neither could we tarry to visit the Ladies' Home of the C. I. M., at Yangchow, as we had hoped, but we received a kind letter, on our way down, from the lady in charge, and met at Chin-Kiang some of the dear girls with whom we had crossed the Mediterranean, five months ago. We have heard much of this hallowed place, and believe that to its influence is largely due, under God, the wonderful work which the ladies of this Mission are able to accomplish in the difficult fields of the interior.

We took on board at Chin-Kiang some dear Norwegian brethren who came on with us to Shanghai, and with whom we had Christian fellowship in the things of Christ and His work. Mr. Stevens, of Nanking, was also on board, and we had a short and pleasant sail under the care of the most accomplished and agreeable Christian captain that we have met for many a day. And so, once more, we reached Shanghai, and were soon in the hands of hosts of friends and settled again in our little chamber in the blessed Home at Woosung Road, hurrying through our letters for the next mail, and preparing for our next journey to the far North. We had been just three weeks up and down the Yangtse, and had got, at least, a glimpse of the great heart of China.

XXIII.

TO THE NORTHERN CAPITAL.

OUR northern journey was delayed and almost prevented by an unexpected detention in Shanghai through the serious illness and derangement of one of our Swedish brethren. We were glad to be there at this critical time, and that the responsibility was not left to fall wholly upon others, who had, perhaps, no right, save that of common discipleship and humanity, to bear it.

The climate of Northern China is exceedingly trying to persons subject to nervous and brain diseases, and much care should be exercised in the selection of missionaries for this field.

At length, after a delay of four days, we were again at sea in one of the many steamships that run between Shanghai and Tientsin. We were on the Yellow Sea; and, for at least a certain part of its course, it was worthy of its name. The outpouring of the Yangtse and the Yellow rivers have given its waters the tint of yellow mud, at least near the estuaries of these streams. It was moderately favorable weather, although bitter cold. We had some very congenial Scotch friends on board, missionaries of the China Inland Mission on their way to Chefoo, with their little children. One of the brethren was going to take charge of the excel-

lent Boys' School at Chefoo, and the other, with his family, to take a season of rest at the China Inland Mission Sanitarium there. We had a quiet Sabbath service together, and much precious Christian fellowship.

Two days' sail brought us to the bold promontory of Shantung, and on Monday morning early we anchored in the harbor of Chefoo, and saw the pretty hills rising on every side of the lovely harbor, with many foreign buildings and missionary compounds and premises crowning their slopes. Away to the right we could see Temple Hill, the headquarters of the American Presbyterian Mission of North China, where Dr. and Mrs. Nevins has just invited us to visit them and their work, and whence Dr. Corbett had just returned to America to tell of the great blessing which God had been pouring out upon that most successful and substantial work. To the left was the hospital of the China Inland Mission, under the care of Dr. Randall, formerly so well known to our people in New York. Just behind the bold hill, on the shore, were the Schools and Sanitorium of the China Inland Mission. Their school boat, manned by a band of noble-looking boys from the school, was already coming out to meet us, and soon our feet had touched the beautiful sandy beach and entered their hospitable doors.

We had only time, while our steamer tarried, to sit down with a blessed company of missionaries to breakfast, and then to spend all the time we could with our two precious Alliance lambs,—Mabel and Bertha Cassidy, who are here at school. It was a mutual joy to meet them, and to find them happy,

contented and making excellent progress in their studies, while their record for good conduct was simply perfect. Mabel was as wise as a little mother, and Bertha was so like her own mother as to make the resemblance in her sweet little face almost amusing. Their dear mother is to spend her vacation with them here, and it will be a well-earned joy to all of them. This admirable school is a great privilege and advantage, not only to the families of the China Inland Mission, but to the children of all the missionaries in China. There are two distinct sections for girls and boys, and both are admirably conducted and highly appreciated by the whole missionary community.

Chefoo is, probably, the healthiest place in China. It is a great summer resort for all the Europeans in the country. It is situated on a bold promontory, and open to the breezes of the ocean. It stands on a considerable elevation, and has pretty scenery and a beautiful sandy beach, reminding one of our ocean resorts at home. Its native name is Yent-ai, and by this it is known on most of the maps. It is a treaty port, and famous as the place where one of our most important treaties with China was signed. Its population is not large, perhaps 40,000, and its foreign trade about \$12,000,000 yearly.

We were obliged to defer our visit to the Presbyterian and other Missions at Chefoo until our return trip from the North, and hurry again on board our steamer for Tientsin.

Another day along the pretty shore of Shantung brought us to the mouth of the Peiho River. Getting happily over

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the bar without delay, we had a seven hours' sail up the narrow and crooked river to the great Northern Port of Tientsin. There is a railway, the first in China, running between Taku, at the mouth of the river, and Tientsin. But the ocean steamers go up to the city, about sixty miles distant. The water is shallow, the channel is narrow, and the difficulties of navigation are very considerable. On our way down we ran ashore, and had to wait nearly half a day for the tide



THE TAKU FORTS.

to rise and lift us off. Sometimes the ships have to wait much longer. But the Chinese will do little to remedy these evils. It was a great thing for them to suffer this much of a railway to be built at all, but very much of the trade still comes by the old and crooked river, and the difficulties in getting from the train to the steamer at Taku are so great that most of the passenger traffic comes through direct by steamer. Chinese railways are yet in a very immature in-




ON THE PEIHO RIVER.

fancy. There is one other being constructed on the Yangtse by the Viceroy of Wuchang, to carry iron from a great mine, for the purpose of constructing railway ties ; and some day it is expected that a line will connect Peking with Hankow.

Notwithstanding the many things that strike a foreigner as very far behind our Western Civilization, yet it must be recognized that this part of China has made gigantic progress in a single generation. There is almost a daily line of ocean steamships between Shanghai and Tientsin, and many of them are owned by native Chinese merchants. There is one man in China who has given a greater impulse to Chinese progress than all others. That man is Li-Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of the Province of Chih-li, and the most influential statesman and business man in China. He is a very rich man, and owns large interests in all the ships and trading companies on the coast. He is the confidential adviser of the Emperor, and intimate with all the leading foreigners in China.

Li-Hung-Chang seems to be an enigma, like everything Chinese, and we have heard very opposite opinions about him and his attitude toward foreigners and Christianity; but from all we have heard, we have no doubt that he is an astute and most gifted Chinaman, who fully appreciates the value of foreign ideas and improvements, and desires to make all out of the foreigner he can for himself and his country, and at the same time give him as little power as he can help. By some who know him personally and intimately, we have been assured that he is not specially unfriendly to Christianity, as he has been represented to be, and that Lady Li, so intimately linked with the life and work of Dr. Mackenzie and Dr. Howard, in Tientsin, was undoubtedly at heart a sincere inquirer, and, it is believed by those who know her best, a disciple of Jesus Christ.



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But while we have been digressing and discussing, we have got almost up the Peiho, to our destination. Yonder are the high, smoking chimneys of Tientsin. Before we get there, let us look about us, a moment, at the country through which we are passing. We are ascending a narrow serpentine stream, not more than one or two hundred yards wide, and continually doubling on itself. Now it is north, now east, now south, and again due west, in its sinuous course. The country through which we are passing, is wholly different from anything we have yet seen. It is a purely farming district, strongly resembling a western prairie, when all the crops are green. Oceans of verdure sweep away to the horizon, millions of acres of wheat, barley, millet, Indian corn, beans, sweet potatoes, interspersed with peach trees in great profusion, and other foliage. It is really a pretty sight, and makes one think of home. The climate is very similar to that of one of our northern states, only a little hotter in summer, and a little colder in winter.

There are thousands of villages all along the river bank, all neatly built of mud or brick, and usually roofed with tile. The people literally swarm, and they all have a fairly comfortable look. The country people of Shantung and Chih-li, are usually a thrifty, industrious class of farmers, not unworthy of comparison with the peasantry of many European countries.

But here we are at Tientsin, and again we recognize the foreign Bund, with the handsome European buildings, and its long front of business offices and warehouses. Probably

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CHINESE SLIPPER BOAT

Reproduction from a Chinese Painting

it ranks third after Hankow and Shanghai as a Treaty Port and commercial centre. Its foreign trade, as estimated by the Customs' returns, amounts to \$37,000,000, and the vast native city has a population of 500,000. It is the home of Li-Hung-Chang, and we passed his palace, which is simply



TIENTSIN.

a large collection of low, plain-looking buildings, enclosed behind a high wall. He is said to live in great simplicity, and requires his sons to do the same, while he has several luxurious apartments furnished in foreign style for his numerous visitors.

We were met by Mr. Clark, of the China Inland Mission, and very hospitably entertained. We shall long retain the most delightful recollections of Tientsin and its blessed missionaries. We had a two-fold opportunity of meeting them, both on our way to and from Peking.

On these occasions we had two delightful public meetings with them, and several opportunities of seeing them personally, and we found much reason to thank God for their spirit and their work. This is the business centre of the China Inland Mission for Northern China, and will have to be ours also if we are to carry on much work in the Northern Provinces. Tientsin in the North, and Wuchang or Hankow in the West, are the natural headquarters and points of departure for the great northwest, the most unoccupied section of China, and our prospective mission fields.

For the present, until we can send a proper business agent, Mr. A. J. Bostwick, of the American Board, is kindly representing our work, and acting as a channel of communication with our Swedish friends in Shansi, forwarding mails and money, and purchasing and forwarding supplies. He has been very kind and helpful, and his valuable business experience and counsel are fully appreciated.

Mr. Clark is an all-round man of affairs, who has been over much of China, and is the able business manager of the China Inland Mission in Tientsin. He has a big heart, and ready hand, and has been of invaluable service to our Swedish friends on their journey north.

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the work of the London Society holds a prominent place. It is, perhaps, best known to the Christian world through the life and labors of Dr. Mackenzie, whose biography has been so ably written by Mr. Bryson of this place, and whose remarkable and intimate connection with the Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, and Lady Li, formed so important an entering wedge in the early days of Medical Missions in China. It will be remembered by our readers that in gratitude for the healing of his wife, Li-Hung-Chang founded a hospital in Tientsin, and gave it up to the exclusive charge of Dr. Mackenzie. Indeed, it was always regarded as given to the Mission. But, on the death of Dr. Mackenzie, a few years ago, the Viceroy claimed the property, and the Mission had to give it back, with all the furniture, and a large amount of money, which Dr. Mackenzie had accumulated from the hospital funds for the purpose of hospital improvement.

It was found that Dr. Mackenzie had never secured proper papers conveying the property, and the Viceroy succeeded in establishing his claim to it, although it was regarded as an act of great injustice and selfishness by many. It is still carried on as a Chinese Hospital under native physicians employed by the Viceroy. The London Society has built a new hospital, and we were glad to learn that a much larger number of patients come to it than go to the native hospital across the street.

Dr. Mackenzie was a most remarkable man in every way, and the sweet savor of his life lingers in Tientsin on every side. He was an extraordinary physician, but a more extra-

ordinary missionary. His medical work was distinctly subordinate to the great work which inspired his heart,—the evangelization of China. We are glad to say that God has raised up a successor worthy of him. Dr. Roberts, of the London Mission of Tientsin, and the associate and successor of Dr. Mackenzie, is one of the most remarkable men we have met abroad. Surely he had found his predecessor's mantle, and he has filled his place, even in the estimation of those who most admired Dr. Mackenzie. Without disparaging any of the many devoted medical missionaries we have met in China, nor the higher value of the Lord's own healing, we cannot help saying that the practical value of such a missionary is beyond computation. His gentle, humble spirit, his fervid piety and unction, his love of souls, his magnetic enthusiasm for the glorious work of missions, are far more noticeable than his distinguished ability as a physician, and he values his profession as an agency for interesting the Chinamen in Christ and the Gospel.

He has a valuable associate in Mrs. King, of the same Mission, formerly so well known as Dr. Howard, of the M. E. Mission of America. It was she who attended Lady Li, in her illness, and she was as signally used in that remarkable providential opening, perhaps, as even Dr. Mackenzie. We were glad to have the opportunity of meeting this dear worker and spending a little time at her home. She is now the wife of one of the most prominent missionaries of the London Society, Mr. King, of Tientsin. We are so glad that her humble, self-denying piety and devotion are more

conspicuous than even her professional success. She has entire charge of what is known as Lady Li's Hospital for Women, and this, we are glad to say, is still the hospital of the Mission, having been erected happily on Mission ground. We were glad to be able to ask her many things about the distinguished family she had such opportunities of knowing, and it was a great gratification to hear her say that while Lady Li had not formally professed Christianity before she died, yet she expected some day to meet her in heaven.

We had the opportunity of attending a Sabbath morning service in the London Mission, and saw one of the brightest and most interesting native congregations we have yet witnessed. We are afraid we looked more at the costumes of the ladies than we recommend our people to do at home, but the headdresses of the women were so different from any we had seen, that we must hope to be, at least, leniently judged. The girls, of course, as elsewhere, all have a braided cue hanging behind. But the married women have their hair tied in a knot behind, and then an extraordinary curved figure, like a great sweeping plume, or more like the tail of a pheasant, sweeping behind and giving their heads the appearance of a splendid bird in flight. Brilliant rosettes or flowers, and a great profusion of jewelry, finished the picture, and made these women a sight sufficient to turn the head of an American daughter of fashion. We are afraid the daughters of Tientsin are not yet up to the apostolic standard on the dress question, but they say that a Chinese woman would feel as much disgraced if she went without her jewelry, as she would without her clothes.

We had the pleasure of speaking a little to this audience, through an excellent interpreter, and with a good interpreter we found that, by using a simple line of thought, and some striking incident or illustration, we could always be fairly understood, and meet bright, responsive faces and hearts.

Among the other missionary societies represented in Tientsin are the American Board, the M. E. Church of America, and the New Connexion Methodist Church of England. We visited them all and were received with the greatest courtesy, and learned of much encouraging work in their midst. Indeed, the work in North China is in a more hopeful condition than in any other section. Our space will not permit us to speak particularly of all. We were invited to meet with the missionaries of the various societies, and explain the principles and methods of our work. There has been naturally much misunderstanding about our Alliance, and especially in connection with the large parties of Swedes that have recently passed through Tientsin on their way northward. We were glad to have the opportunity of expounding our principles and methods, and receiving the cordial assurance of their sympathy and co-operation. Rarely have we felt more unity of spirit or received greater kindness.

When they found that we were to leave the following day for Peking, and had not yet secured a Chinese interpreter for the long overland journey which would be so difficult for one who could not speak a word of Chinese, two of the missionaries at once offered to leave their work and come with us, and our business man offered to send his office boy. We

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accepted the offer of one of these dear brethren, Rev. Dr. Bryson, of the London Mission, and we soon found what a "friend in need, and a friend indeed," he was, and how well-nigh impossible it would have been for us to get on without him.

Wednesday morning, at daybreak, found us on our way to Peking. Our outfit consisted of two Chinamen, four



CHINESE CAB.

mules, two carts without seats or springs, a roll of bedding, and a basket of provisions for a two days' journey. That ride! Well, we will not be able to describe it. We had ridden forty-five miles at a stretch, and as much back again the next night, in a Coolie cart in India. But that was on a road as smooth as a floor. But this Peking road was unlike any road we have ever known or seen described, or imagined. It led sometimes through great pools of water, up to the hubs,

and again over stone roads broken up into great holes two feet deep, through which our cart thumped and bumped like blows from a maul; and yet again more frequently it was cut into deep ruts down literally to the hubs. It seemed as if all the generations of China had gone before us in these ruts. And with a strange fascination the driver would insist on always keeping the wheels right in the bottom of the rut. Often there was a smoother place beside it, but—oh! no, it would never do for a Chinaman to get out of the rut his predecessor had gone in before. We came soon to look on our mule driver and our journey as typical of the Chinese nation and Chinese history—*China in a rut!* That is just what has been going on for four thousand years. China is doing what it always has done. The same sort of carts, with the same sort of mules, and the same sort of Chinamen, have been going in the same sort of roads in the same sort of way since before the time of Abraham. The Chinaman never wants to change anything. If a bar is at the mouth of a river it must stay there; if a house is abandoned it must be left to fall down at its pleasure; if a man falls into the river he must not be disturbed or interfered with; if a road was good enough for your father it is good enough for you!

Well, we started. There was nothing for it but to prop yourself up as well as possible with pillows in the bottom of the cart and try to find a soft spot somewhere. And so it began to bump and thump, from side to side, until first our back seemed on the point of dislocation, and then our insides to be shaken like buttermilk in a churn, and then our head

Y LANDS.

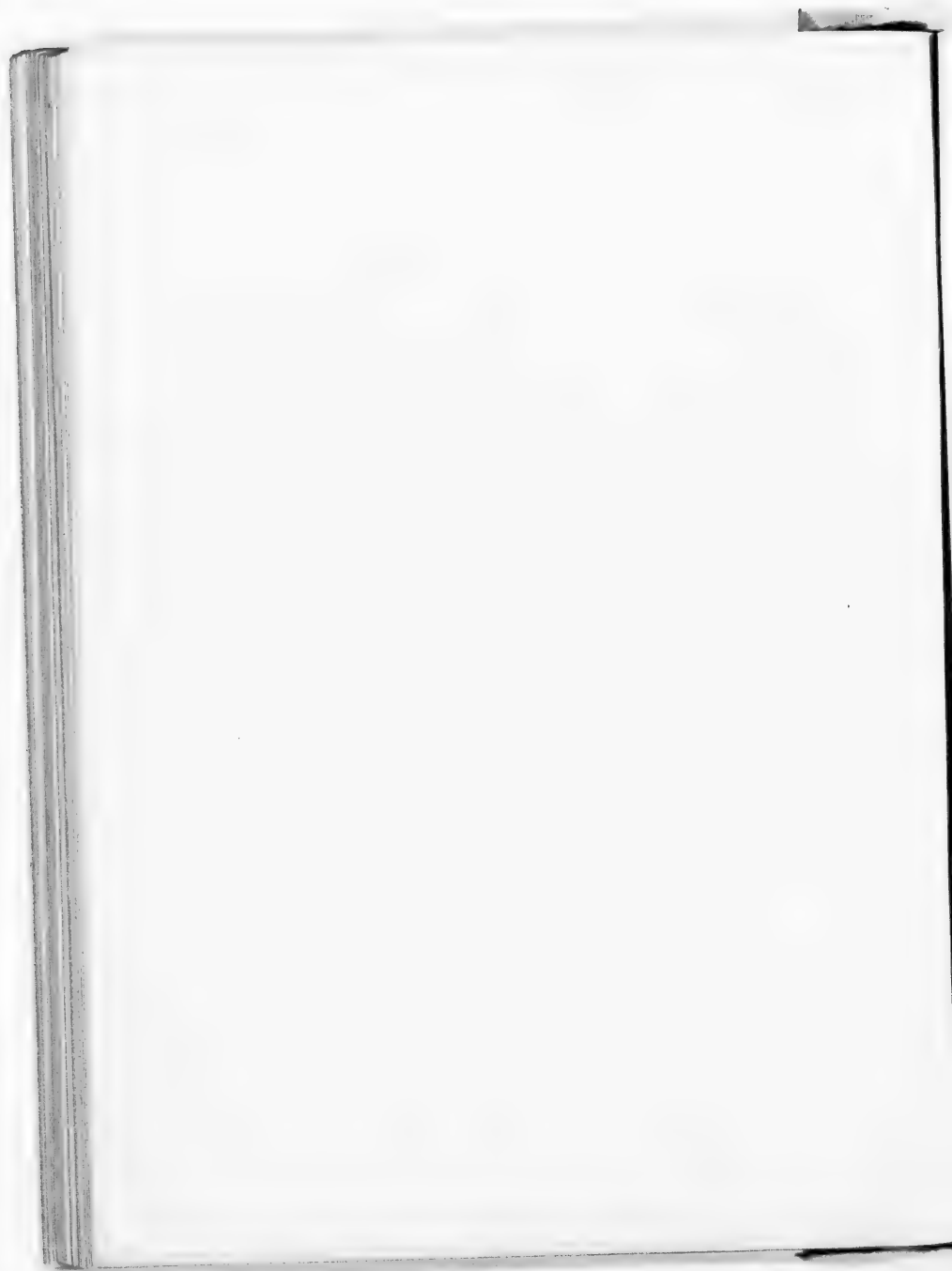
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BUFFALOS AND CART.

Reproduction from a Chinese Painting



to be pitched from side to side till our brain was so mixed that we could not think clearly, and the muscles of the back of our neck ached as if they had been pounded with a club; and, indeed, our whole system felt exactly like a rat must feel after he had been shaken by a terrier. Talk of sea-sickness! It is a bed of down to a Peking road and a spell of cart sickness.

Well, we had twenty miles of it before "tiffin," and a very small amount of cooking sufficed to satisfy our jostled stomachs, and then we had twenty miles more after "tiffin" until we reached the Chinese inn about dark, where we were to dine and rest for the night. It was a very fair inn, much better than we expected, and we got out our baskets and infused our tea, and cooked our eggs and rice, and tried to eat our extemporized dinner, and then lay down on our bedding on the Chinese benches they call beds. But oh! the swimming brain, and the hot, feverish pulses, and the sense of being, not on "sea legs," but cart legs, well, it cannot be described—but we were so thankful for a taste of real missionary life. And at length we fell asleep praising, praying, and trusting, and rejoicing that there were hundreds of men and women in China that loved their Saviour well enough to go on such journeys for twelve and twenty days at a time into the vast interior.

We were awakened, after four hours of sleep, at two o'clock in the morning, to begin another day of similar travelling. We got off a good while before daylight, and about four o'clock we were cheered by a glorious sunrise. All day

long we rattled on, stopping only for lunch, until about sunset we saw before us the gigantic walls of Peking, and knew that our long journey of eighty miles and thirty hours of cart travelling was almost ended. The second day we were not nearly so tired. Our system seemed to have got used to it, and we felt that after a few days, with a good deal of grace and patience, one could get inured even to a Chinese cart.

But as we looked at that splendid Capital, we felt that it was an outrage that the metropolis of the greatest Empire on earth should have such an approach to it.

The country through which we had passed was most interesting. It was purely a farming district. But such farming! We wish some of the fossil farmers of the west, who have worn out their land by ignorance and stupidity, could only come and see one of these so-called barbarians till the soil. Every square inch of ground for miles, and hundreds of miles, is covered with the most beautiful and luxuriant vegetation. Every sort of grain and vegetable is raised in the greatest profusion and perfection. Not a weed is to be seen nor an inch of waste or neglected ground. Between the rows of wheat and corn something else is planted,—melons, pumpkins, beans, sweet potatoes, or some other vegetable to come on when the other is cut down. Three splendid crops a year are raised even in this far northern climate—the latitude of our northern States—and yet the land is not exhausted. It is all most carefully fertilized, and every crumb of manure is gathered and put back into the soil. The culture

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A CHINESE FARM HOUSE.

is mostly by hand, and the whole land looks like a luxuriant garden. We saw no trees except orchards till we reached the neighborhood of Peking, and then we began to find some groves of forest trees. There were a good many wild flowers along the wayside, especially daisies of many colors, a few primroses and a great many varieties of the dwarf convolvulus.

The peasantry seemed to be a quiet, industrious and in-offensive people. We listened to many conversations that were translated to us, and we consider the Chinese farmer as bright and intelligent as many of our own working people, and a good deal more so than the laboring classes in many districts of England and Germany. We beg to assure our readers that these people are worth saving, and that it will need a very sensible, shrewd, and wide-awake man or woman to win their respect and confidence.

The walls of Peking are magnificent. They are, at least, forty feet high and forty feet wide at the top. We went up, and walked on them partly round the city, and found the top of the walls was a finely paved way, on which you could go round the whole city. The angles of the walls at certain points are crowned by lofty superstructures, like massive towers, carried up, perhaps, fifty or sixty feet above the walls, and giving an appearance of great magnificence from a distance. Peking, at least in its frame and general plan, is worthy of its imperial importance, and has about it a certain air of majesty. And even when you get inside and fairly examine it, you feel it is unique among all other cities, and certainly greatly superior to any other place in China.

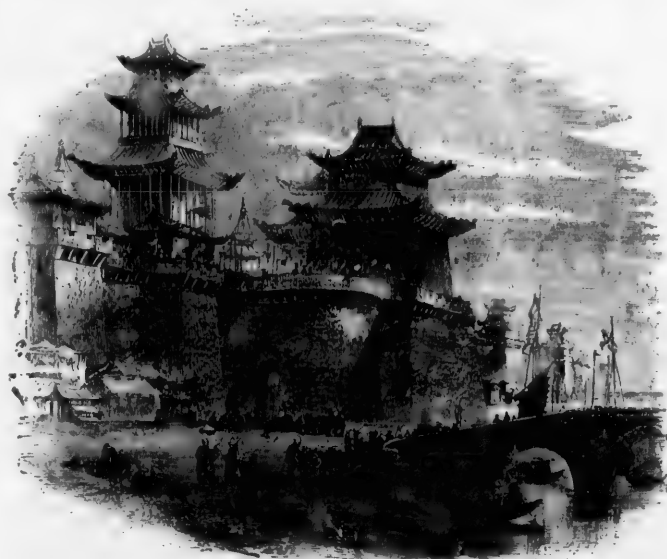
It is usually divided into three cities, viz.: the Chinese, the Tartar, and the Imperial. The latter, however, is hardly a city, but rather a Palace Enclosure, detached from the Tartar city. The Chinese city is on the south side, enclosed by separate walls, covering a space of, perhaps, five by three miles, and a population of between a quarter and half a

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million. The Tartar city is on the north side, and is much larger than the Chinese, with a population of nearly a million. The streets are wide and the buildings much superior to Central and Southern Chinese cities. They are nearly all of



WESTERN GATE, PEKING.

brick and roofed with tiles. The roofs have a pretty, concave form, and the eaves and cornices are often ornamented and highly colored in imitation of green, red and many colored tiles. There are a good many temples, and some of them are

somewhat handsome. Everywhere there are evidences of their belief in the efficacy of their superstitions. We passed an immense shrine covered with native inscriptions, telling of prayers that had been answered there. On a great tablet was inscribed the sentence: "If you ask you shall surely receive." The day of our arrival it was announced that the Emperor had that morning visited the Temple of Heaven and prayed for fair weather.

Our visit was short, but busy and deeply interesting. Only two nights could we venture to stay without risking our return to Shanghai in time to catch our steamer for Japan. But we were able to accomplish much of what was on our heart. We had come this journey of a fortnight not to see a Chinese capital, but to visit our dear missionaries, and come into touch with the other dear workers in the same vineyard. Very little time did we spend in sight seeing. We took our walk on the walls in company with a missionary friend, and we were able to look southward over the vast Chinese city, away to the Temple of Heaven on the extreme southern border, and to learn that there was but one Missionary Chapel for all this vast population. We were able to look northward over the Tartar city, the wall on which we stood intersecting the two cities, and see its vast extent. At our feet were pointed out the various foreign Legations, and we look right down on the handsome compounds of the Methodist Episcopal Society at our feet, and farther in the distance, located the Presbyterian, London and A. B. C. F. M. premises.

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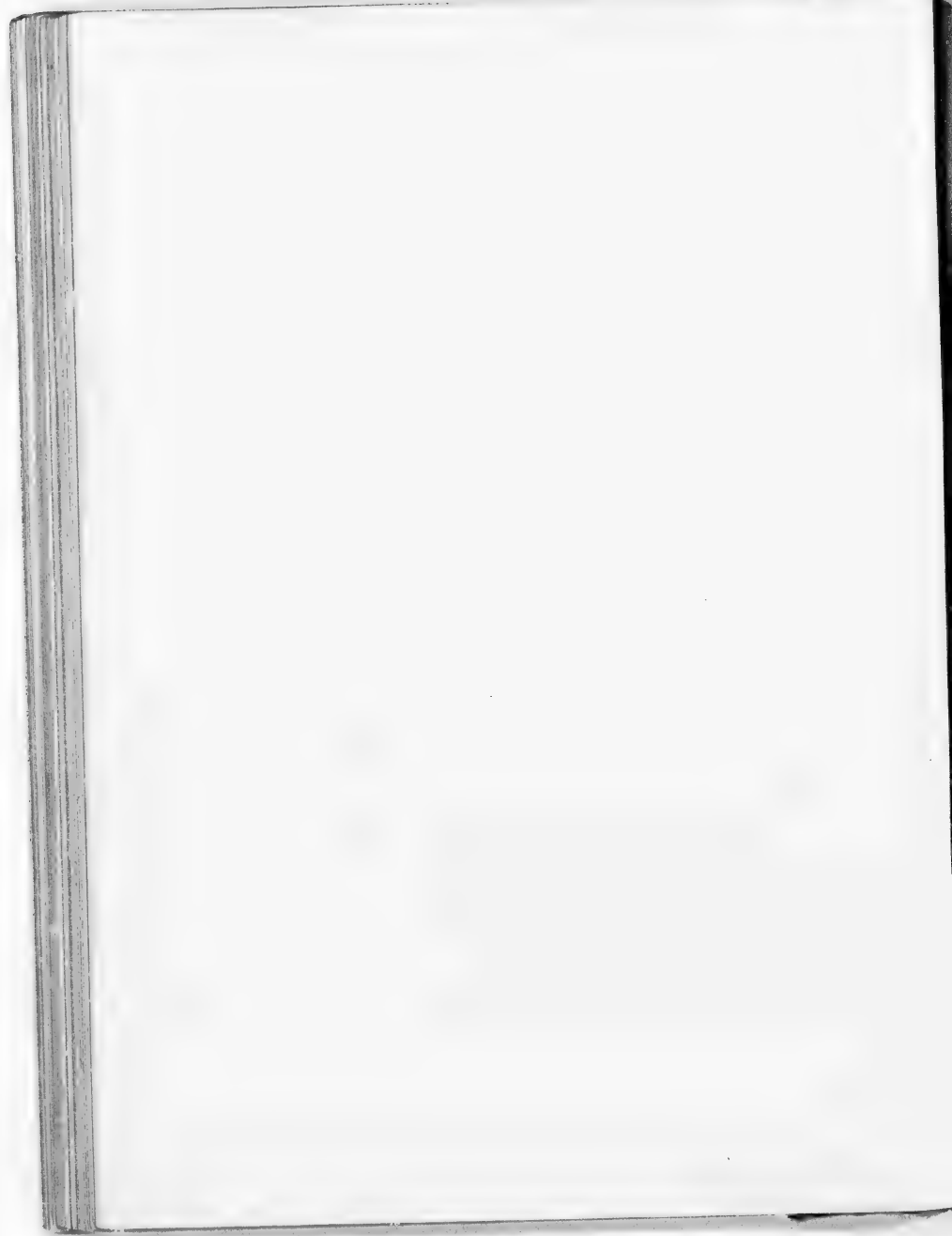
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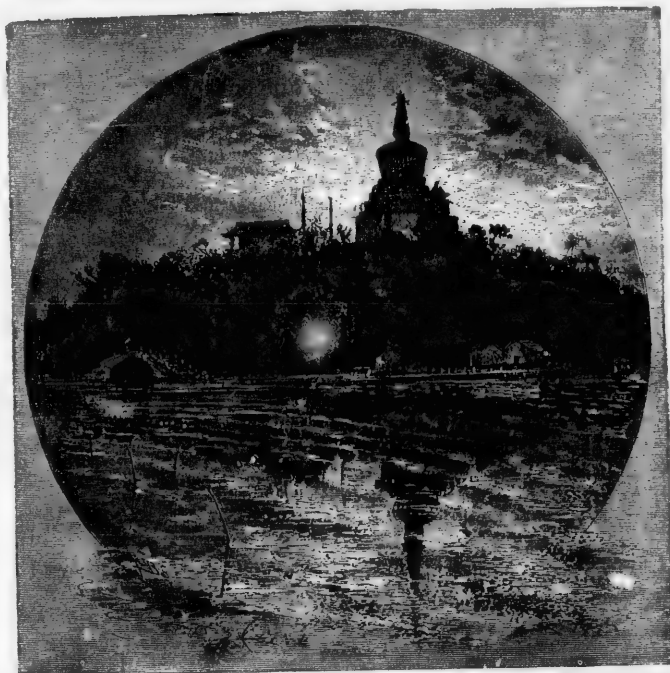
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THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.





THE ROYAL PALACE.

We walked about a mile along the wall until we came right over the Imperial city, and could see the Palace buildings within the enclosure. Here the Emperor lives in solitary grandeur. He is young and feeble-looking, judging by his photograph. He seldom goes out of these quarters ex-

cept to prayer in the temples, and then all the cross streets opening into the line of his march are boarded up that no eyes may be permitted to desecrate his sacredness by an unhallowed gaze. He has a lake and a steam yacht and a little railway to amuse himself with, and a great household who minister to his pleasure. They say he does not love his Empress, and, perhaps, there are no sorer hearts in China than those that ache behind those Imperial walls. A veil of deep, impenetrable mystery surrounds him. Few foreigners now ever enter this Imperial City, and so we saw as much of it as most people ever will. We were glad we could look down upon it from *above*. We felt that day that we were a great way above that poor little sickly king and all his silly, sacred baubles.

We found our dear missionaries waiting to welcome us. Miss Duow had recently purchased the premises which she had been renting for some time. It certainly was a wise purchase. Think of getting an enclosure in the heart of Peking, containing nearly an acre of ground, and covered with many courts, buildings and chambers, with, at least, over twenty different apartments, for the sum of \$1,400, land and all. We should have thought it ridiculously cheap at \$14,000, and in New York it would easily bring \$140,000. They had fixed it up neatly and simply, and altogether it was as comfortable and suitable a Mission Home as we had seen in China. It was, formerly, the residence of the Episcopal Bishop.

Miss Funk had recently returned to America, but Miss

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America, but Miss

Duow, Miss Gowans and Miss Myers were well and happy. They had all grown perceptibly, and Miss Duow appeared to great advantage with her former experience, her knowledge of the language and people, and the excellent business qualities which her responsible situation had required her to de-



A STREET IN PEKING.

velop. The younger ladies had fairly acquired the language, and Miss Gowans was teaching an interesting class of girls, and having a meeting of women, both of which were hopeful, while Miss Myers was taking charge of the Home, and doing what work she could in her leisure hours. Miss Duow

has an excellent meeting of Chinese women, and we were rejoiced to hear that a lady—the wife of an official, and her daughter—had lately been baptized, and that another old lady desired baptism and she believed was truly converted. Even such fruits as these, in so short a time, mean a great deal in China. There is room for two or three more ladies in this work, and Miss Duow is arranging for their coming.

Our dear friends are much respected and beloved by the other missionaries, and on the second evening of our visit we had the pleasure of meeting nearly all the missionaries of Peking in their home, and, after some pleasant social fellowship, of explaining to them our work and aims. This was especially necessary in Peking, as there had been a good deal of concern respecting the Swedish missionaries and much misunderstanding. We cannot thank God enough for permitting us to visit China at this very time, and enabling us to remove the most serious misapprehensions from the minds of the best of men, and bring our work and workers into a place of the most blessed confidence and sympathy on the part of so many whose fellowship is so invaluable.

The Spirit of God was present in our meeting, and all our hearts were touched and drawn together in Him, and we felt that God had given us precious and lasting friends in that great Imperial capital. But, better far, we felt that together we were able to look out on all that vast Empire with one faith and one heart, and put down the soles of our feet upon it and claim it all for Christ, and that its evangelization should somehow be prepared before the generation should have passed away.

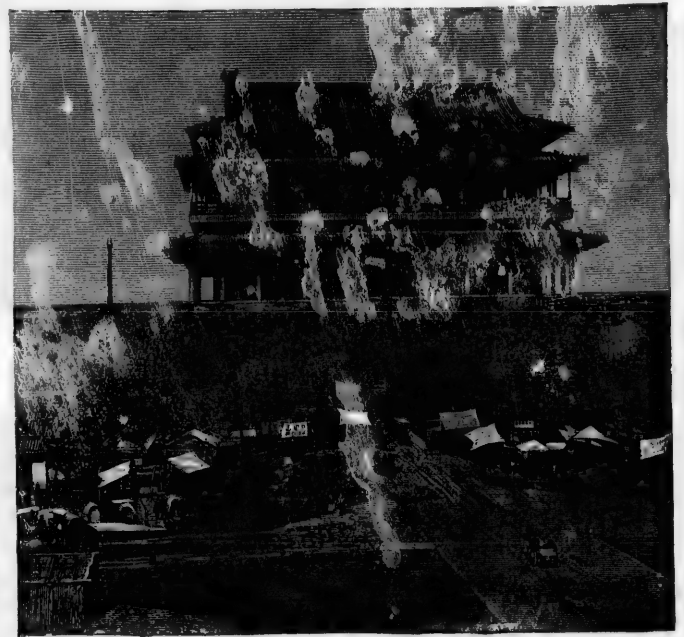
In this little company were our dear brethren of the American Presbyterian Mission; the Methodist Mission represented by Dr. Lowrie, Superintendent; the American Board, represented by the venerable Dr. Blodgett; and the London Mission—all the Societies laboring in Peking.

We had greatly desired to meet good Dr. Blodgett, the oldest missionary in this part of China, and were rejoiced to find him waiting for us on our arrival at Miss Duow's, and also to have the pleasure of spending some time at his own hospitable home the following day, and learning much that we could not otherwise have learned of Peking and Northern China.

We were able to make arrangements for the coming to Peking of our Thibetan missionaries for the study of that language, and we found that there was a Thibetan temple at the North Gate, with a number of Lamas, among whom it would not be difficult to obtain a teacher.

We had as much conference with our own beloved workers as the time would allow, and left much encouraged about their future work. It was but a brief day, but, like the Transfiguration hour, its light will linger all the days of toil and time, and when time and Peking, too, shall have passed away.

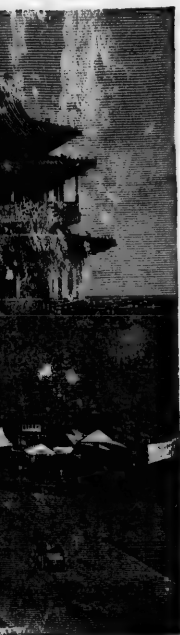
The following morning found us up at three o'clock, and after a loving leave-taking, on our way on two superb donkeys to the City gates. We found them open with the daylight, and we hastened on with our donkeys fourteen miles to Tung-chow. We had resolved to change our route return-



ONE OF THE INNER GATES, PEKING.

ing, and take a boat at Tung-chow down the river to Tientsin, believing that with the downward current and the wind in our favor, we could make better time, and by travelling day and night, reach Tientsin in time to catch the next morning's steamer for Shanghai.

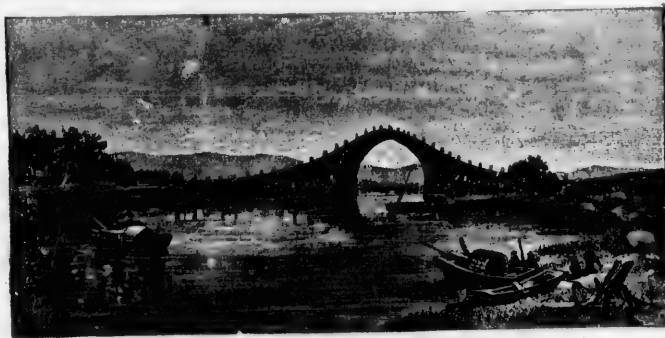
Four hours brought us to Tung-chow. As we passed out



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As we passed out

of the Peking gates we met hundreds of men hurrying in with their immense loads of vegetables on their backs, carried in two great baskets balanced on a bamboo pole. They were trotting along under their immense loads, and the sweat pouring down their faces. We felt they were, indeed, the sons of Adam and the children of toil. Little wonder that from such toil even "John Chinaman" sometimes shrinks, and that Pek-



BRIDGE NEAR PEKING.

ing is a city of beggars. We saw a bridal procession on the streets of Peking, in which three hundred beggars, dressed in gaudy robes of blue and crimson, over filthy garments and unwashed persons, were carrying magnificent presents, behind a band of music, to the home of a fashionable bride. They got a few cash for the occasion, and found it easier than honest work.

A friend in Peking told us that a situation was obtained

for one some time ago, and he went to work for a few day at good wages, but soon after he was found back at his old station on the "Beggars' Bridge." When asked if he had lost his job, he said "No." He had given it up; and when pressed for the reason, he replied: "I can stand cold and heat, I can bear hunger and rain, but there is one thing I cannot endure, and that is—to be tired." It is said that 17,000 of them died of cold and starvation last winter in Peking, but so vast was the number that they were not even missed.

We reached Tung-chow at eight o'clock, and had the pleasure of breakfasting with our friend, Dr. Sheffield, and meeting Miss Andrews, sister of one of our dear Alliance workers in Cleveland, Ohio—beside others. We received a very cordial note of welcome from Dr. Goodrich, another honored laborer of the A. B. C. F. M. here, who was absent at the hills. We could not tarry to visit the college and other buildings here, but were glad to hear of their great prosperity. We had to hurry on the way. And so, good Dr. Sheffield took us down to the river, where we found our baggage waiting us—sent on the previous day from Peking by cart, and a boat already secured. Making a bargain in Chinese style, and agreeing with our boatman to give him so much more if he got us in ahead of time, and requiring him to take on four extra rowers, we got into our little cabin, and clearing the shore, and saying "Good-bye," we were soon off on the Peiho River.

Our boat was a small affair with a roof of matting about six feet wide and twelve long, and just high enough to stand

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up in. But it was a good deal easier than our Peking cart. The current and the wind were both in our favor. And so, with our sail up we dashed on, sometimes at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. But the river was very crooked, so that a distance of sixty-five miles, in an air line, took us over one hundred and thirty miles by the river's tortuous course. Consequently, we often found ourselves running against the wind, and obliged to take down our sail and get our men at the oars. But we really got on very well, and accomplished a voyage, which usually takes two or three days, in twenty-two hours, and we both felt that it was "the good hand of our God upon us."

Chinese boats are always interesting. In Central China, especially those that come from Ningpo, they usually have two great eyes at the head of the boat, which is shaped like the head of a fish or dragon. The Chinaman's explanation in pigeon English is, "If he no have eyes, he no can see, he no can walk." Our boat had no eyes, but its captain and crew kept their eyes open and rowed and sailed night and day. A few extra cash will make a great difference in the amount of work a Chinaman can do.

It was very interesting to sit on the little deck that night, as the stars came out and the little boat swept down that little winding stream in Northern China, and listen to our friend as he talked to these simple-hearted men about the Lord. When the wind was favorable, and they did not have to row, they would sit, Chinese fashion, and listen with open mouths and eyes and ears, and expressions of wonder and de-

light as he told them of the Lord Jesus walking on the sea and stilling the tempest. When the wind went down it was amusing to hear them whistling to it, like an English tar, and trying to make it come, and when he explained to them that the wind could not hear them, they listened and wondered, but still kept whistling all the same. As we looked into their great faces, we wished we could speak Chinese, and we asked that somehow they might be enabled to understand the Gospel of Christ.

But their minds are very dense ; the power of old superstition is very strong, and it has to be "line upon line and precept upon precept."

Sometimes these boat journeys are very dangerous. Only this week a lady missionary told us how she and a friend had lately been attacked by river pirates at night, and while a sword was held to each of their throats, their persons and trunks had been rifled and robbed of all their valuables, and their lives had only been saved by complete and instant submission. Most of the interior rivers are infested with pirates. They seldom attack a boat with foreigners in it, as they fear foreign fire-arms ; but it is usual for missionaries to anchor at night beside one of the native gunboats that, we are told, are to be found all along the river shores.

And yet these native gunboats are rather laughable. They have only one gun, and it is a fixture in the stern, so that it has to be sighted by turning the boat round toward the object to be aimed at, and holding it steadily by means of the oars. Indeed, they say they seldom shoot anything more

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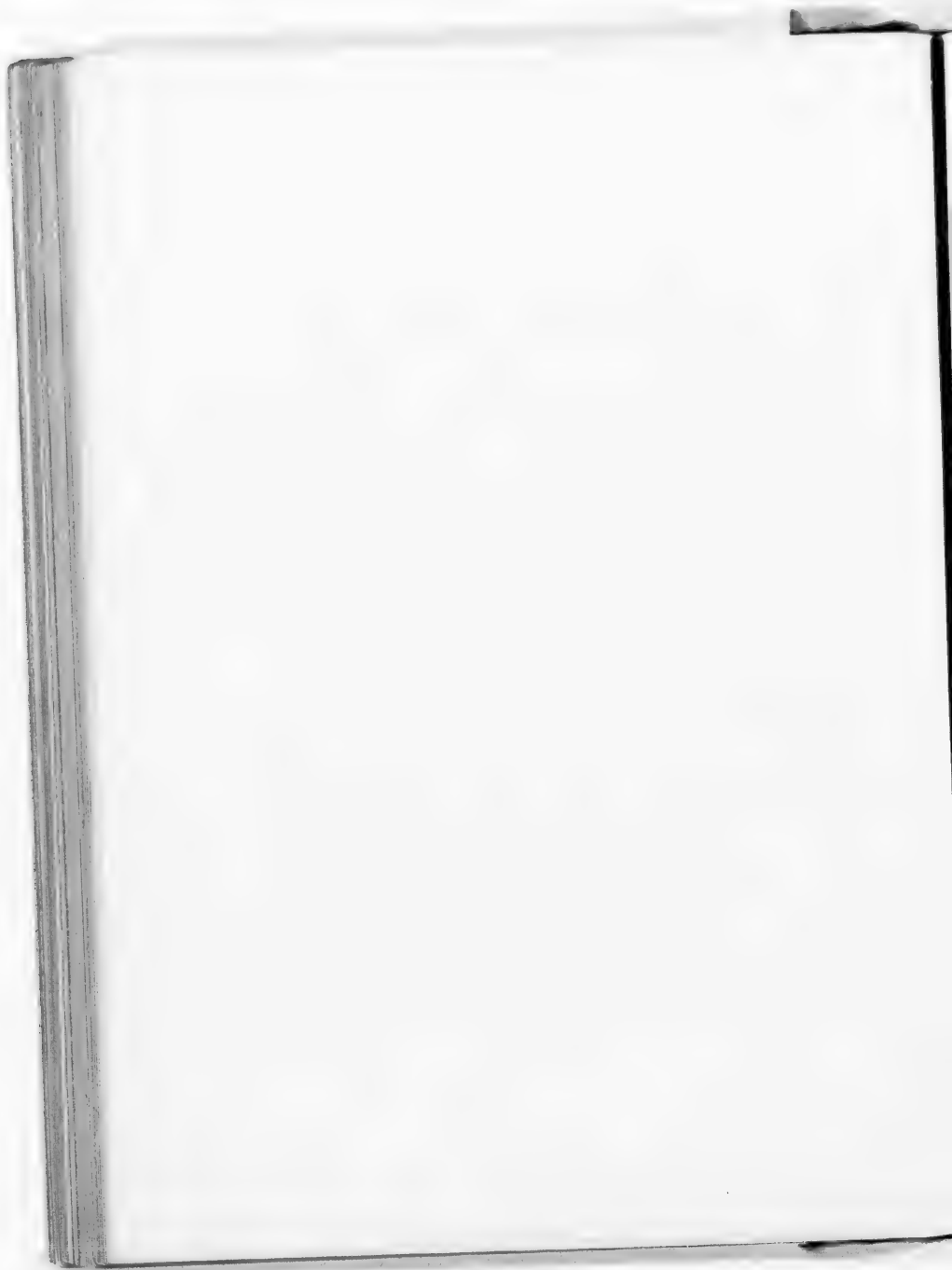
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SAWING PLANKS.

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terrible than a big fire cracker. They are, however, very numerous, and sufficient to give fair protection to life and property.

Through the protection of a Stronger Arm, we safely reached our destination so early that our Tientsin friends could scarcely believe that we had been to Peking and back in four days, and had spent two nights and a day there.

We thoroughly enjoyed the society of our dear brother, who is a devoted Christian, as well as a distinguished minister and missionary of many years' experience, and whose extreme kindness in leaving his work and taking that trying journey for the accommodation of a stranger, we could not too highly appreciate and can only ask the Master to reward.

The steamer for Shanghai had left two hours before our arrival, but this only gave occasion for another example of God's care and the kindness of Christian friends.

A Christian gentleman in Tientsin, interested in the steamship lines, hearing of our desire to get off to Shanghai, at once arranged to have one of his steamers leave early on Monday morning, and, although she was a freight boat, and had no regular accommodations for passengers, yet they kindly arranged a "shake down" for us in the cabin used by the officers as a saloon and dining room, and we got on delightfully, and were able to have a Sabbath of rest in Tientsin, and to get off early on Monday morning and reach Shanghai, with a day to spare for matters of great importance there.

Our only regret was that our steamer did not stop at Chefoo on her way downward and our expected visit to Dr. Nevins

and the Presbyterian Mission there had to be abandoned. We had met Dr. Corbett, of this Mission, in Shanghai, and heard with much joy of the great blessing that God has been pouring out in the past year on all the work in Shantung. This is the district where so much famine relief was distributed during the past few years, and the effect of it has been to open the hearts of the people and awaken their confidence in the missionaries, and they are earnestly sowing the seed in the deeply-plowed soil, and reaping quick and glorious harvests.

By far the most encouraging results of mission work in China, during the past year, have been in this province of Shantung, and some of the best of them have been in the Presbyterian Mission. We have received the admirable report of the Mission, and shall be glad to publish some extracts from it soon. Dr. Corbett has just gone to America, and we hope our people may be able to hear him tell of the glorious work in North China.

We were deeply grieved, while at Tientsin, to hear from many private letters the harrowing details of the famine which is now ravaging Shansi, the field of our Swedish missionaries. Missionaries there write of destruction so terrible that men were working a whole day for a single cash, the tenth part of a cent, and selling their wives and children as slaves, for a few dollars. Young girls were being sold for three dollars each, and sent southward, in carts, by the score. In one village sixty-three girls had passed through that week from the famine district. We need not say that these girls were bought for the most infamous purpose, and taken from their

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homes for enforced lives of shame, on the proceeds of which multitudes of Chinese people live and grow rich. Indeed, we saw in the tea houses of Shanghai scores of girls who were the absolute property of men and women who lived upon their earnings, and these children knew no better than to be the victims and the tools of their avarice.

Out of these famine horrors, and the blessed influences that come from their relief, God prepares the soil of Northern China for the seed of the Gospel. We are so sorry that before our people at home will have time to reach these sufferers, the horrors of the present crisis will be over—and the new crops will have ripened. Our dear missionaries write us that God has sent abundant rains, and by these our new missionaries have been commended to the confidence of the people, and the temptation to blame them for the drought has thus been prevented.

But we must hasten on our journey. Three days of pleasant sailing brought us to the end of our twelfth sea voyage since leaving home, and our sixty-fifth day on ship-board. We reached Shanghai, with a little over a day to spare before our steamer left for Japan. Our letters just brought us the particulars of the burning of our Mission and publishing rooms in New York, and the wonderful and gracious way in which the loss of the publishing company has been met, and once more "we thanked God and took courage" as we felt how His mighty and faithful hands were guiding and upholding us and our dear ones on the other side of the world. Blessed be His Holy Name for ever and evermore !

XXIV.

LAST GLIMPSES OF CHINA.

NEARLY two days, after our return from the north, were all that were left us to take leave of Shanghai and China. A lot of business matters, an enormous mail, several calls and callers, two public services and several quieter ones left little unoccupied leisure. At length we found ourselves, on Saturday, the 17th of June, on the steam launch for Woosung, where the "Empress of China" was waiting, fourteen miles down the river, to bear us to Japan.

A kind party of missionaries and friends accompanied us unto the ship, and after a brief leave-taking, we were on our way to another missionary land.

As we look back once more at these receding shores, let us gather up some of the results of these eight weeks of Chinese travel and observation.

These sixty days in China have been full of labor and thought, and our head is literally aching with the strain of an almost unconscious effort, day and night, to grasp the tremendous Chinese situation.

We have seen something of this immense land, perhaps as much as if a visitor to America should spend a few days at New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, New York, Buffalo,

Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, Toronto, Montreal and Boston. We have visited the seven most important of the eighteen provinces, and the fourteen most important of the fourteen hundred walled cities of China. Such centres as Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow, Wuchang, Gankow, Chin-kiang, Hu-kiang, Tientsin, Chefoo, Peking, and Tung-chow give one a fair conception of the south, the centre and the north of China, and yet beyond these lie the immense western provinces of Sz-chuen, Yunnan, Kwei-chau, Kansuh, and Shensi, just as Texas, Colorado, Dakota, Nevada and Arizona lie beyond, what we used to call, the Great West, in America, and what now is scarcely the centre.

One can form some conception of the immensity and inaccessibility of interior China, when we say that beyond the most western point we reached, a point corresponding to the situation of Chicago in the United States, there are mission stations to which it takes nearly three months for their mail to come, even from Hankow. This is not merely on account of distance, which is not so great as our West, but partly the difficulty of communication.

We have tried to look at China with our Master's eyes, and while we know these are only first impressions, yet we are glad to reproduce the imperfect vision, for all it is worth, for the benefit of those who may only be able to see it through our eyes.

China proper consists of eighteen provinces, each averaging a population about as great as New York, Pennsylvania and all of New England. These provinces have each a sort

of local government, under a Viceroy, who resides at the Provincial Capital. All these eighteen provinces, of course, form one great Empire, under the absolute rule of the emperor at Peking. There is an Imperial system of Customs, in which the government is greatly assisted by foreign officials. The whole system is under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, who has, probably, more influence over the emperor and his policy than any other foreigner in China, and who has raised the Customs' revenue five-fold in twenty-five years. There is also a large standing army and a fine navy. China has a fleet of some of the best gunboats in the world, and as we passed down the river we saw five of them lying at anchor, as handsome and as powerful as any in the British or German navy.

Each of the great provinces is divided into larger and smaller districts. The larger include the less. Each of the larger districts is governed from a "Fu" city, and the smaller are like our counties, and the county-seat is called a "H'sein" (sheyn) city. These "Fu" and "H'sein" cities are all walled, and they number nearly fifteen hundred in the whole Empire. There are, besides these, thousands and hundreds of thousands of unwalled towns and villages. The people all live in villages or towns, and go to the fields to do their farm work, returning to their village home at night. Isolated country houses are unknown in China.

What is the population of China? It is very difficult to answer this question, but we believe it has been overestimated. We have always accepted the estimate of 400,000,-

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000, given by the largest number of authorities. But after careful observation we can see no indications that would warrant so large a figure. This would require an average of nearly twenty-five million for each of the provinces. We know that many of them have not nearly so many people, and the very largest of them have not over thirty millions, while Yunnan, Quangsi, and Kwei-chau have not even ten millions each. Upon the whole, we consider 300,000,000 a very full estimate, and shall not in future place it higher. China is, probably, just about as populous as India, and not more so.

While China is still "in the rut," yet she is getting out of it. Her progress in a single generation has been very great. There are two men in China who are the wings of her commercial enterprise. One is Li Hung-Chang, the Viceroy of Chih-li, and the largest stockholder in the great steamship lines and commercial companies operating on the coast and the Yangtse. The other is the Viceroy of Wuchang, an equally public-spirited man, and one who is much more respected for his uprightness. One of the most striking sights, at Wuchang, is the immense cotton mill which the Viceroy has erected, and where the cotton is carried through every stage of the manufacturing process, until it comes out the finished cloth. This enterprising man has also constructed the second railway in China, and is carrying iron upon it from the mine to the river, with a view to preparing native rails for a yet longer line from Wuchang to Peking. The railway that now runs from Taku to Tientsin, is already

being extended further north, and will ultimately connect with the Russian lines, which are fast being completed to the Pacific coast.

Should this all come about, the entering wedge will have gone too far to recall, and it will not be long till it will open up the great western provinces, and give us direct railway communication from China to London in twelve days.

And yet it must not be supposed that any of these indications of Chinese progress lie very near the surface. It seems, indeed, to a general observer the slowest country in the world. It is dreadfully conservative. A map of China, prepared and published by the Chinese, is the funniest sight imaginable. The Celestial Country occupies about two feet square. Then along the edges are little strips about an inch long and a quarter of an inch wide, representing the other countries that lie somewhere beyond "the Great Desert," or "the Great Sea."

We tried to persuade a native at Tatung that we had been travelling east for five months, and after going on in the same direction about two months longer we should reach the point from which we started, and we explained it by the statement that the world was round. He looked at us with an amused expression and then turned away, as much as to say, "Well—you don't expect me to believe that, do you?"

To one who is looking for the picturesque and beautiful it is very disappointing. There are places to be found exceedingly beautiful, and even grand. But most of China is commonplace and monotonous. Even the pagodas and pretty

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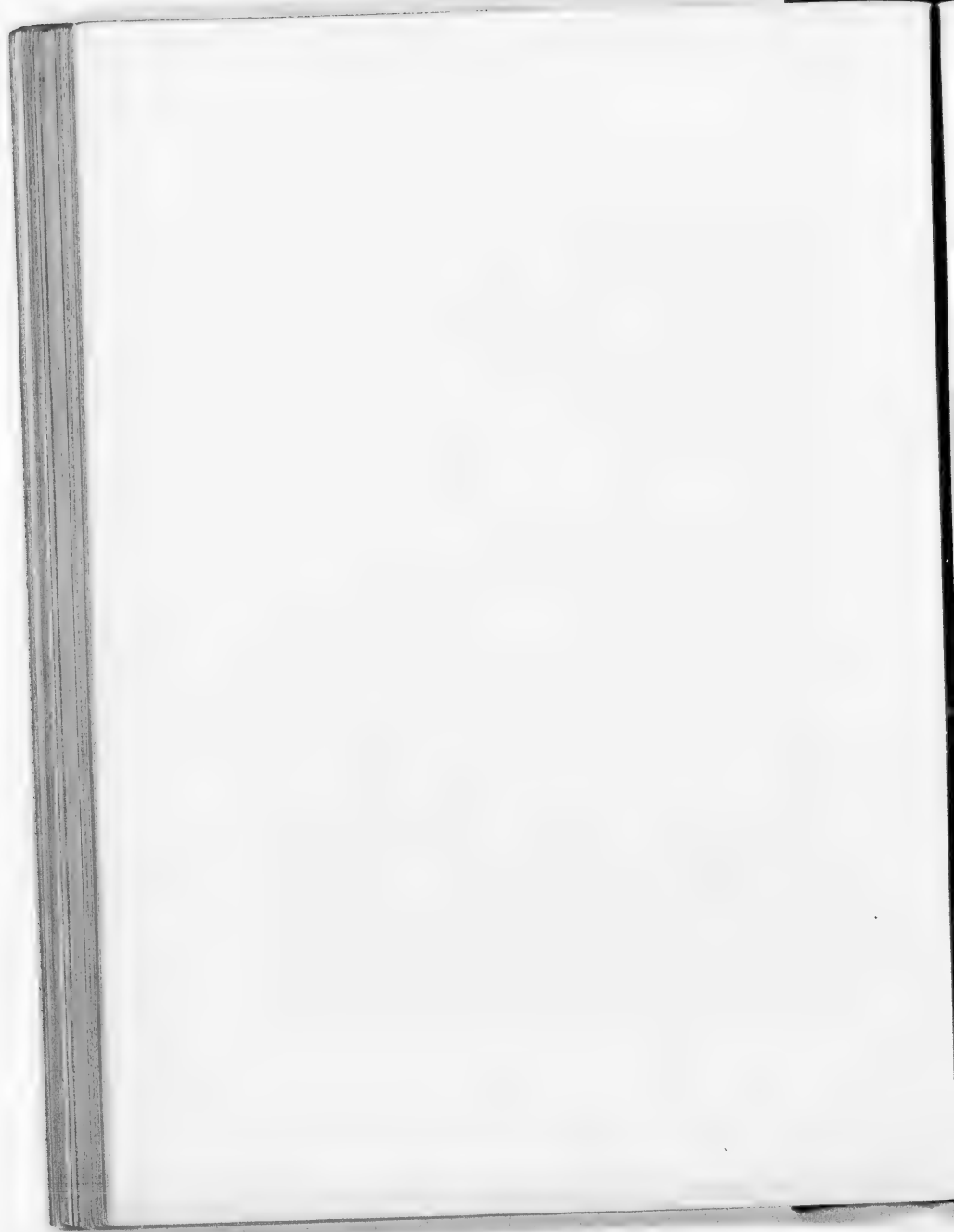
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A CHINESE FAMILY.





tea-houses you see in your picture books are few and far between in China. Most of the temples are very ordinary looking. And most of the cities are just great masses of low, common-looking buildings, so closely crowded together that a bird's eye view from a tower or a hill presents nothing but a mass of roofs.

The chief interest of China is in its immensity, its antiquity, its vast natural resources, and its strange, unchanging, and strongly-marked people.

For the people of China are, doubtless, the leading race of Asia. Wherever they meet the other Asiatic races on middle ground they always come out in the ascendant. In India the Chinaman earns twenty-five cents a day, and the Hindu eight or ten. In Singapore and Penang he rides in his carriage in the Gardens, and is the money-lender, the merchant and the millionaire, and the Malay fades before him. And in China he has stood for four thousand years like a colossal and immovable buttress against all the billows of Time and Change, surviving amid destructive conditions and influences which, surely, no other race could stand. The Hindu has ever been a conquered race; the Malay and the Polynesian is a fading race. The Chinese, notwithstanding poverty, overcrowding, poisoned water, filthy smells, unhealthy houses, extremes of heat and cold, and the competition for existence of as many, sometimes, as seven hundred to the square mile, and, above all other curses, the awful curse of opium, is the most populous and vigorous race on earth to-day.

If there ever was an illustration of the principle called

"the survival of the fittest," perhaps they are. The struggle for existence is so sharp that only the strongest can survive, and so we see a nation to-day that can carry loads like oxen, that can run with a "riksha" like horses, that can bear up under suffering and pain like stoics, and yet do all these things on a diet of rice and a few greens.

The women are as hardy as the men. Mr. Walker gives it as his opinion that the reason the Polynesians are dying out is because the mothers have to work so hard, and their offspring is stunted and injured. But the women of China work much harder in the fields and the burden bearing of the roads. And even during maternity, it is dreadful how they are neglected and expected to keep up their tasks, and to keep step with others in the dread march of life's toil. And yet they stand it, and their children stand it, and the race lives and grows, and looks down with a hoary and unwearyed age on the younger generations of time. They are the most remarkable race on earth, physically. We have often looked at the "riksha" men of Hong Kong and Shanghai, their limbs like great trees or immense pillars of stone, and they will run in the hot sun for hours until it makes one weary to see them.

But these people are more than splendid brutes. They are men of keen intellect and shrewd common sense. Often have we listened to the talk of the common people on the boats, in the country, in the inquiry meeting, and had their words interpreted to us, and we have been delighted with their keenness of observation, their discernment of character,

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Their power of memory is prodigious. Their scholars know almost all their classical books by heart, and these



CHINESE WHEELBARROW.

books contain many large volumes. Their officials are all men of education. In China, all political positions are won by study, and while their method of education does not develop the highest intellectual qualities, yet it is said that the State papers of their public men are often marked by great ability, and their leading statesmen are men of rare insight, tact and capacity.

We have met a few officials, and more graceful and dignified manners we have never seen. Even the lowest Coolie, before he drinks his tea or eats his rice, will offer it to you, and we have often felt our Anglo-Saxon bluntness put to shame by the manners of these heathen.

Their poverty has often been referred to, but bears no comparison to the poverty of the Hindu. True, in famine districts and seasons, they are often reduced to abject destitution, but ordinarily you see no such want in China as we saw all over India. Most Chinamen can earn ten to twenty-five cents a day, and buy all the rice he wants. Millions of Hindus never eat rice, and their average income is ten dollars a year.

A Chinese native house is, as a rule, far superior to a Hindu home, and we have seen many that are greatly superior to the usual dwellings of the laboring classes in Europe.

What is the attitude of these people toward foreigners? There is no doubt that it is most unfriendly. The lowest Chinaman is taught by every instinct and tradition that he is immeasurably superior to the highest foreigner. He looks down upon him as an inferior and an intruder, and it is counted a great thing by our missionaries, in the interior, when the people begin to condescend to notice them upon the street, bid them good morning or consent to rent them a house.

They don't want the foreigner, and would be glad to get rid of him if they could. This is especially true of the higher classes and the officials. Step by step the foreign missionary

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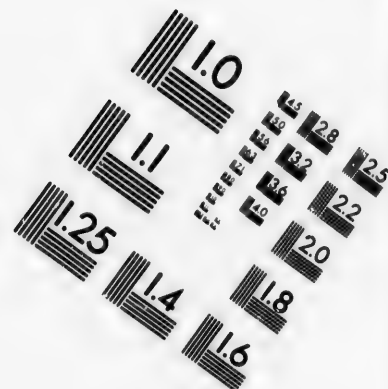
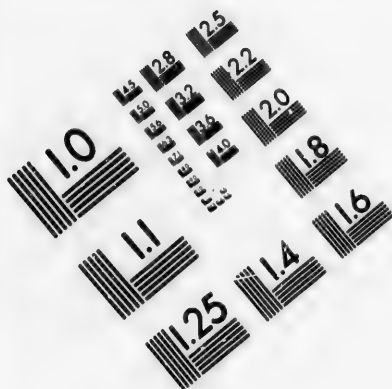
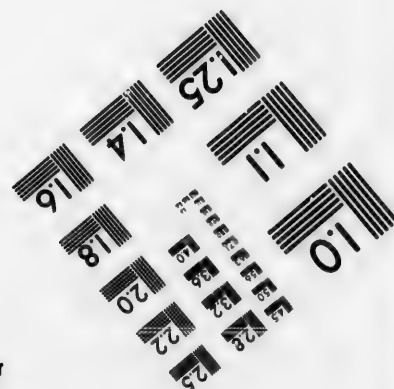
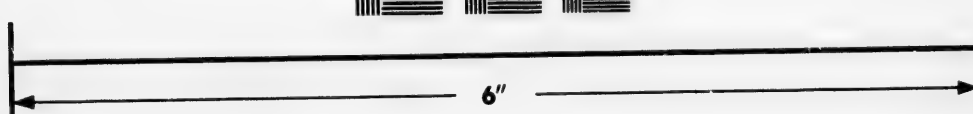
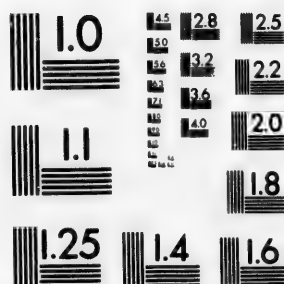


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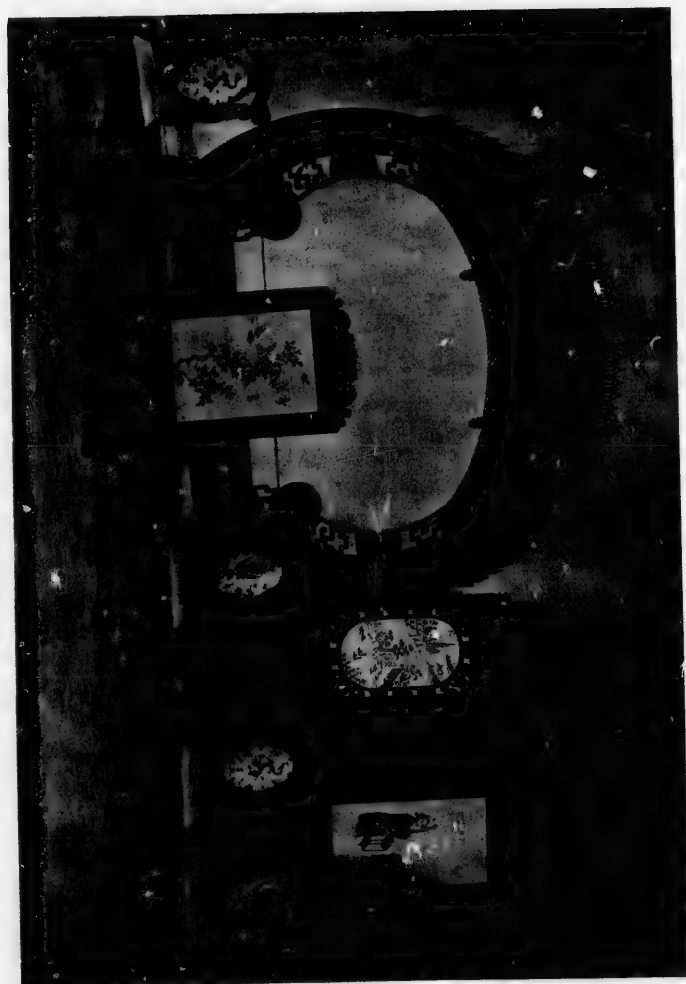
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INTERIOR OF A CHINESE MANDARIN'S BEDROOM.

and trader has got into city after city, and the treaties have established his right to stay, but there is, no doubt, a fixed determination to limit this as much as possible, and to prevent it going any further. It is exceedingly difficult to get a house to rent in a new town, and to build a foreign house in the interior would be impossible until the people had become familiar with the new comers by a few years' residence. It has been tried several times, but the building has been always pulled down and the owners turned out.

The riots which break out from time to time are the best evidence of this feeling. It is difficult to say whether the officials or the common people are most to blame for this antagonism. The two provinces of Quangsi and Hunan are the most unfriendly, and in the latter no Protestant missionary has yet been allowed to settle. One reason for this is the fact that the Hunanese compose a large part of the Chinese army, and they had a very active part in putting down the Taiping Rebellion, which was nominally a Christian movement. Consequently the very name of Christian is especially odious to them. But in all the provinces it is exceedingly difficult to open a new station, and even since we have been in China there have been several outbreaks, and the work of the missionaries has been stopped in several places. The church cannot too fully realize that China is the most difficult mission field in the world, and only the very wisdom, patience, faith, and providence of God can open it fully to the Gospel.

What are the chief obstacles to mission work in China? Well, the first is the difficulty of getting settled at all in the interior.

Then comes the prejudice and opposition of the people to the doctrine. The Chinaman is naturally opposed to any change. But to change from heathenism to Christianity is peculiarly unnatural. His old religion is bound up with all that is dearest to him. The strongest thing in Chinese idolatry is ancestral worship. And this takes hold of everything that is strong and sacred in the human heart. To abandon this is an outrage upon every human feeling.

Then the Christian conception of God is hard for a Chinaman to grasp. To him either nature is God, and he cannot distinguish between heaven and its Creator, or there are many gods, in the form of deified men; and he has no difficulty in accepting the deity of Christ, but how He can be the Supreme and only God, is all new and foreign. Besides, the whole structure of the Christian Scriptures is new and strange and unintelligible to him. Much has to be explained before he can even grasp the fundamental idea of the Gospel, and the missionary has to become a patient teacher, and "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," prepare the very elements of thought and gently lead him to grasp the primary truths of the Bible.

For this reason, the Scottish Bible Society has recently issued, after much discussion, an annotated Bible for the Chinese, explaining such terms as God, the Sabbath, and many allusions and references which are absolutely unintelligible to the Chinese mind.

What has been accomplished already in China? Chinese missions are only two generations old, and yet much has

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PUNCH AND JUDY.

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been done. Looking at it, numerically, it seems very small to talk of 40,000 converts out of three hundred millions,—one in 7,500. Still smaller does it look when you go into a vast city like Canton, Peking or Hankow and see the swarming millions on the Sabbath day, pouring out through the busy streets in pursuit of gain, and in ignorance of God, and then find your way to a little chapel or two, where a handful of saved men and women are worshipping the true God amid this great mass of ungodliness.

But there are other standpoints from which it appears anything but small.

It is no small thing that, in all the great cities of China, notwithstanding the bitter antagonism of the nation, strong mission centres have been planted, and native congregations have been gathered, which stand continually before the eyes of the natives as demonstrations of the fact of a living Christianity and samples of its blessed character, influences and power, as well as distributing centres from which the truth is going out, not only from the living voice, but also from the printed page, to thousands.

It is no small fact that, by dint of faith, patience and holy tact, more than one hundred great strategic points in the interior have been secured and opened in missionary centres, from which every province but one can be reached, and, in fact, at least evangelized. These are trains along which the heavenly dynamite is being scattered, but the laying of a train is often half the battle, and God may, in a single hour, flash all along these lines the fire of His heavenly power, and

encircle the empire with His glory. The most difficult thing for a general is to get a good position, and in China it is a great thing to get any position at all. But as we look over the map of China, we shall find that the best centres in most of the provinces have been given to the army of Christ during the past quarter of a century.

It is but a few years since more than half the provinces of China were wholly unoccupied. Within a little more than a decade the immense province of Sz-chuen, with nearly thirty millions of people, has been occupied, in some of its principal centres, by half a dozen societies. The two provinces of Yunnan and Kwei-chow, in the Southwest, have been occupied in a number of places by that brave pioneer Society which has done more than all others to open interior China,—the China Inland Mission. The same Society has pushed its stations into Shensi and Kansuh, which constitute the Northwestern frontier of China, and now another society has joined them in Shensi. Within the same time Honan and Shansi, in the North, have been planted, with several stations, and already we may say that that missionary army has been able to place its outposts on the salient points of all the Western provinces but Hunan. This is, indeed, a great deal, and only one who has been in China and seen the difficulties of getting a single outpost can fully understand it.

Then it is no small matter that a native church has been gathered in many various centres, and has given to the world a loving demonstration of what the Gospel can do for Chinese men and women. The first Chinese convert that, after

seven years of waiting, rewarded the faith of Robert Morrison, was the pledge of all the rest. The first forty thousand converts that, after two generations, have rewarded the faith of the church, are the patterns and the pledges of the millions that God can as easily gather from the land of Sinim.

When a man wants to manufacture a valuable machine, he first makes a model, and he takes a good while to perfect it. Years often are spent in tests and improvements, until at last his model is ready and his patent is issued. Then it is easy to multiply it by millions.

During these years God has been preparing His patterns in China. He has been waiting, perhaps, for a higher type of native Christians. And when He gets them He can easily multiply them by millions. In the churches at home we have often quantity enough; what we want is quality,—a higher, nobler, diviner type.

Thank God, some of these have been rising up in China. We have met some noble specimens of native Christians.

There is an old man in one of the cities on the Yangtse, whose elder brother threatened to bury him alive if he did not conform to the native custom and have his mother buried with idolatrous rites. He stood firm, and told his family that it was a rare privilege to be permitted to suffer persecution for Jesus' sake. He would have stood unto death, had not God delivered him by laying His hand on that wicked brother and taking him out of the world.

There are two men in China, who, a few months ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Turner were to be beaten in Western Sz-

chuen, to appease the people, offered to take the punishment themselves, and now, instead of wanting sympathy, they are said to be the happiest men in China.

There is an old native pastor in Shansi, whose simple faith in God has brought help and healing to thousands, and who teaches his people to trust God just as Pastor Blumhardt in Germany, Dr. Boardman in London, Dr. Cullis in Boston, and others. There are thousands of native Christians in Shantung, who, according to the testimony of Dr. Nevins, believe in the unchanged power of the Son of God to cast out devils, and who, in thousands of cases, have claimed the deliverance of Satan's captives, and seen the power of God, as in the days of old.

And so God has been preparing the forces and posting them at the great strategic points, not so much with reference to the mere preliminary results which we have yet seen, but preparatory to the great advance which He is about to make, we earnestly believe, with a view to the evangelization of the whole of this mighty Empire.

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XXV.

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK IN CHINA.

THE London Missionary Society is one of the oldest—indeed, the oldest society in China. Under its auspices, Morrison, Medhurst and Marshman came as the first pioneers to the closed gates of Canton. It is still one of the strongest and most successful agencies in the empire. We had the pleasure of meeting its missionaries at their central stations in Canton, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin and Peking, and seeing much of its substantial work. It is one of the most conservative societies in China, and believes in doing good and solid work, and taking time to do it well. Its missionaries are well paid and, as a rule, well qualified and somewhat highly educated. Its work in Hankow is, perhaps, the best type of its methods and success. Rev. Griffith John, the head of that Mission, is a man of great strength of personal character, and his influence is strongly felt throughout the whole Mission, and, indeed, the whole of China. The special feature of the Mission is the concentration of the forces at the centre and the building up of a strong work there, without attempting too wide a circle. The London Society has done grand service in all its great centres, but only aims directly to occupy a limited field, and it represents

the idea of concentration rather than wide-spread distribution.

At the other extreme stands the China Inland Mission, representing the idea of a universal and ever-aggressive evangelism for the whole of China. Its history is an inspiring and instructive lesson. It began with the personal work of its founder, Mr. Hudson Taylor, nearly thirty years ago, and has grown up in a generation to be the largest missionary agency in China and in the world.

Its great distinctive purpose has ever been to send the Gospel to the unoccupied portions, and, especially, the interior of China. It has so far succeeded in this glorious object that its stations are now planted in all but four of the provinces of China, and its evangelists have preached in all, we believe. It is the only society laboring in a number of the interior provinces, viz., Yunnan, Kwei-chow and Kansuh, and it was the first to enter Sz-chuen, Shensi, Shansi and Honan, where others have since followed, and are building on the foundations laid by these brave pioneers. It has also many stations in the provinces of Che-Kiang, Kiang-su, Kiangsi, Ghanwhei, Shantung, Chih-li and Hupeh, where the older societies are chiefly grouped. Altogether it has more than five hundred missionaries, and occupies over one hundred stations in the best strategic points throughout the empire.

Its government is Episcopal, the whole work being under a director, and each point of the field governed by a superintendent. Its missionaries are characterized by much sim-

plicity, self-denial and consecrated zeal. Its methods are aggressive and economical. Its history is a record of faith, providence and the power of the Holy Ghost. Its unwritten record, every week, is full of incidents, revealing the spirit of true sacrifice and heroism and the mighty working of God in many parts of China. Doubtless, it has the imperfections of all human things, but in its chief aims, as an aggressive, economical and far-reaching effort to evangelize China by humble, consecrated and Scriptural agencies, it has so far been successful in an extraordinary degree, and it is as yet only at the threshold of its holy career.

Between these two societies, a great number of others may be ranked as they partake more of the peculiar characteristics of either.

The Presbyterian Missions are located in most of the great centres. The Northern Presbyterians are strongly established in Canton, Shanghai, Nanking, Chefoo and Peking. Their most successful Mission is in Chefoo, and is represented by such names as Drs. Nevins and Corbett.

The Southern Presbyterians are working along the Grand Canal in the province of Kiang-su. The Canadian Presbyterians, after a brave fight, have won a good position in Honan. The English Presbyterians have a noble work in Amoy and Swatow, founded by Wm. Burns. The Irish and United Presbyterians have a fine work in Neuchang and Manchuria, a northern province, just outside of China proper.

The Baptists have a most successful Mission in Swatow, and have recently entered the great province of Sz-chuen.

The Southern Baptists have a good work in Canton and vicinity, and also in Shanghai. The English Baptists are in Shantung, the Canadian Baptists in Shensi, and the Seventh Day Baptists in Shanghai.

The Methodists have a strong work in China. The English Methodists are very strong in Canton, Hankow, and vicinity, and Tientsin. The Canadian Methodists have founded a strong Mission in Sz-chuen, under Mr. Hart, formerly of our Board. The Southern Methodists have a good work in Shanghai and vicinity, and the Northern Methodists have strong Missions in Foochow, Nanking, Ku-Kiang, Wuhu, Chin-Kiang, Tientsin and Peking. As in India, their methods are well planned and strongly carried out, and while a good deal of their work is educational, yet it is pervaded by a most earnest and aggressive spirit, and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

The American Board has a good work in Canton, in Shantung, in Peking, and in Shansi.

The American Episcopalians are posted along the Yangtse, at Shanghai, Wuchang, and other points. The English Episcopalians are at Peking, Suchow, Ningpo, Shanghai, Hong Kong, and several other points. The Disciples are working in Central China at Nanking and Wuhu. The Quakers are at Nanking. Several Swedish and Norwegian Societies are working at Wuchang and Hankow. Several German Societies are very strongly established in Quantung and Hong Kong. The Woman's Union Missionary Society have an excellent school and hospital in Shanghai. And the great Bible

Societies of England, Scotland, and America are working in all parts of the empire.

This is but a general and imperfect view of the distribution of the chief battalions of the missionary army. Our own youthful and humble work, as we have already shown, is establishing itself in five different centres: Quangsi in the south, Ghanwhei in the centre, Wuchang in the west, Peking in the northeast, and Shansi in the far north, and aims to pursue lines and methods similar to those of the China Inland Mission.

We have seen many methods of missionary work in China. There is much educational work, and it has a certain value, especially where it is utilized to prepare workers for the evangelistic field, but we believe the conviction is general that the greatest need of China is evangelism rather than education. There is also much medical mission work, and we have examined it with great interest and seen a good deal of the hospital and dispensary system in Canton, Nanking, Shanghai, Wuhu, Hankow and Tientsin, and we have a high appreciation of its value under proper conditions. There can be no doubt of its utility in attracting the attention and interest of the natives and opening their minds to listen to the Gospel. In the various mission hospitals of China, more than half a million people are annually brought into direct contact with Christianity and Christian teachers, who would probably be reached in no other way. They come to the hospitals and dispensaries for treatment, and all of them stay long enough to hear the Gospel once, and some of them

stay for weeks and are taught as regularly as they are prescribed for. Their successful treatment inspires them with gratitude, and a measure of confidence in the missionary, and they are, at least, more ready to hear his message. Only one who knows something of the intense indifference and contempt which the ordinary Chinaman feels for Christianity and the foreigner can appreciate even this advantage. Now, if this could be thoroughly followed up in every case, and wholly turned to missionary account, it would be of much greater value. Often, we fear, through the overpressure of the medical staff, the service rendered is chiefly a professional one, and there is not time or workers sufficient to follow every case to his or her house, and make these important beginnings links in a thorough system of evangelism; and so much is lost. The staff ought to be strong enough to enable every medical missionary to give, at least, half his time to evangelistic work. Where he is simply a successful surgeon, and his record shows how many difficult operations he has performed in the year, and how much suffering and mortality he has prevented, he had better remain at home and practice his profession under more favorable circumstances than he can find in China. Medical missions have no value save as an entering wedge for the Gospel, and as such they have still, if properly directed and guarded, a real utility in China, especially in the opening of new fields where the prejudice against Christianity and foreigners is so great that the ordinary missionary would not be permitted to enter or reside.

We have no sympathy with the objection which is sometimes made by the friends of Divine healing, and which has been sent to us by the last mail from Australia in a folio of many pages, viz., that such missions are contrary to the Scriptures and the principles of Divine healing. We do not see this. Divine healing is for God's children who know how to trust Him. But medical missions are for poor heathen who do not know anything of the Lord, and who must first be brought to listen to the truth and learn to trust the Saviour for themselves.

So far as method is concerned, we must frankly say that we have seen much good under all methods, and while, doubtless, all things being equal, the best results will be obtained under the best modes of working, yet much more depends upon the spirit of the worker, and a man full of the Holy Ghost and the love of souls will be blessed with fruit under any Scriptural system.

Undoubtedly, the most valuable agency in China is the native workers themselves. They can reach their countrymen as the foreigner never can. Especially in the strongly anti-foreign provinces like Hunan and Quangsi we must rely chiefly upon them to introduce the Gospel. The great difficulty is to procure them. God is slowly raising up a small army of native preachers who are of inestimable value. Money cannot obtain them—indeed, it often spoils them. God only can produce and prepare them. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth many of these laborers into His harvest.

Through all these various agencies, now having, perhaps, 1,500 foreign missionaries and twice as many natives, there are in the whole of China several hundred centres of Gospel influence and preaching, and about 40,000 members gathered into the various native churches.

When we consider all the difficulties of the situation, this is, as we have said, much,—very much. The points that have been occupied represent great centres of work, and great possibilities of future expansion and great victories over almost insuperable difficulties.

But when we compare even this with the yet unoccupied field, we shrink appalled from the spectacle of China's destitution.

If we take even the provinces that are most fully occupied, the yet neglected wastes are simply immense. Quantang is the oldest missionary field in China, and is ordinarily regarded as a fairly evangelized province. And yet, within five miles of Canton, we visited villages where a foreigner was an absolute novelty, and Dr. Henry tells us in his volume that if he had them he could place more than one hundred missionaries along the lines that have been opened up by the Presbyterians alone in that single province.

The province of Kiang-su, in Central China, is one of the best occupied in the empire. It is the province in which the great centres of Shanghai, Nanking, Su-chow, Hang-chow, Yang-chow and Chin-Kiang are situated with their strong missions. It is also one of the coast provinces, and not in the interior at all. The great Yangtse River runs through

it in one direction and the Grand Canal in another. And yet, missionaries who have been through the interior of this province during the past year, told us of village after village, and city after city, and cities great and populous, too, that had not and never have had a single voice to tell them of Jesus.

The great province of Ghanwhei is in the heart of China. The great highway of national travel runs through its midst. It is easy of access, lying on both sides of the Yangtse, and not more than four hundred miles from the coast. It had a population before the rebellion as large as France. It has now, perhaps, twenty millions. In it there are several great "Fu" cities, which are capitals of districts, and there are nearly sixty walled county towns or "H'sien" cities, as they are called, besides hundreds of great market towns and thousands,—yes, tens of thousands—of populous villages, and yet, out of all this population and out of all these towns, there are to-day less than ten separate points occupied in all this province, and if our Alliance missionaries are counted out, there are about a dozen foreign missionaries, all told, among all these tens of millions.

And what shall we say of the great interior provinces? Hunan, with perhaps fifteen millions of inhabitants, has not a single missionary. Kwei-chow and Yunnan in the southwest, have just a few pioneer stations of the China Inland Mission. The same is true of Kansuh and Shensi in the northwest. And Quangsi, in the south, is yet virgin soil. In all China there are about 1,500 of these "H'sien" cities or county towns, and each of them represents a population of

nearly a quarter of a million souls. It is not too much to say that probably 1,400 of them are yet without a missionary. The destitution is, indeed, appalling.

And the difficulties are very great. Each new city that is occupied represents months and sometimes years of patient tact, believing prayer and heroic hardship. As an angler would catch a fish, so must the missionary catch, "with guile," this unfriendly race. First, the town must be visited, perhaps again and again, by the evangelist, as he pioneers and feels his way. Then a native worker must go for a time and slowly win his way into the confidence of some of the people. Then a house must, if possible, be rented, and often this is impossible. The purchasing of land or building of a house is out of the question for at least five or ten years. It is a great thing if you can get a lease of a native house. And when you do, you must not alter it so as to attract any attention, or you will cross some of their superstitious prejudices. After you have moved in and settled down, it is quite possible you may be driven out by an anti-foreign mob before a month, and the man that rented you the house beaten by the authorities for letting you in. Or, if they let you stay, it is simply on sufferance. Every dog on the street growls at you as an offense. Every buffalo on the road snuffs at you as an intruder. Every small boy is apt to call you a "foreign devil." And you may feel highly complimented if, after two years, the neighbors deign to nod to you on the street or bid you good morning.

That is about the story of the opening of an ordinary

Chinese town. And when you think of the fourteen hundred municipal cities that are yet to be entered, and the more than a million villages yet to be evangelized, it will be manifest, we think, how real a task lies before the Church of God, and how stirring the challenge that is summoning our faith and courage to prove our God to the uttermost these last years of the Century and the Dispensation.

What can be done to meet this need more effectually?

1. Make the most of the existing centres and lines of operation. They have cost much. Utilize them to the utmost. Support every existing mission in China with all the backing it can receive. If we could persuade a thousand missionaries to go to China, and a thousand people to support them in connection with all the existing boards and agencies, we would just as gladly do so as through our own. Only as many missionaries can be used in China as there are openings for, and when these openings have been already prepared at great strategic points, man them, and man them to the uttermost. The force at all the existing stations in China might probably be doubled, and every station could, without the least difficulty, take care of the duplicates and find superb openings for them as soon as they are ready. Indeed, at one of the great mission centres in China, some of the old missionaries of the other boards offered to take a number of our young men and women and keep them for three years, teaching them the methods of mission work and receiving their help in many ways in which even a junior missionary could assist. We wish we could reach the ear of the churches

of America and plead with them to send a whole regiment at once to reinforce the lone outposts of China.

We wish, especially, that we could send one hundred men to supplement the one hundred stations which the China Inland Mission have opened at such cost in every part of China; stations which are crying so loudly for reinforcements, and which, without them, cannot be efficiently maintained. We thank God that we can rejoice in the work of our brethren as much as in our own; and feel that it is not theirs or ours, but all His, and a lost world's, for His dear Name's sake.

2. So far as new agencies are concerned, and our own work in particular, there are some conditions peculiar to China, that somewhat limit the possibility of multiplying the forces as rapidly as in other countries. We cannot send men at will to any part of China. It is not a question of money or of missionaries only, but of openings. The way must be prepared for them, and they must work out from centres already opened. A new man without the language cannot open up a new station, and even a new man with the language is of not much use to open a new and anti-foreign city. Some one must go before him, as a rule, either a native evangelist or an experienced missionary, and feel his way, disarm prejudice, preach the Gospel on the street, sell books, and after a while secure premises. It takes a new mission some time to get its first centres and its experienced workers and native helpers; and, for a time, its expansion must necessarily be somewhat gradual, like the multiplication of a plant

from a single root. The more centres it can have the better, if they are sufficiently connected to secure united working and mutual support. Therefore, we have planted already in China a number of central stations in different sections, and in each of these we have begun to scatter the workers, in parties of two, to their separate stations just as fast as they have the language and can obtain openings. In this way we are preparing posts for new recruits, and after a while we shall have a dozen or a score of centres, to each of which a little band of reinforcements can go, and from which they, in their turn, can start new centres which shall, in their turn, multiply yet more widely until all the field is covered.

In the province of Ghanwhei already there is room for, at least, a hundred such centres, and each of these should have from two to five missionaries. Wuchang, our latest centre, looks out to the south, the west and the north on more than half a dozen great provinces, each of which needs, at least, one hundred centres, and three hundred men as fast as the openings can be found and the men placed. Our Swedish friends in Northern Shansi hope to spread ere long through Shansi and Kansuh, but the forty who have just gone are as many as can be profitably located now, and as they become established they will move forward and prepare the way for others. In Quangsi, in the south, a party of half a dozen can be immediately utilized, and as they plant the soles of their feet upon the land, perhaps a dozen more can join them, and they, in turn, can double, until this neglected field shall be planted with a hundred points of

light. It is thus that the work must go on in China, by a wise progression, accelerating as it grows, until, in a few years, there need be scarcely any limit to the number of agencies that may be distributed and employed.

Of course, the aim of all our foreign agencies is to raise up an army of native workers and train them to do this work themselves. But this process is somewhat slow, and if the present generation of China is to be evangelized, it must be chiefly by foreign agency. Foreign evangelism is more successful in China than in most other fields. In India very many of the missionaries are chiefly superintendents, and train the natives to do most of the pioneer work. But in China the most successful missionaries are successful and persistent evangelists. Men like Dr. Henry, of Canton, Griffith John, of Hankow, Dr. Corbett, of Shantung, and many more such well-known names, with all their great executive and literary ability, delight to go out among the people on long and perilous evangelistic tours and preach the Gospel in their language from village to village and house to house. And we are glad to be able to say that the Chinese language is not nearly such a Jericho as it seemed. Diligent and prayerful study can easily acquire it in a reasonably short time. Almost any diligent and faithful student can do much useful work within a year, and can do something in six months. It is not half so difficult as Japanese, and we judge is not much harder than the languages of India or Burmah. Foreign children pick it up more quickly than English. Its sounds are as simple and monosyllabic, and its characters

pictorial, giving a vivid and ocular image of the thing defined. Of course, it takes many years to acquire perfect fluency and accurate command of the language. But no one need despair of even this within a reasonable time, and we know even young missionaries like Mr. Johnston and Mr. Stanley Smith, who speak it with wonderful freedom and power.

For our own work in China, the immediate needs that have been pressing upon our heart and mind during these busy months have been :

1. A thorough organization and competent superintendence of the whole field and work. This, we are glad to say, has been granted us in the good providence of God, and as we leave the Eastern Hemisphere our good brother, Mr. Lela-cheur, has already reached his post at Wuhu, and, in conference with our brethren there, is getting ready for the great campaign.

2. A judicious and comprehensive plan, providing for the needs of our work for the next few years, and adapted to reach the most needed of the neglected fields, and accomplish the utmost possible for the evangelization of China during the present generation, at least through the means and resources at our command. This, we trust, God has also been directing us to do, and our forces are already being distributed along a number of concerted lines of operation, and according to a prayerful and intelligent plan.

3. The distribution of our workers in as many distinct fields as can be judiciously opened. And this also has begun, and within a month, even since we left China, we have had

the most encouraging reports of openings that have been found and are being occupied in new and most important stations.

4. A missionary home where our new missionaries can at once be received and cared for while they are studying the language during the first six or twelve months, until definite openings can be found for them in special fields. This, also, is in process. And we trust, before the close of the year such a home will be ready on the Yangtse at Wuhu, to be followed, perhaps, by others, if need be, in other parts of the field.

5. A number of bands of consecrated men and women, but especially men, to prepare for work in the interior of China. We do not feel, at present, that the time has come for much woman's work in connection with our work in China, except a small number of married women to go with their husbands, and a few such unmarried women as are really and thoroughly fitted, and intelligent, willing for the hardships and privations of pioneer work in the interior. We do not want any woman to go to China unless she knows just what this means and chooses it uncompromisingly and unreservedly by the Lord's own leading.

But we do want several companies of young men, men of the highest calibre, men of great intelligence, much practical wisdom, fair education, deep piety, strong courage, real self-denial, and such spiritual resources that they are not going to get lonesome and unhappy when cut off from human companionship and sympathy. Moreover, they should be men so divinely called to the work, and so utterly given up to it,

that they are willing to abandon all thought of marriage, and go out to a real pioneer soldier life for at least four or five years, until they have cut their way through all their early difficulties and won a permanent station and home where, if the Lord leads them, they may then begin to think of a more settled home-life and work. We want half a dozen such men for Quangsi, in the south ; a dozen, at least, for Central China ; and half a dozen for Wuchang and Western China, besides others for Thibet and Northern China. Only God can give these workers. Let us pray the Lord of the Harvest to send them.

6. We need a few reinforcements for Miss Duow's work in Peking, but these are already arranged for, we believe.

7. We hope to be able to send more Swedish missionaries as soon as the present large party in Shansi shall have become properly disposed of, and established in their work, so that others can take their places or join them in their work.

8. And we need a few married couples, at certain points, to form the heads of homes, and take charge of necessary executive departments of the work.

9. We greatly need native helpers. These are difficult to obtain, and have usually to be raised up out of our own work. God has given us a few. Let us ask Him for many more, and for the wisdom needed to provide for the training of this most essential class of helpers. We shall soon need, doubtless, a training school for native evangelists.

10. Above all, we need the working of His mighty Providence and the power of His Holy Spirit. Nothing can be

done in China without God. The work is transcendently difficult and must be all Divine. For this reason we have met a class of missionaries in China such as we have found, to the same degree, in no other field ; men and women deeply conscious, as a rule, of their utter dependence on God. Let us pray for them, let us pray for our own brethren unceasingly, that they may be strong in the Lord and the power of His might, for they wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world ; against spiritual wickedness in high places. "Put on, therefore, the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. . . . Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and with all perseverance for all saints" . . . that all utterance may be given them to open their mouths boldly for the Gospel for which they are ambassadors in bonds.

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XXVI.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

WE had scarcely got out of the Yangtse when we noticed the extraordinary speed at which the steamer was going. Every fibre fairly quivered with the strain of her tremendous engines. All that day and the next she fairly flew over the sea of Japan, until the spray dashed in fine rain over our faces, and she never slackened her pace until at sunset, the next night, we saw before us the high rocks that guard the entrance to the harbor of Nagasaki.

We soon learned the cause. We were flying from a typhoon, one of those tremendous cyclones that strike the eastern seas in summer like a lightning breath, and in an instant tear to ribbons the stoutest sail, and strong enough to enable the vessel to sail and steer by the bare mast, when even that is not torn away by the terrific gale. Even the strongest steamship has all she can do even to hold her course in the teeth of the typhoon. A friend of ours was caught in one last summer, in one of the great ships of the French Mail Line—the finest, perhaps, in the East. For three days, he says, they were all locked down stairs, while the great ship was literally lifted up and dashed down again and again, like a plaything in the grasp of a giant, until it would seem as if it

must be pounded to pieces, and at the end of the storm they found that they had hardly moved a mile on their course.

And so it was a little exciting to know that a telegram had come to Shanghai that a typhoon had just left the former port that day, travelling northward, and that we might get out of its course by swiftly speeding across the line of its march before it reached us. We saw no sign of its coming, but we knew that these visitors come without notice, and that the sky, this moment bright and clear, might the very next be dark with the dreadful hurricane.

But we quietly trusted and prayed, and the next night, as we entered the harbor of Nagasaki, we knew that through God's goodness we had escaped it. The third day, as we sailed out of that harbor and rounded the coast to enter the Inland Sea, we were caught in its tail, and the slight shaking we got gave us a very faint idea of what its clutches would have been.

These tremendous storms usually start at the Philippine Islands, and travelling in a narrow course with a revolving spiral motion, sweep on to Hong Kong and then up the Chinese coast, usually passing out to sea a little distance above Shanghai. They mow a swath of desolation on land and sea, and many of the hapless wrecks they leave are never known.

The harbor of Nagasaki is said to be the prettiest in the East. We do not consider it as fine as Hong Kong, which still remains, in our judgment, unapproached if not unapproachable for picturesque grandeur.

But the picture is exceedingly fine. You enter through

many islands and gradually find yourself in a narrow enclosure, like a Scotch lake, with a gleaming mirror at your feet, a superb frame of hills of every picturesque shape surrounding it on every side but one, and crowned here and there, at the most effective angles, by some pretty lighthouse or hand-



NAGASAKI.

some building, while yonder, at the head of the little harbor, the native city, with its bright cottages, nestles on the shore ; and above it rises tier after tier of handsome bungalows, and above and beyond the terraced fields, whose wavy tints of green look like carvings and chasings on the ornamental frame of the mirror that flashes below.

Among these hills are the rocks where, more than two hundred years ago, the Martyr Christians of Japan were hurled to death.

In these waters, too, was found that wonderful copy of the Bible, a quarter of a century ago, that led a whole village to Christ, and formed one of the beautiful providential links in the opening of modern missions in Japan.

Monday morning we began coaling, and we had a good opportunity to study native character. The coal barges came up alongside, and a great crowd of boys and girls unloaded these into the steamer. It was a curious sight to see those long chains of mere girls, as they seemed, standing one above another up the ladders on the sides of the ship and down to the holds of the coal barges, passing in and out the full and empty baskets, with songs and shouts of merriment. What a little people, and what a joyous and cheerful people they are!

A "riksha" ride through Nagasaki showed us the great Buddhist temple with its silly priests and performances, and pretty stores and streets, so clean and so different from the filthy scenes we had just left in China.

In the afternoon we sailed out again, and after a little tumbling in the open sea, we entered, at length, the beautiful "Inland Sea," through which the rest of our voyage to Kobe passed.

The "Inland Sea" is the jewel of Japan. It has been compared to English, Swiss and Scottish lakes, and our own "Thousand Isles" of the St. Lawrence, or Lake George and



TEMPLE OF BUDDHA, NAGASAKI.

its isle-adorned bosom. It is a sea of islands much larger than any of these expanses, and combining many elements of interest they lack. It is about three hundred miles long, and varies in width from five to fifty miles.

A sheet of light green water, at least three hundred miles long inside the ocean breakwaters, its surface as smooth as glass, save when its fair face dimples at the touch

of some soft wooing breeze, its bosom dotted with innumerable islands flung in every shape and direction—*islands high and low, conical and flat, large and small, some a few miles and some a few yards long, but all verdant and beautiful; just bare enough for the patches of light grey sand to light up their dark green sides and summits, and break their fronts into a hundred facets of color and form until they look like jewels cut by gigantic hands in many curious forms; islands covered with patches of dark green pines, interspersed with terraced banks and fields rich with many tints of lighter green, and at the base often a pretty village nestling by the sea; here and there a pretty lighthouse, with its snow white tower and winding stair, crowning some rocky islet; here and there a fishing boat, a curious Japanese junk, a beautiful new steam launch passing by; every coast-line indented with bays and inlets—every prospect and perspective new and strangely beautiful—every shore a garden—every isle a gem—every glimpse a new delight; this is the "Inland Sea."*

It is Lake George magnified many times over and set in an Oriental frame. It is the Thousand Isles with their shores and lands elevated into mountains, and the waters of the St. Lawrence widened into a great Inland Lake. It is the high banks of the Hudson and the terraced and vine-clad shores of the Rhine cut up into a dozen winding channels and circling shores. It is not so softly beautiful as Windermere or Derwentwater. It is not so grand as Como or Maggiore. It is not such a concentrated miniature of every charm as Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. But it would hold them all

put together, with the Thousand Isles and Lake George thrown in. We sailed through it for thirty hours, and our only regret was that much of its loveliness was lost in the veil of mist and clouds that rested upon it. But it was pretty enough to enable us to realize what it must be under a brilliant sun, and a clear, transparent sky.



KOBÉ.

Tuesday night found us sailing into the harbor of Kobe, and, next morning, our good friend Mr. Gulick, came on board early and took us ashore to breakfast at Mrs. Ballard's pleasant missionary home, just outside the town, under the pretty foothills.

Kobe is a handsome city of over 100,000 inhabitants, and

the second seaport in Japan, competing very fairly even with Yokohama for the large shipping trade of these prosperous islands. It is finely situated in an irregular frame of high and picturesque hills, covered to their summits with terraced fields or rich plantations of the curious pine and other trees which are peculiar to Japan. Our pine is a lofty and perpendicular tree piercing the sky like a pointed pillar. But



THE GREAT PINE TREE, JAPAN.

the pine tree of Japan, either from natural habit or from long training, is a spreading tree, growing low, and dwarf shaped, often not over twenty feet high, and extending its wide branches out on every side with thick and luxuriant foliage, often more than fifty or even a hundred feet. Indeed, there is one great pine in Japan nearly twice as broad as the famous Banyan at Calcutta, whose wide extended branches

cover a space of hundreds of feet in diameter, and are supported by scores of artificial posts.

The effect of these and other trees is very fine, and the green tints of the hillsides are more varied than we have noticed anywhere else.

Mrs. Ballard was formerly a missionary in China, and has a most intelligent and earnest missionary spirit. Her home is a great convenience to travelling missionaries, and a real centre of Christian life and love.

We went to the cemetery during the day, and found the grave of our first missionary to the East, Dr. William Cassidy, who laid down his life at Kobe, on his way to China, just five years ago. He was a real hero, and a true missionary martyr, and his grave is one of the pledges which claim this land for God. He died of smallpox, contracted, we fear, on his journey across the Pacific, which he insisted on taking as a steerage passenger that he might get nearer to the people and accomplish more for their good. It was a serious mistake, and one that we must not allow to occur again; but it was prompted by a high and noble purpose, and has doubtless won a great reward.

It was very delightful to find that this lonely spot in a far-off land had not been neglected, but fresh flowers were blooming over it, and thoughtful but unknown hands had evidently placed them there. We hope some of our friends in return will not forget to remember other lonely graves of God's dear children there.

We went to the greenhouse near by to purchase a few

plants, and had them planted over his head and feet. They are pretty evergreens, and they will continue to speak of the love that is keeping his memory green by following up his labors for the world's evangelization. Could he see the eighty missionaries to China and Japan that have followed in his train, he would not think that his life had been wasted or his death in vain.

It was very ridiculous to notice the way the Japanese gardener acted. We had often heard that the Japanese people were in the habit of laughing at funerals, but this fellow just laughed and laughed until it was simply absurd and embarrassing. He laughed when we asked him the price of the flowers, and he laughed when he planted them, and he laughed when we paid him ; and, indeed, he laughed so much that we could hardly get him to do anything else but laugh. We suppose he was trying to make us feel cheerful, and that he was simply expressing his idea of sympathy and comfort in affliction. He was evidently a trained laugh, but he quite overdid his business this time, and his conduct seemed quite ghastly.

Our first missionary meeting in Japan was with our Swedish friends, who came out to Japan about two years ago from the Scandinavian churches of America, through the efforts of Mr. Franson.

There were eighteen of them assembled at Kobe, holding a conference about their work in Japan, and they received us very affectionately in their little upper room, and told us the story of their work since coming to Japan, while we, in

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BRONZE IMAGE OF KUODANI, KIOTO.

turn, gave them some words of encouragement, and told them of their brethren whom we had met along the way as told us at home.

Their leader, Mr. Seaholm, had succeeded Dr. Ludlow in the Seaman's Mission at Kobe, for a while, and at the time applied to us to be received as a missionary of the Alliance, but we hesitated to receive him simply because we doubted the expediency of continuing that work under the Alliance. These Scandinavians are good and true men and women, and are fairly started in a good work in Japan. They have had some heavy trials. Their allowance for support and work is not sufficient, and they are really cramped for means. Japan is a very different country from China, and while two hundred dollars in gold is ample for the support of a Scandinavian missionary in Northern China, it is not more than half enough in any part of Japan and will not go half as far.

They have also had some severe sickness, and one of their ladies died of smallpox in Tokio, under distressing circumstances, having nobly offered to nurse another missionary who had the disease, and paying her own life as the costly sacrifice.

We wish their Scandinavian friends would do a little more for these brave and worthy laborers. We believe, as our readers know, in economical missions, but we do not mean by this a scale of support which will involve hardship, privation and inability to secure proper buildings, chapels, etc. In countries like India and China, the rates which we have found sufficient for plain and comfortable living are

equivalent to more than twice as much in Japan. We are sure that there is much room, even in Japan, for an example of missionary economy and simplicity of living, but it must not be pushed to an extreme which will cramp and cripple the workers and drive them into secular teaching in order to eke out a living.

We met our Scandinavian friends again at Kyoto and Tokio, and were glad to learn that already their work had begun to bear fruit. They are distributed in about ten centres, and, during the past year, they have had over twenty conversions in their various stations.

It is not necessary in Japan to wait until one has acquired the language before beginning work, but through a good interpreter a missionary may do much useful work from the very beginning. During our short visit to Japan we addressed more than a dozen native audiences, and, although it was, of course, far less satisfactory than the direct contact of the vernacular, yet it became much more easy and effective than we had found it in India or China. There are some missionaries that have never acquired the language, but prefer to use an interpreter; but this is much less common than we had heard, and we are prepared to deny the statement which we have read in a high authority recently published on Japan missions, to the effect that there are only about a dozen missionaries in the country that speak Japanese fluently, and use it ordinarily in their work. Undoubtedly it is the most difficult of the oriental languages to acquire perfectly, and there are comparatively few who can

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speaking it like an educated native. But the great majority of the missionaries learn it and use it effectively, and no one who expects to do permanent work should think of settling down to the roundabout and indirect communication to which one is limited through an interpreter, or "interruptor," as Joseph Cook so happily called him.

In the afternoon we addressed a meeting of the missionaries in the Southern Methodist chapel, and afterwards had some interesting and valuable conversation with several of them, and learned much of the present condition of mission work in this section of Japan. The American Board and the Southern Methodists have the principal work in Kobe. The native churches in this section of Japan, especially in connection with the American Board, have become quite strong and independent, and are beginning to detach themselves from the leading strings of the mother church and prepare to stand alone. Indeed, they have given some very broad hints already that they think the time has come when the American churches should give them the money and let them do and direct the work. To a great extent this has already been done, and more than one American missionary told us that he was really preparing for the not far-distant time when they would all be expected to take their leave and resign the work to the native churches exclusively.

We visited the large educational work of the American Board, and found that many of their workers in Japan were engaged in this class of work. Their schools in Kobe are wholly for girls and seem to be very efficient and well sus-

tained. They told us that the Japanese national schools only gave girls a primary education, and that higher female education had to be supplied by foreign mission schools. They said the girls, were very bright, and really had to be held back from study. In connection with this school a handsome and elaborate science hall was going up, which was to be furnished with superior laboratories and museum. All this was very lovely, and the missionaries who kindly showed us through the buildings were most gifted and sincere Christian workers, and enthusiastic in their work; but we could not help feeling that the connection with the evangelization of the world, and with Christ's last commission, was somewhat indirect and remote, and that it did not very materially differ from high school work at home. We, at least, should not feel at liberty to invest missionary funds in such beautiful institutions as this, while the great masses and most of the lower classes of Japanese are yet unsaved.

We have too much love for even the most indirect effort to evangelize the world, and too tender a regard for the beloved missionaries we met abroad to be critical or severe, but we were pained to see so very much educational work in Japan engrossing the strength and time of foreigners whom the Lord could so well employ in direct missionary work.

We heard of our dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Ludlow, who had spent two or three years in Kobe, in connection with the Alliance, and, of course, we found that they had left a deep impression by their Christian character and life on the community. But we found no permanent results from their for-

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eign missionary work. Their time had been wholly given to work among foreign sailors, in which they were much blessed, but they had not even learned the Japanese language or established any permanent work among the natives. And even the seamen's work which they carried on so earnestly has now passed into the hands of the American Episcopalians. Unhappily much of our work in Japan has been allowed to run in channels aside from direct evangelism, and we are only now getting down to our proper work for the preaching of the Gospel to the heathen in the interior. We trust our people will never again let anything divert them from this great trust. All else must be transitory and unsatisfactory. This only is our calling and mission as an Alliance, and in this only can we have God's full and perfect blessing. Dr. Ludlow worked hard and faithfully in his special line, and suffered very seriously in his health through the effects of the climate and his arduous labors, and we are glad to learn, since his return to America, is steadily recovering.

On the following day we had the peculiar pleasure of visiting an interior town and seeing a type of Japanese work which filled us with peculiar encouragement. It was a visit to the Orphanage of Mr. Ishii at Okayama. This city is situated on the Inland Sea, about two hundred miles west of Kobe, and is the centre, also, of an excellent and successful mission of the American Board, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Pettee, a warm friend of Mr. Ishii, and the author of a brief biography of him. Mr. Ishii is a very remarkable man, and the type of a new class of workers whom we trust God is

about to raise up in this extraordinary land, as a spiritual balance wheel, amid the extreme intellectual activity of the new age.

He is still a young man, only about thirty, but has the quiet gravity and poise of a much older man. He has learned to wait on the Lord, and suffer in silence, and he knows the great secret of listening to His voice and trusting His word. He has been called the George Muller of Japan, and his work has been inspired to a great degree by the example and testimony of that venerable patriarch of faith. A few years ago Mr. Muller visited Japan, and the story of his work had a powerful influence in the heart of Mr. Ishii, who, at the time, was about to study medicine and become a physician. He was led to adopt a helpless child, and so to begin his great life-work. He has no less than two hundred and seventy-five children under his care, fifty of whom are at another town—Nagoya—and so far they all have been cared for by the Lord without any direct human dependence.

He has various industrial departments in connection with the school, and is multiplying them as fast as the means will allow. He has a barber shop run by the boys, which makes a little money daily for the Orphanage. He has a printing establishment which turns out good work, of which we have some specimens. He has others learning to gin and spin and weave cotton, and if he had a few hundred dollars more he could purchase a lot of spinning wheels and put a number more to work profitably. Everything is most simple and economical, and all the affairs of the Orphanage are open as the

day. With great simplicity he told the little ones, the day we were there, that they had begun the day with two yen, and the expenses had been nineteen yen, and just eighteen yen had come in, so they had just one yen to begin another day, and so they all were taught to look to the Lord together for their daily bread. He came over to see us the following week at Nagoya, and we had a long interview and became very deeply attached to the simple-hearted child-like man of God. He accepted most fully all the truths of the Fourfold Gospel, and told us that we should some day hear more fully from him, if God spared us both, when he should have tried and proved more fully these precious truths. He told us, with great simplicity, that he had been hindered for a day in coming to visit us at Nagoya, by the want of means, but the next day a man called and brought him eight yen, saying that he waked in the night dreaming that Mr. Ishii needed eight yen and was in distress, and in the morning he obtained exactly this sum and brought it to him, and it proved to be the very sum he needed. This good man took a great hold of our heart, and we believe God is going to use him more than any other agency in Japan to teach His people true piety, and to begin through the Spirit of the Lord, and through the native people themselves, a spiritual and missionary movement which will reach all Japan with the true Gospel in its simple apostolic power. His young wife is in full sympathy with him, and his helpers, numbering twenty, are all volunteers, giving their time without compensation and in simple dependence upon God for all their needs. They all seem to

be men and women of like mind with himself. Mr. Ishii has received into his branch Orphanage at Nagoya the little orphans whom Miss Kinney had gathered as the nucleus of an Orphanage work in connection with the Alliance, and we had the pleasure of visiting them a few days later at the Home. Miss Howard very wisely handed them over to Mr. Ishii, as our Alliance is not called to this kind of work directly, and Mr. Ishii is much better able to care for it.

We believe that many of our people will be led to take a personal interest in the work of this beloved brother, and to cheer him in his work of faith and labor of love, which is an object lesson for Japan of much more value than even its direct benefit to the many helpers or plans under his care.

Our journey to Okyama, as also, later, to other points, was rendered very pleasant, and saved us from much inconvenience by the kindness of our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gulick, of Kyoto, who met us at Kobe and made most of the arrangements for our rapid visit to Japan.

These dear friends have since undertaken the oversight of our missionary work in Japan, and we trust, in coming days, will become much better known to all our readers and friends. Dr. Gulick belongs to an honored missionary family, which has still several members in the mission field. Much of his life was spent in the Sandwich Islands. For many years he has resided in Japan, and has been chiefly engaged as a professor in the government schools. He has just resigned his position in the principal government college at Kyoto, and will now give his life exclusively to missionary

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make him a great blessing to the work, and that his dear
wife may be richly blessed and strengthened for her fellow-
ship of service.

XXVII.

ACROSS JAPAN BY RAIL.

THERE are already several thousand miles of railway in Japan, opening up almost every part of the country by easy communication. The longest and most important of these lines runs from Kobe to Yokohama and Tokio, a distance of three hundred and sixty miles.

First, we had to secure passports at the consul's office, permitting us to travel in the interior, beyond the Treaty ports, "for scientific observation or the benefit of our health." We did not have to answer any questions on these lines or we might have been embarrassed. Our passports had very kindly been secured for us, and we accepted them without demur. We suppose, had we been questioned, we could have said, with Miss Kinney, that it was for the benefit of our health to obey the Lord and go where He sent us. The truth is, as we learned from the authorities, the real spirit and interest of these passports is to prevent foreigners going into the interior to trade, and so long as this is honestly avoided, the spirit of the Treaty is not infringed.

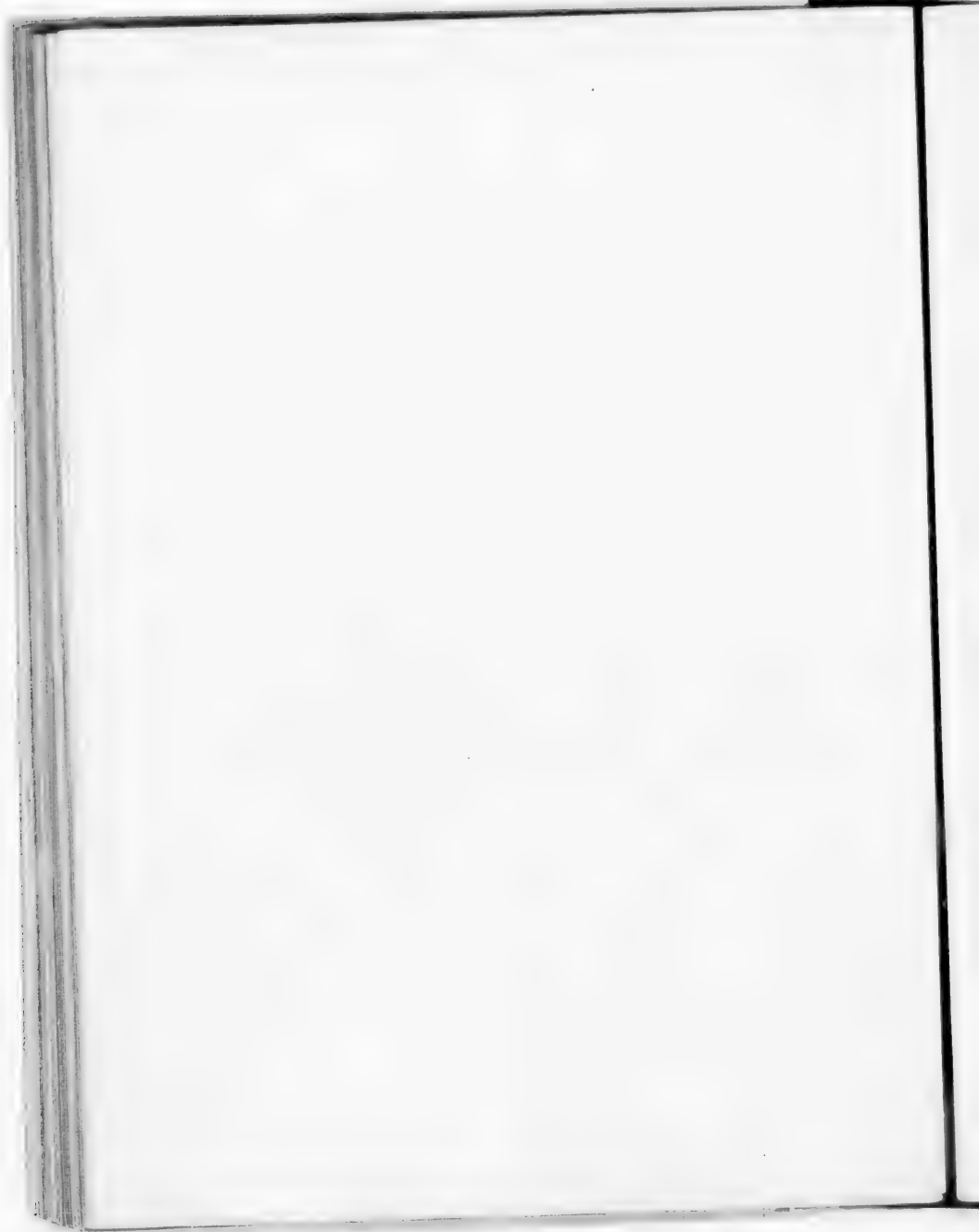
We were surprised to find how much easier it is than we had supposed, to obtain passports, not only to visit but also to reside in the interior, and that by a little tact every por-

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JINRIKSHA TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

Reproduction from a Japanese Painting



tion of the interior may be visited and evangelized ; and, indeed, there is scarcely a province where missionaries are not now to be found, and where flourishing stations are not growing up.

Our first stop was at Osaka, the second city in Japan in population, and the first in real wealth and commercial importance. It has a population of half a million, and it bears every indication of wealth and influence. We tried to count its lofty smoke stacks as we entered, but they numbered hundreds. Its bridges are said to exceed 1,400, and they are very substantial and pretty, leading across the various branches of the rivers that intersect the town, almost like another Venice. The manufactures of Osaka are very extensive, and, its trade draws constant visitors from every section of the empire. Its commercial museum is a vast and imposing structure, containing samples of its various wares, and not unworthy of Glasgow or Liverpool.

We were kindly entertained by the Rev. Mr. Gulick, of the American Board, and found a meeting arranged for us in the largest native church, Rev. Mya Gowa, pastor, where we were expected to preach to a native audience with the pastor as interpreter. This gentleman is one of the leading ministers of the native church of Japan, and a very good sample of an educated Christian native. He has a strong physique for a Japanese, and an expression of rugged force and strong executive ability. His head is round and massive ; his beard thick and strong ; his shoulders broad and powerful ; his eye keen, and his manner crisp and full of decision and energy.

He impressed us as a man more keenly intellectual than deeply spiritual. He is said to be the best interpreter in Japan. When Joseph Cook was here he translated his lectures for him, and was able to reproduce whole paragraphs, five or ten minutes long, without omitting or mutilating a shade of thought.

He is the leading spirit of the Kumai churches which have grown up out of the missionary work of the American Board, and are pressing so strongly for an independent native church. The first part of the meeting was devotional, and he led it by the aid of a little bell, keeping time as sharply as Mr. Moody would have done.

We spoke for about half an hour, and he interpreted for us with great facility. We noticed that nobody in the audience looked at us, but all gazed on the floor or in the empty space, and we would have thought that they were utterly uninterested in what we said had we not been told that it is not etiquette in Japan to look at a speaker, or show the slightest emotion or interest, but good form requires one to keep a blank face devoid of all feeling. We felt like exploding all their good form and getting them either to laugh or cry, or say, "Hallelujah," or something, and we succeeded once or twice, before we left Japan, in seeing some impression made on these set, studied faces of stone.

Mr. Mya Gowa told us that there were fifteen native congregations in Osaka, and that his own church was entirely self-supporting, paying him his salary, and, indeed, carrying on some missionary work besides.

We also had the privilege of meeting a number of the English and American missionaries at Osaka and speaking a few spiritual words about the Holy Ghost, the one theme on which we have almost always spoken abroad. There is a very pleasant Foreign Quarter in Osaka, where the missionaries reside, and several of the great societies are well represented, especially in the American Board, the Northern and Cumberland Presbyterians and the Baptists, and the English Church Missionary Society. We were especially delighted to meet some of the workers of this latter society who were connected with Mr. Buxton's work, and to receive a very cordial letter of welcome from Mr. Buxton himself. This dear brother has lately come to Japan as the representative of a missionary spirit which will meet, we know, with a very cordial response in all our people's hearts. He is a descendant of an old and honored English family, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; is possessed of ample means to sustain the Mission he represents, and yet is working loyally under the noblest of English societies, the Church Missionary Society. He is a thoroughly consecrated Christian, believing with all his heart in the Lord as a Healer and Sanctifier, and standing out in uncompromising separation from all the inconsistencies and follies of the religious world. So true is his testimony that even missionaries sometimes think him and his party of workers extreme. They have no time for receptions, picnics, Shakespearean readings and idle sight-seeing, and no heart for aught save the one thing the Lord has sent them to do. Their lives are simple, economical and elevated. They have

gone straight to the unoccupied fields of the interior, and already God has begun to greatly bless their work. Our friends will be glad to know that it is among these good missionaries, and on the borders of the great unoccupied field they have entered, that we have decided to organize our missionary work in the interior of Japan.

Here we again received the same assurances which we had already heard at Kobe, of the strong independent movement on the part of the native churches, and their desire to throw off the foreign control and take the entire direction of all the missionary work in Japan. We found much less of this in some of the other societies, and we believe it has been, for various causes, most decided in the churches of the American Board.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Church has an excellent work in Osaka, and we had some precious fellowship with its good missionaries, reminding us of the old days at Fort Worth. One of their lady evangelists, now in America, has been greatly blessed in establishing a large circle of stations and churches in the vicinity of Osaka; and, we believe, she was able to do all this excellent and substantial work through an interpreter and without speaking a word of Japanese.

From Osaka we next went to Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. It is not as large as Osaka, numbering about a quarter of a million inhabitants. But it is a most beautiful city, full of quaint old temples, and surrounded with a frame of picturesque hills on every side. This was for centuries the spiritual capital, where the Mikado resided in sacred isola-

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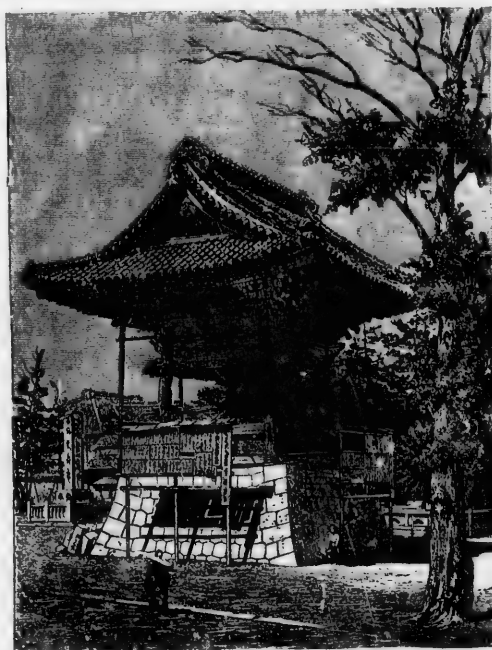
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THE TEMPLE OF THREE THOUSAND GODS, KYOTO.

tion as the religious head of the nation, while the Daimios or nobles ruled at Tokio and swayed the temporal power by military force.

Forty years ago all this was changed, and Japan emerged out of Feudalism and Superstition to become, in a single generation, the most progressive of Asiatic and, almost, of modern nations. Since then the capital has been transferred to Tokio, and Kyoto is but a monument of Old Japan. But for one who has time to study it, it is an interesting relic. We had neither heart nor leisure to spend more than a few hours in



THE BELL TOWER, KYOTO

looking at the most interesting of its ancient temples and palaces. Some of them are very costly, their altars and shrines being covered with gold and precious stones, and their designs unique and wholly Japanese. The sites of most of them are superb, and their grounds spacious and finely planted, as all grounds are in Japan. The great Bell of the Temple is one of the largest in the world and its tone is singularly sweet and far reaching, sounding over the hills for many miles. Kyoto is a city of magnificent distances, and the suburbs that reach out on every side, along the slopes of the exquisite hills to a distance of many miles are covered with striking buildings.



TEMPLE OF HACHIMAN, KYOTO.

The Government College, where our host has been teaching, is a fine building with several hundred students. To Americans the most interesting institution in Kyoto is the Doshisha or Christian College, founded by Dr. Neeissima, who was, perhaps, the most gifted and distinguished native Christian that has arisen from the Japanese church. The halo that his life has left behind it, even yet in Japan, gives evidence of the power of this good man's life. He was a man of singleness of purpose, much faith and a great force of character. His great life-work was to found the Doshisha, and leave it as a heritage to his beloved Japan. It is a strong and well-equipped college, embracing a theological school, and designed to give a higher education under Christian influence to the youth of Japan, and especially to train those of them for the Christian ministry who are willing to devote their lives to that high calling. There are several hundred students in attendance, and we had the privilege of being asked to address them twice. We found them very bright and responsive, and took the opportunity to press home upon their hearts the need of spiritual rather than purely intellectual culture as the true secret of power and the great need of Japan. Everywhere we go in this land we feel it more and more—the smartness of the people is their bane; and their great need—the only thing that will steady them fully and give them permanence is spiritual depth and power. We tried, as best we could, through an interpreter, to impress upon them Paul's great argument, in I. Cor. ii., for the spiritual rather than the psychical element in heavenly wisdom, illumination and power. And while to many it was no doubt

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incomprehensible, yet we could see and feel that a good many young, ardent spirits gladly responded.

The President of the Doshisha is about to visit America, and our friends may see him during the summer. He is a scholar, rather than a speaker, but we trust an evangelical, earnest Christian man.

We had four services on the Sabbath we spent at Kyoto—one with all the foreign missionaries—about a score, and the others with native audiences. We had much delightful fellowship with the missionaries, and were received with cordial kindness, and our strong message about the need of the Supernatural Power of the Holy Ghost rather than so much of our own culture and wisdom, was received with a heartiness that greatly cheered us. Dr. Davis, the friend and biographer of Neeissima, and perhaps the senior missionary of the American Board here, is a man full of the Holy Ghost and humble zeal and holy wisdom, and gave us much valuable insight into the condition of Christian work in Japan from his precious stores of experience. Like the others we have met, he also sees the strong drift towards independence in the native Church, and, unlike some of them, he understands the dangerous tendencies toward secularism, intellectualism and worldliness, which we have already referred to; but he is also full of hope for the future, and believes that there is yet much work for true foreign missionaries in Japan, especially in the interior, and in humble, earnest endeavors, in co-operation with the native Church, to reach the masses and the humbler classes, who have as yet been scarcely touched in this country.

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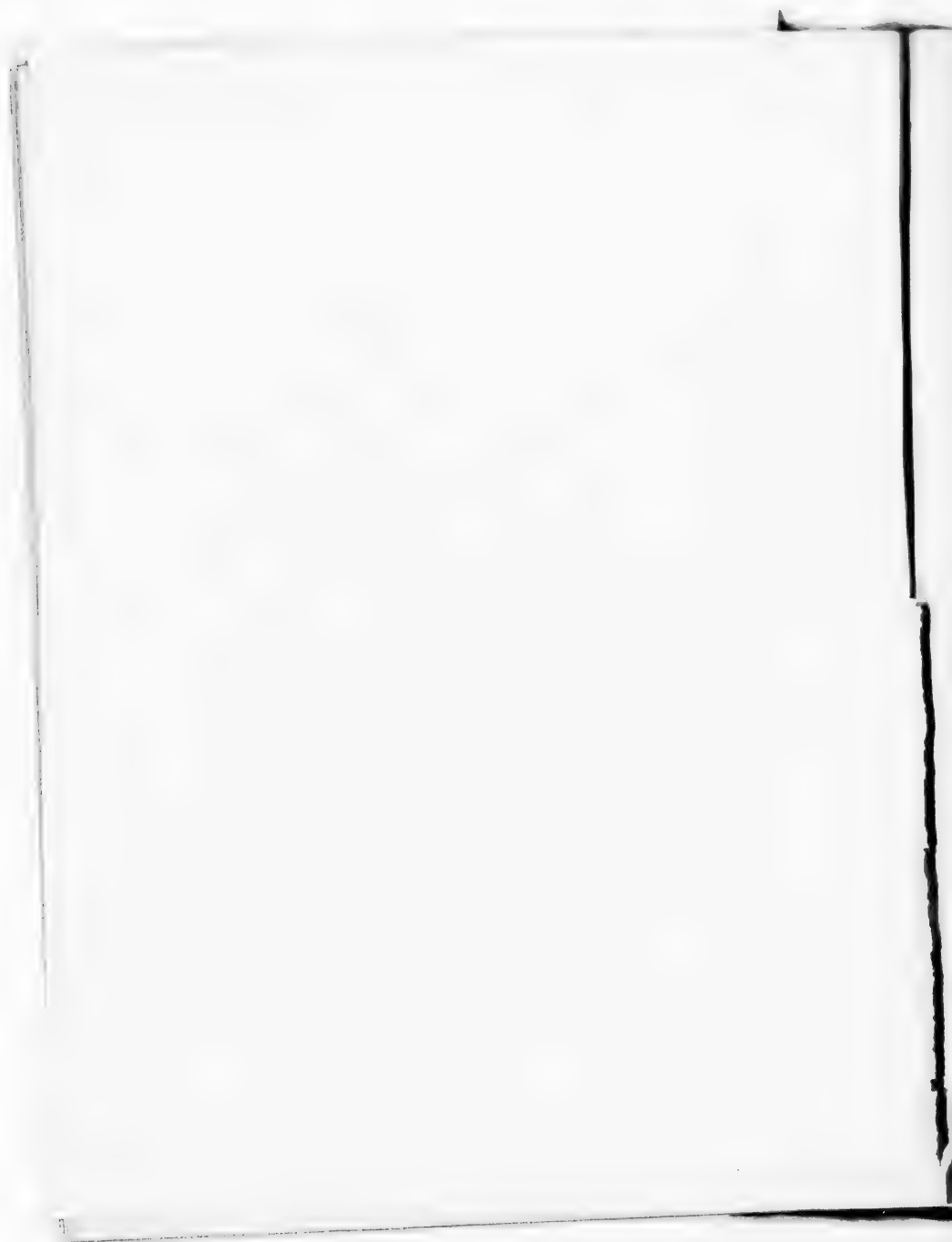
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THE YANAKA PAGODA, TOKIO.



We had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of another native pastor, Rev. Mr. Fuwa, and of preaching to his people. He belongs to the same body as Mr. Mya Gowa of Osaka, and has a large and interesting congregation. We cannot stop to speak of all the pleasant and profitable acquaintances or associations of these three days in old Kyoto. We were sorry to learn afterwards that we had passed by the very room in the hospital in which our beloved fellow traveller, Rev. Dr. Ridgeway, of Chicago, was lying dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and we knew not until we were one hundred miles from Kyoto that he was even there. We were glad, however, ere we left Japan, to receive a letter from his wife stating that he was much better, and we could not thank our own dear Father enough for the faithfulness and love that had not permitted us to lose a single hour with sickness or pain during all the long months of our dangerous journey. Blessed be His dear and gracious name!

From Kyoto we went on alone to Nagoya, about one hundred and twenty miles farther east on the Tokaido or great road to Tokio. Nagoya is the fourth city in the empire, next in population to Kyoto, and a commercial centre of great importance. It is the great Buddhist metropolis, and their hostility to Christianity is very determined. It is also the centre of the Earthquake District, and they tell very thrilling stories of the scenes of three years ago, when this whole section was devastated and many lives were lost. The great rents in the ground are still to be seen in the country round Nagoya, where the earth was cleft asunder. It was just a

little after sunrise, and the people had not yet left their homes, when in a moment, they heard a strange, crashing sound, and the land seemed grasped as in a giant hand and as a wild beast would shake its prey, till the houses were hurled from their foundations, the tiles came tumbling from the

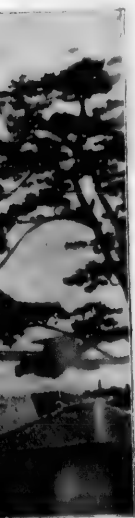


NAGOYA CASTLE.

roofs, and the people fled from their doors to be crushed by the falling tiles and timber.

The little children, now in Mr. Ishii's Orphanage, at Nagoya, were mostly refugees, left homeless by that catastrophe. For nearly a month afterwards there were constant shocks, but

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after the first they were comparatively harmless. Earthquakes are very common in Japan, and the people sleep with their doors so conveniently fastened that they could open them and fly out at a moment's alarm.

Nagoya is also a missionary centre. Here we found the Southern Presbyterians, and were most hospitably entertained by our good brother, Mr. Cummings, one of their members; also by the Methodist Protestants, one of whose bright and gifted missionaries, Miss De Forest, is carrying on a brave, aggressive work in the Japanese theatres in the face of a strong Buddhist opposition. The Northern Methodists have an excellent work, and we had the privilege of preaching in their large chapel to a very good congregation of natives. There is also an excellent young mission here from Wyckliffe College, Canada, carried on by a consecrated band of Canadian Episcopalians, and having much of the best spirit of the Church Missionary Society people we have met abroad.

Here, also, some of our own missionaries have settled for the present, and we spent two days in frequent fellowship with our dear sisters, Miss Barnes and Miss Howard, at their pleasant Japanese cottage in Nagoya. Miss Barnes is in good health and has made fair progress with the language. She will remain in Nagoya for the summer, and in the autumn will join Dr. and Mrs. Gulick in the interior. Miss Howard has devoted herself chiefly to the orphans who were, for a time, under her special care, after the return of Miss Kinney, but have been transferred to Mr. Ishii's native Orphanage. She feels led to return to America, and we have encouraged

her, in view of all the present circumstances, to do so. Two very bright young Japanese ladies were also living and working with them, Enoyesan and Shigimatzu, and a little Eurasian girl, named Marion, whom Miss Howard has adopted.

We had much earnest conference, and learned from them the story of their trials and victories, and endeavored to counsel and help them all we could.

We felt that Nagoya was too much occupied by other workers to need us, and our workers were only too glad to have the prospect of getting out and into the regions beyond.

A good deal of the work at Nagoya is educational. There are two ladies' schools, one under the Methodist and the other the

Presbyterian Mission. The girls, as usual, looked very sweet and bright. It was Commencement Day in one of the schools, and we heard their exercises and were struck with the grace and modesty of the graduates. We were asked to



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address them, and we saw some tears in their eyes as we talked of Jesus and His love.

We had a pleasant visit at Nagoya, and received much kindness from all the other missionaries as well as our own workers. But Dr. and Mrs. Gulick came on for us after the



LAKE HAKONE.

second day, and taking leave of our own and several other missionaries at the station, we hastened on to Tokio.

It was a long ride of fourteen hours, but much of it lay through a beautiful country. About four o'clock we passed the base of the famous Fujiyama, Japan's beautiful moun-

tain. At first it seemed as if we should not see it, for the sky was thick with mist. But God was mindful of even this little wish and prayer, and before the sun went down, the clouds parted, and the mists which had obscured the beautiful mountain, became a crown of glory upon its lofty brow, teaching us that the things that often seem to hinder us, shall, if we but trust and wait, not only be cleared from our pathway, but will leave a glory and blessing which we could never have known if they had not come.

Fujiyama is the pride of Japan. It is, indeed, a beautiful mountain, nearly 13,000 feet high, about as high as the Rockies and Mt. Blanc ; and, standing in lonely isolation, with its perfect cone, is the chief glory of the Sunrise Kingdom, and the beautiful cloud-capped signal, seen first upon her shores, as the voyager looks out from the long waste of waters for the first sight of land.

Later we passed through the lovely Hakone country, with its soft green hills and its lake away up on the mountain side, all reminding one so much of the scenery of England, which Japan, indeed, so much resembles.

We reached Tokio at ten o'clock that night, and had a warm welcome from our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Brand, of the American Baptist Mission, two brave, true-hearted missionaries, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and standing for Christian whole-heartedness, Scriptural methods and aggressive missionary work in the midst of the many mingled currents of the religious life and work of Japan.

The following week we returned a second time to their

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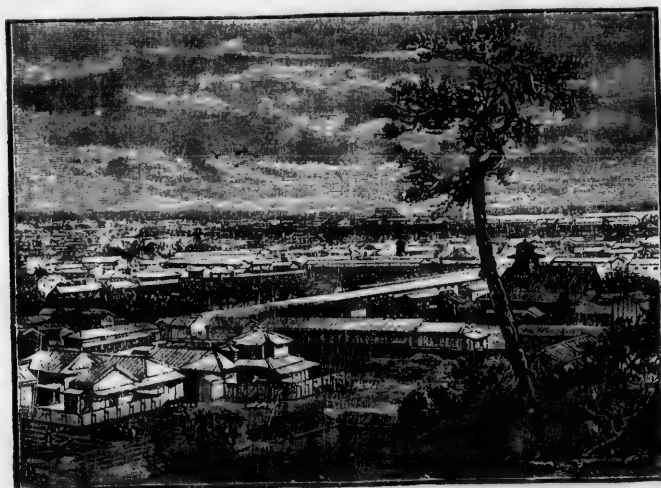
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FUJIYAMA FROM HAKONE.



hospitable home, to meet the missionaries of Tokio in their chapel, and during our brief visit to Tokio we were much cheered by their fellowship and kindness. They belong to a class of missionaries which we rejoice to find increasing in the foreign field, and through whose closer fellowship and



TOKIO.

united testimony a deeper spiritual life and a stronger type of faith and holy character are yet to come to the workers abroad. We rejoice to believe that the movement will be inaugurated to bring about an annual conference of those of like mind in some central place in Japan for mutual encour-

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agement and the promotion of faith, holiness and true spiritual power on the part of both native and foreign Christian workers.

During the two or three days spent in Tokio, we had the opportunity of seeing a little of the great city and renewing many pleasant old acquaintances as well as of forming some new ones.

Miss Finch had spent several months in Tokio, and had already made excellent progress in the language, and enjoyed some opportunities of missionary service through an interpreter. We saw much of her both here and afterwards in Yokohama, and were able to arrange with her the plan of her future work. She has had some severe trials, but the way is now clear and plain, and we are sure her work will be blessed, and Japan prove to her the field of the Master's choice.

We called on our old friend, Mr. John Ballagh, of the Meiji Gaikin, or Presbyterian College, and we found that the term had just closed and the students scattered to their homes. He is happy in his work, and surrounded by a new and bright family circle in his lovely home. He received us with much kindness, and came down afterwards twice to Yokohama to show his brotherly interest in us, and at last to see us off. His old American friends will be glad to see him back in the United States next year. The college at Tokio is very much like the Doshisha at Kyoto—an educational establishment for the higher training of the Christian young men of Japan, and especially for the theological training of candidates for the ministry.

There are not nearly so many students as at Kyoto--about two hundred in all, we believe,—and a fair proportion of these are theological students. The college buildings are very handsome and the site is superb.

We found the same tendency in Tokio that we have already referred to, looking towards the independence of the native churches; and it seems probable that the foreign workers in the college may be reduced. Indeed, some of them have already gone to America and may not return to Japan.

We had great pleasure in meeting Miss Anna Perry, formerly of New York, and hearing some of the facts respecting her most interesting and successful work. She has opened her own home for her meetings, and she told us how eagerly the people of all classes thronged the parlors, and how many of them were truly led to Christ. She has now nearly a dozen different centres of work, led by various bands of native workers, and over six hundred children attending her schools. There have been some beautiful instances of the grace and power of God. She told us how a policeman lately met a noted criminal in the rooms, and as they recognized each other, the former remarked to the other: "This is the right place for you to be." Not long ago, a fisherman came in to some of the meetings, and hearing the secret of trusting God, he began to pray for his business, and the Lord answered his prayers in such an extraordinary manner, by filling his net with fishes, that he actually left his boat and work and came into Tokio to render thanks to God for His goodness.

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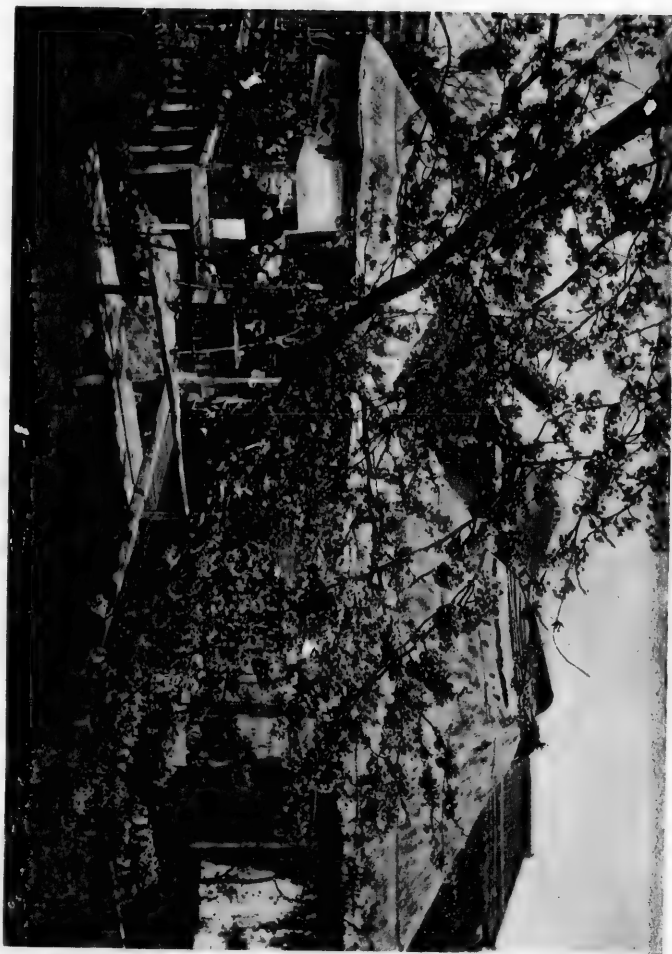
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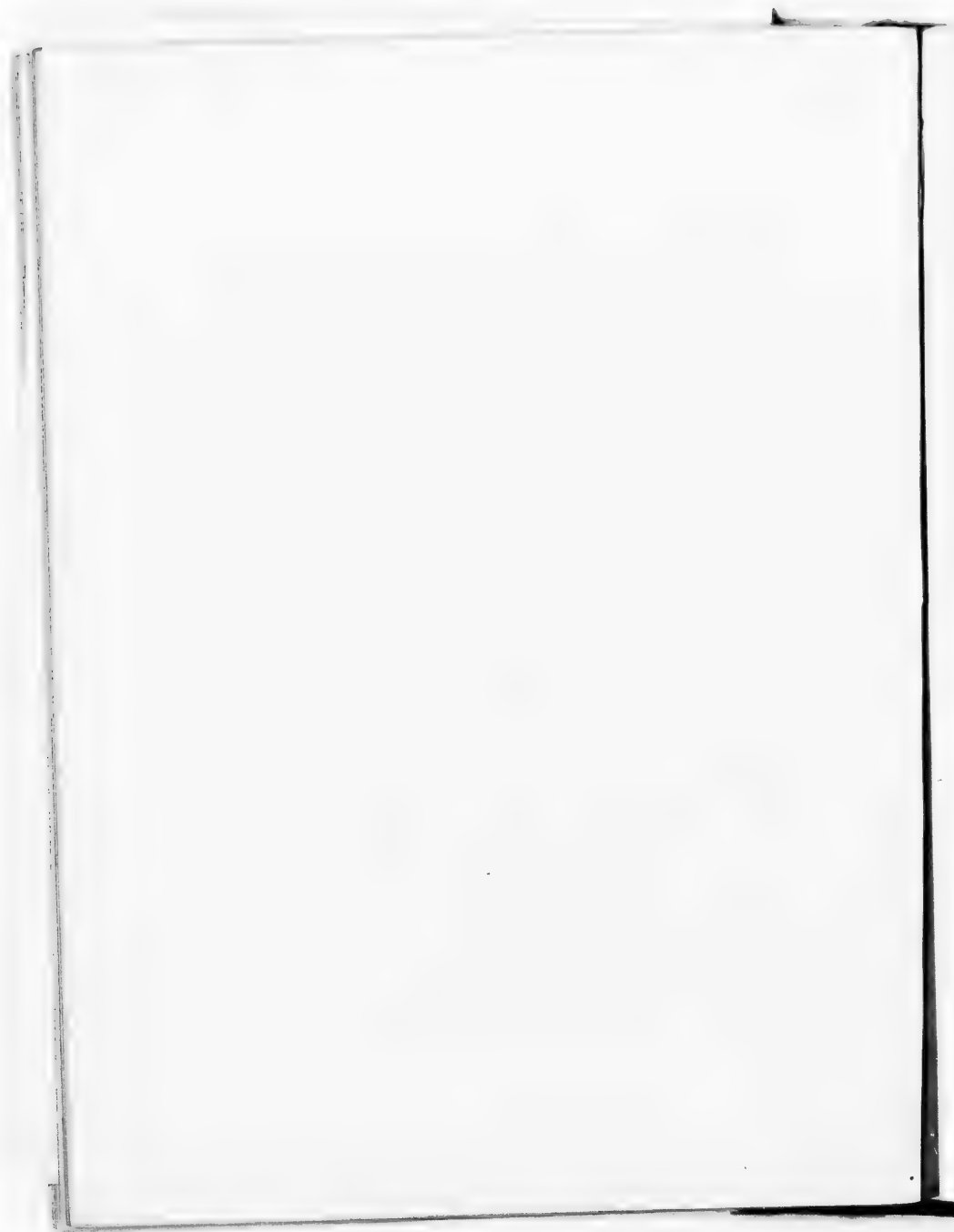
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TEA GARDEN AND CHERRY BLOSSOMS, TOKIO.





As if to double the pleasure of our visit, we learned by the mail that reached Tokio while we were there, that her dear sister, Miss Fanny Perry, of New York, so long afflicted with the most distressing of all diseases, had become perfectly well.

We had several very cordial invitations to visit the Methodist Conference in Tokio, which was just assembling as we left Japan, but our time would not permit more than a brief drop-in for an hour to hear Bishop Foster give a lecture on astronomy at the opening reception. We did not quite see the connection of the subject with the occasion, although the lecture was a good one, and we had no doubt the Conference would prove a time of blessing. There are about twenty missionaries and as many native preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Mission in Japan. It is not one of the largest missions, but it is a good one. We met a number of the missionaries and presiding elders, and found them good men and true, with hearts reaching out for deeper spiritual things. Dr. Daniells, whom we had known in America, had been spending a year in Tokio, and by his earnest preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost, had been a means of inspiration and quickening to the members of the Mission. He kindly called upon us and spent an evening with us, and we found his heart full of the spirit of the Master.

We were invited to address the missionaries, and a number of them came to our meeting on Tuesday evening, and we spoke to them the old simple message of God and His all-sufficiency and power. Our heart's cry all through these

missionary lands has ever been that both we and others may know Him in contrast with all our weakness, and over against all our difficulties, obstacles and insuperable tasks.

One of the most interesting men we met in Tokio, and one of the wisest friends of Christian Missions in Japan, is Dr. Whitney, of the American Legation, Tokio. He is in deep sympathy with all that is best in mission and Christian work, and through his connection with the consular office has rendered invaluable service to all missionaries. He has rendered much help to the Swedish missionaries, and is in deep sympathy with their humble, self-denying spirit and work. We received some useful suggestions from him, and before we sailed were glad to have a message from him commending to our missionary consideration a great unoccupied field of islands, lying off the east coast of Japan.

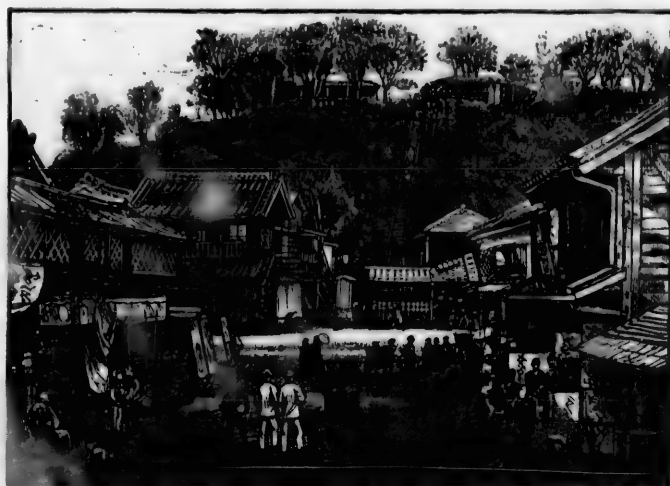
There are a great many missionaries in Tokio, almost one hundred, and almost all varieties of methods are represented. The American Episcopal Church is at present represented by Rev. Mr. Page, one of the sweetest spirits we have met abroad. The American Protestants have a strong work and several foreign laborers. Mr. and Mrs. Brand's work, especially, is much blessed, and constantly receiving accessions. The Canadian Methodists, under Mr. Eby, have a great popular tabernacle, and are trying to draw the people by the methods usual in American cities—popular lectures and illustrated Gospel addresses. We have already referred to the American Presbyterians and Methodists. Our Swedish friends in Tokio are burrowing away down among the lowest masses,

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and their labor is not in vain. We went to visit one of their chapels, and they showed us the narrow streets and lanes all around, where dozens of families huddled together as closely as in the dives of New York.

An effort was made last winter by Mrs. Morris, of Phila-

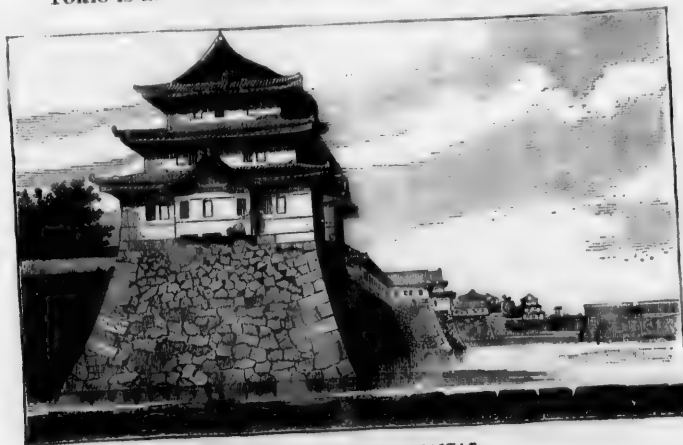


A STREET IN TOKIO.

phia, to reach the high class ladies, and some of them attended her Bible readings and showed some interest. It is doubted by the best and most experienced missionaries whether anything can be gained by a direct appeal to the high class feeling in Japan. What the nation most needs is

a thorough humbling at the feet of Jesus, and honest effort to reach all classes, and especially the lower classes, on the common level of lost and sinful humanity prostrate at the feet of Divine Mercy, and accepting His Common Salvation without respect of persons.

Tokio is an immense city. We spent part of two days in



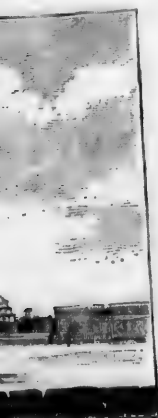
TOWER AND MOAT, TOKIO CAST LE.

driving about it in "Jinrikshas," and it literally took us hours to get anywhere. It seemed as large as London. It is said to be eight miles each way, or about sixty-four miles square. We thought Nanking an immense enclosure; but Tokio is twice as large. It has a population of more than a million and a quarter. There are many magnificent buildings. The National University, the Royal Palace, the for-

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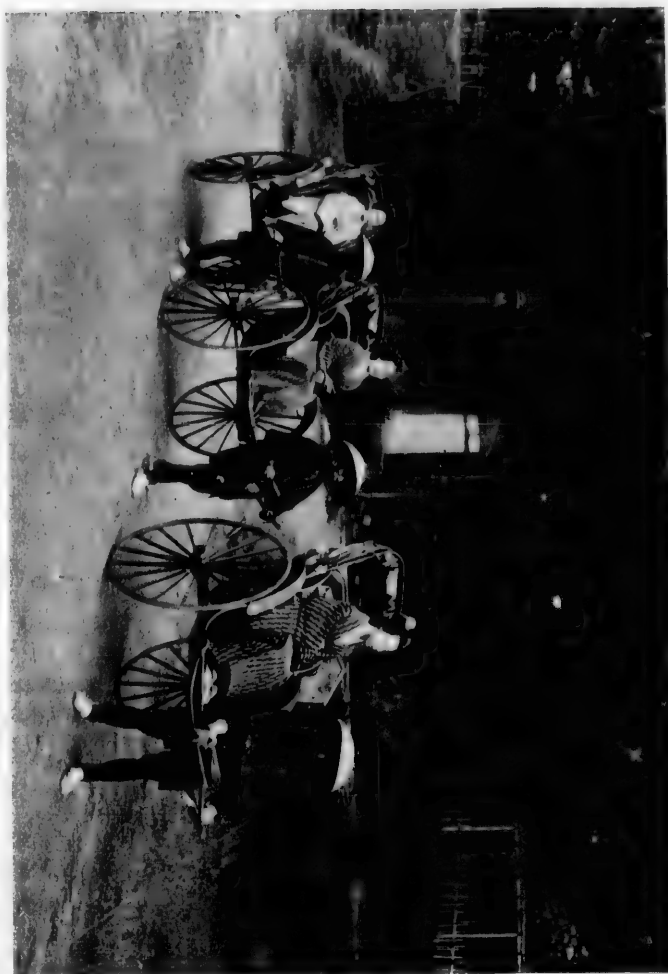
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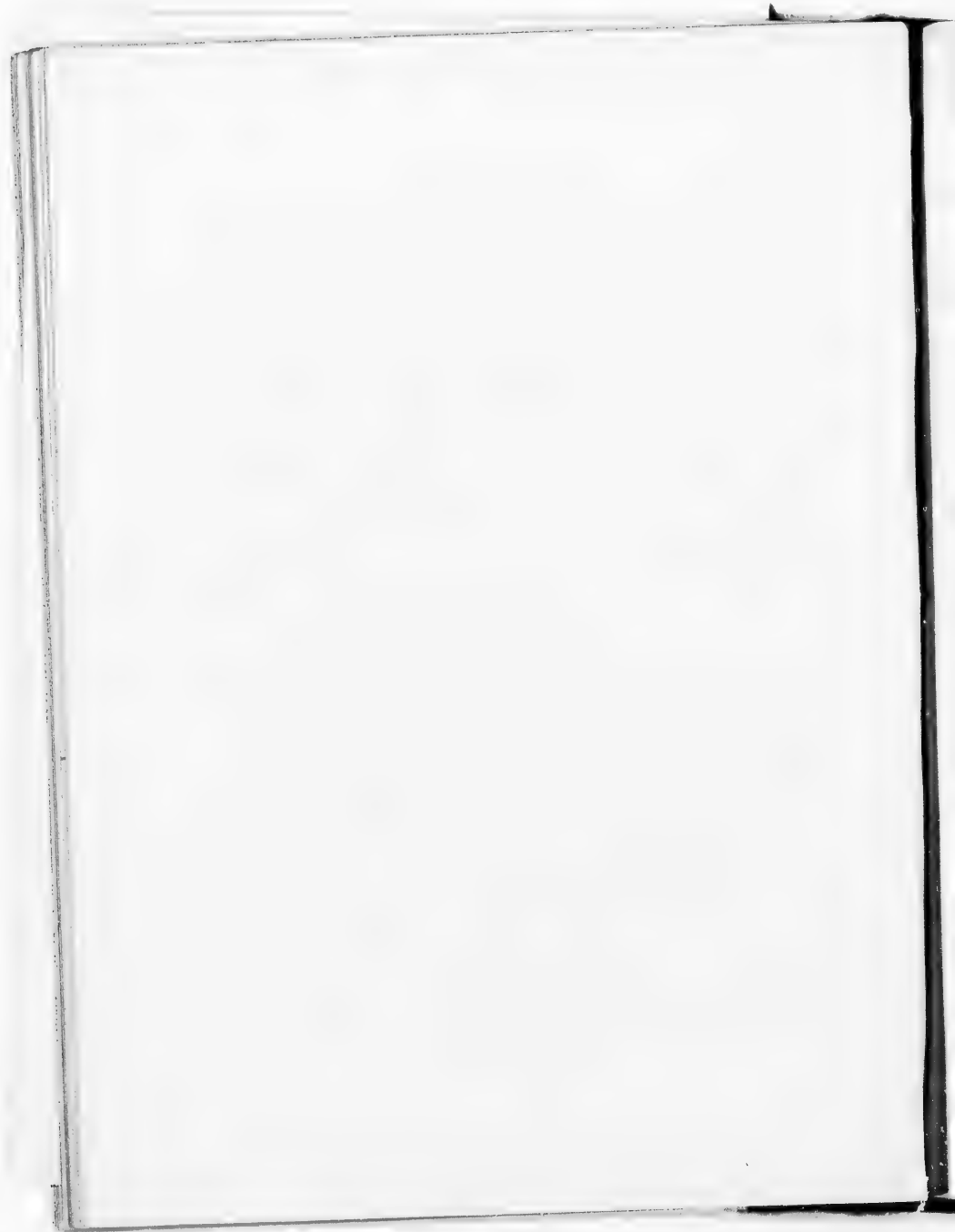
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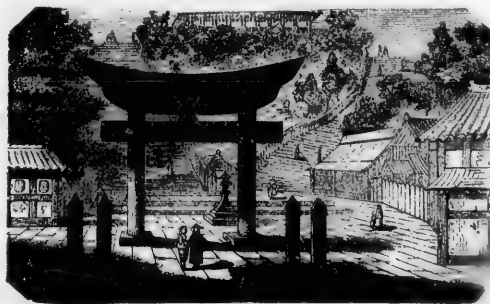
THE JIRIKISHA, OR CARRIAGE, OF JAPAN.





eign hotel, the Shiba Temples, and the great Moat around the former citadel, are striking erections. The prettiest thing about it is the natural situation. It is really a collection of villages, the one running into the other with a rustic freedom nowhere else to be found. You ride along for a while down a great business street, with American horse cars running down the middle of it, and, by-and-by, you branch

off into a narrow street which soon becomes a winding lane lined with the loveliest ever-green hedges, neatly cut like a living wall, and hiding behind them a pretty villa, or



ATAGA YAMA, NEAR SHIBA TEMPLE.

little cottage. You pass along through a perfect network of these pretty lanes, until you reach a hilltop, where you get a view of another hill beyond you covered with similar streets and houses and hedges. And so you pass on from village to village, over undulating hills, through pretty valleys and ravines, and occasionally through a business street, until you wonder if it will ever end; and, at length, after you have been run for several hours through all these interminable

roads, you reach your destination, and begin to wonder when you will ever get back.

We know no place just like it, so metropolitan, yet so rural; so romantic yet so substantial and great. It is as unique as Peking—the worthy capital of the most curious, mixed-up and clever little people on the face of the globe,—the people of New Japan.

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STONE LANTERNS, SHIBA TEMPLE, TOKIO.

XXVIII.

LAST DAYS IN JAPAN.

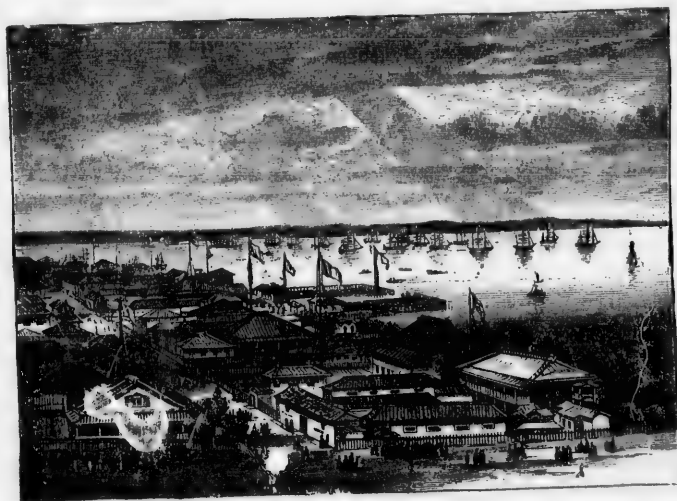
WE spent our last week in Yokohama. It was a strange luxury to look on our old wayworn bags and bundles, and try to realize that we had only to pack and unpack them once more before we should be homeward bound. But much yet remained to be done ere we could bid the great Orient good-bye, and we needed to make the most of every moment that yet remained.

Services had been arranged for Sabbath and Monday evenings in connection with the Union Church. Dr. Meacham is the earnest pastor of this church, whose membership consists largely of missionaries. Such honored names as Hepburn, Loomis, Ballagh, Booth, and many more as widely known, make up the constituency of this influential parish. We had the privilege of meeting most of the missionaries in Yokohama, not only at the services on Sabbath and Monday evenings, but also personally.

Good Mrs. Pierson, the senior missionary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, and for many years the warm friend of all our missionaries, and herself a member of our Alliance, received us most kindly and invited us to address her eighty Bible women the last night we were in Japan.

Miss Crosby, her associate from the beginning in the work, Miss Buckhardt, principal of the Young Ladies Seminary, the oldest girls' school in Japan, and all the other workers, showed us every courtesy. Mr. Loomis, the agent of the Bible Society, and one of the best informed men in Japan on all matters connected with the religious life of the nation, called and brought us the late American papers, and gave us much valuable information about Christian work in the empire. Mr. James Ballagh, of Yokohama, cheered us by his devout spirit and Christian sympathy. Mr. F. Staniland, of the Missionary Home, 52 Settlement, Yokohama, kindly attended to our business for us, and is the right man to do the same for any other missionary or traveller who has any forwarding business in Yokohama. Miss Brittan, our old friend of many years ago, was here, too, and had just passed her seventieth birthday, but was looking fresh and young. She has a large missionary home and seemed to be full of guests. Mr. Goodell, who lately came from Texas as a missionary under the Alliance, was here, and had made his home with her for some months. Miss Susie Pratt, also one of our Alliance missionaries, was in Yokohama, and had been for about a year the guest of Mrs. Pierson, who has showed her much kindness and is deeply attached to her. Miss Pratt has made excellent progress in the language and is a bright and gifted girl. We went with her to see her little Sunday school of over fifty children in a little fishing village, down by the bayside, and got a good glimpse of the lower stratum of native life. While she was teaching the young and unkempt

little crowd in front, the rest of the family were drinking their tea, cooking and eating their rice, and winding and unwinding their nets in the back of the room. But the little faces were earnest and bright, and certainly kept much better order than the usual crowd of American street boys would



YOKOHAMA

have done at home. It was probably the only little ray of heavenly light that ever falls on those dark and neglected little lives.

We saw all we cared to of Yokohama. It is the chief port of Japan. It has a population of about 120,000, and a

large foreign trade. Its foreign Bund is large and well built, and compares favorably with other Oriental cities, although it is inferior to Shanghai, Calcutta and Bombay. Most of the foreigners reside on the Bluff, which is a bold and handsome elevation, running out between the harbor of Yokohama and the larger Bay of Tokio. It affords a magnificent site for private houses, being cool and retired, and commanding good views of the harbor and bay. Here the villas are most luxurious, and the grounds spacious and elegant. Like the lotus-eaters of old, the missionary who stays too long here may find his strength paralyzed and his spirit enervated for the sacrifices and hardships of the interior. We do not say that there are not true, loyal and self-denying missionaries even in these luxurious surroundings, but they need to "watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation."

Among the foreign residents here we were glad to meet our old friend, Mrs. Jennie Bramhall, formerly of Brooklyn, and sister of Mrs. Frances Barrett, of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York. We visited her in her elegant home, and found her trying to bring up her little family in the fear of God. Her husband represents a wealthy New York silk house, and his business gives employment to many tens of thousands of Japanese. She has been very kind to some of our missionaries, and her house has been for them a welcome home.

One of the missionaries took us out one evening late for a night view of this heathen city. We had seen Shanghai and Singapore by gaslight, but Yokohama far exceeds them all in shameless sin.

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BENTON DORI (MAIN STREET), YOKOHAMA.





There is no delicacy in describing it, for it is open to every eye, and almost every foreigner drives through this street. But it is an awful sight to see those four thousand public licentiates of vice and crime, dressed in their gorgeous robes, and sitting there, in view of hundreds, behind the open casements, through block after block of great buildings on that public thoroughfare, looking like cattle in the stall, decked for the shambles. It was so cold blooded, so beastly, so coarse, so ghastly, so utterly repulsive to every true human feeling, that one would think that spectacle sufficient to freeze the very pulses of vice in all but the most degraded human hearts.

No wonder that Yokohama bears the name of being, so at least, as its foreign population is concerned, the wicked city even in wicked Japan.

Some of the streets were full of theatres, open to the public gaze, where the dreary, monotonous show goes on for hour after hour before the patient spectators. Others were crowded with archeries and various shows, and all were full of people, surging past in countless throngs, till far into the night, all apparently happy, careless, gay, and free from every thought of the morrow. It was a good picture of one phase of the nation—jolly, laughing, boyish, young Japan.

Sometimes the ludicrous comes up in bright Japan. They are not a people to be laughed at, but they do some laughable things. Here is an advertisement on the front of an artist's store: "Wanted—An Order. Your Picture—will be made cheap on send his photograph."

The shops are full of toys of every kind—flying fish, birds that inflate and float in the air, boxes of miniature animals, gods, cities, and every conceivable thing. The children are everywhere, and the streets are full of their jollity, fun and happy freedom.

The native stores are much cheaper than the foreign.

There are many of the latter, where costly curios are sold to extravagant travellers at great prices. The same things can usually be bought in the Japanese stores for half the price or less.

The principal articles that foreigners generally indulge in are bronzes, silks, embroideries, lacquer work, tortoise shell, photographs, and the very pretty engraved pictures on their rice paper, which they hang on screens and banners with such lovely effect. But we



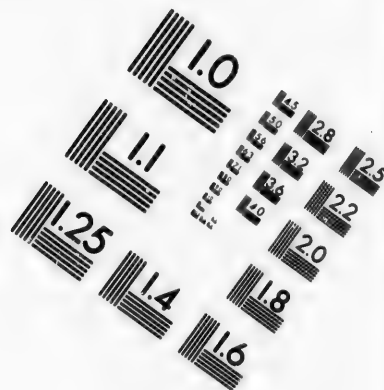
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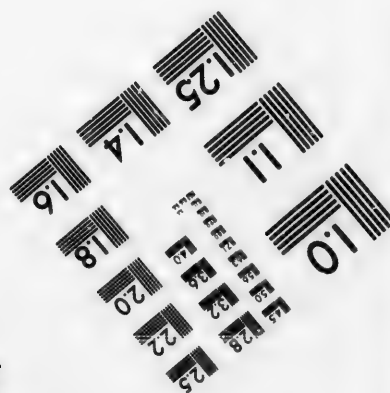
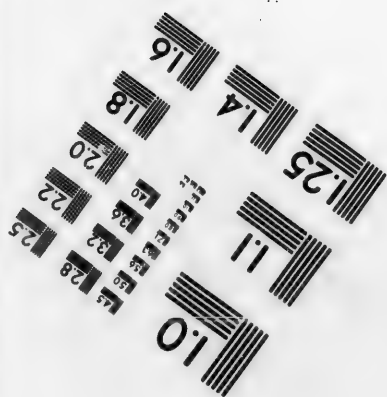
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EXTERIOR OF A JAPANESE HOUSE.

Reproduction from a Japanese Painting.

have learned too well the value of money for higher purposes to be strongly tempted even by these extraordinary bargains.

We had much earnest work to finish in Yokohama. Scores of letters had accumulated, and many matters affecting our missionaries in India, Malaysia and China, as well as Japan, had to be settled by correspondence before we left the great Eastern Hemisphere.

We had been waiting nearly a week for our good brother, Mr. Lelacheur, to come from Singapore to consult with us about our whole work in China and the Straits Settlements and Islands. So important had this seemed, that we had even felt justified in calling him from his important work in Singapore, and a proposed journey to the Caroline Islands, for the purpose of conferring with him about the larger superintendence of the whole work in China, including also the Malaysian coast and islands. For this purpose he had arranged to come to Yokohama to meet us before we should sail, that we might together go over all the plans of the work, and then separate to our respective fields, he to Shanghai and we to the western world, to ask our people to sustain him and his fellow-workers by our prayers, counsels and contributions.

For days we had no word from him, and it seemed as if he might not be able to make the necessary connection. But at length he arrived, just one day before we were to sail, and those last hours, including most of the night, were spent in earnest, prayerful conference and arrangements. Our beloved brother had come without a moment's delay, and with all his heart met our suggestions and requisitions. How we thanked

God for his spirit and for his valuable experience and training! He was just the man our work needed at this critical stage in these immense fields. And we were able to commit to him all that God had been laying on our heart in those vast openings, and all that He had been permitting us in some humble measure to begin during these past days—with the confidence that it would be faithfully, loyally, and courageously carried out, in so far as the will of God should permit and the power of God should enable.

We thanked God for the rest with which we were able to hand over all this great trust, which had been absorbing us night and day. After all these long months of perplexity and toil, we felt we could turn our faces homeward, with the delightful consciousness that the threads were all knitted together, and the moorings all made fast in the hands of God, and the humble, faithful stewardship, which is a part of His plan.

Then, too, we had much earnest thought and responsibility for the work in Japan.

We had come to these beautiful islands, after the heavy strain of two hard months in China, with something like a sense of repose. We had felt somehow that we had got through our hardest tasks on the mission field, and that we should have three weeks of comparative ease in looking over this smaller field, and arranging the simpler and easier questions of our mission in Japan.

But never were we more mistaken. Never had we been called to meet, in so short a time, so many trying, perplexing

matters, which weighed down our spirit night and day, and held us every moment in conscious dependence on that very Mind of Christ for the wisdom, without which we would be so sure to err.

They were questions of which we cannot speak in the public ear; but He who knows all hearts knows well how hard, how delicate, how important, how varied, how perplexing they were, and how they arose in new forms from day to day, and how gentle and gracious and wonderful the way in which He guided, overruled and worked for us and for His work, and out of much that seemed confusing at length brought, we believe, His own wise and simple plan and order, through which, although it may be small as a germ of mustard seed, and humble as the company of fishermen-apostles, we believe He is yet to bring great and lasting blessing for Japan.

When, at last, we got through the tangled mazes, and had nothing left but to mail our bundle of letters, roll up our rugs, and send our baggage on board the "Oceanic," we had but one regret left, and that was that we had not some of our Tabernacle friends at hand to shout with us, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

On Friday morning, July 7th, accompanied by half a dozen true friends, we stepped on board the steam launch at Yokohama, and in half an hour were in our cabin on the "Oceanic," commending our beloved fellow-workers, in a parting prayer, to the care of Him whose Presence covers land and sea, and knows no dividing space or time.

In a few minutes we were mutually waving our affectionate adieus as they sailed back in the steam launch, and then we were off. The fluttering signals, the roofs of Yokohama, the shores of Japan receded from view, and our great ship was sweeping homeward.

Six months of intensely busy travel were about to end, and we began to realize how much cause we had for gratitude and praise to Him who had so graciously guided and so wondrously guarded us through all these changing scenes, and just as kindly kept the great trusts that we had left at home.

Just before we sailed, our cup was made fuller by letters from India and China, telling of good news from all our work. God had already opened one new station in Central China and given us a house at Han San H'sien. And from Shanghai came the tidings of the great improvement, and it was hoped recovery, of the dear Swedish missionary we had left in such distress there. From India came the tidings of two other open fields of service, and God's help to our dear missionaries through all the terrible pressure of the hot season. Along with this came the message from dear Mrs. Fuller, that her darling babe had been taken out of this furnace of summer heat to the home where the sun shall not light on them, nor any heat; but with it came a letter so brave, so true-hearted, so unselfish, so full of thought for others, that we could only thank God, with humbled heart, for her heroic spirit, and the victory that faith can bring.

From across the great seas came also the message that our own dear mother had just gone to join our revered and

honored father in the home above. We thanked our Father for her fourscore years, and the sweet memory of her life and love, and for that dear and venerable father, who, at eighty-four, had just a little while ago passed on before, and we felt that they had not gone very far away. How much of this rich blessing that has crowded our life is due to their faithful prayers! Thank God for their precious lives and everlasting memorial.

And from our home in New York there were so many cheering messages of sympathy and remembrance and prayer, and the record of the generous kindness that had met the loss of our publishing house through the recent fire, that our cup was filled to overflowing, and we were made to feel utterly unworthy of all this goodness, and utterly unable adequately to express our grateful praise.

How faithful God has been to all our dear flock and our dear work at home!

We have had nothing but notes of praise from the work in the Tabernacle, Berachah Home, the College, Hebron, the Orphanage, the publishing work, the Door of Hope, and the Missionary Board. The presence of the Holy Ghost has been constantly with our beloved people. The spirit of unity and love has prevailed. The means for our great missionary work have continually been supplied by our Father's bounty and His people's faithfulness. How can we sufficiently bless His gracious Name and thank His beloved people! May His richer grace enable us to be worthier of all His love.

XXIX.

THE SITUATION IN JAPAN.

BEFORE we get beyond the shore-line of Japan, let us try to gather up the mingled impressions that have been growing into something like a picture of this interesting people, as we have passed through their midst these twenty days.

If anything that we may write should go back to Japan, as doubtless it will, we trust that the picture will be recognized as the sketch of a friend. We cannot, even to avoid criticism and pain, be false to our convictions; and yet we trust that we may not exaggerate an eccentricity or a fault, or fail to give full credit to every real merit.

Of course, like the sketches of our little *kodak*, these are all flash pictures, taken at sight, and not pretending to be elaborate and studied drawings; we simply give them for what they may be worth.

The people are always the first thing you see.

How shall we describe a Japanese? A little, dark, thick-set man, always reminding you of a boy, with round head, flat features, and an immense growth of thick, black hair, that usually is cut short and stands on ends like a

young forest of underbrush. This was our first impression of a Jap. If he is a coolie, he wears a blouse over his back, a cloth around his loins, and a pair of straw sandals on his feet. If he is a "riksha" man, he may have on a suit of navy blue, consisting of a loose blouse coat, skin-tight, blue

drawers, straw sandals, and a white hat, like an inverted wash basin, on his head. If he is a gentleman, he has a loose robe, like a dressing gown, called a "kimono," gathered about his person, reaching to his feet, and fastened with a sash, and on his feet a pair of wooden sandals, raised about three inches from the ground by wooden cleats or props, to keep him above the mud, and perhaps add to his height and supplement



A JAPANESE COURIER.

the defect of nature in completing his stature. If he is a little more Americanized than his fellows, he is dressed in a foreign suit, usually with short sack coat, pants, shoes and hat, and looks a little strange and out of place in his foreign

dress,—something like a Frenchman or a Pole, but much darker and shorter.

The laborers, and especially the “riksha” men, are very massive in their build, and their limbs are like great pillars. They run like horses, and go all over the land on tremendous journeys.

Many of the educated men have very bright, intelligent faces, and a manly bearing; and while few Japanese men are fine-looking, their extraordinary politeness, and their easy and charming manners, make them always attractive and interesting.



A JAPANESE GIRL.

A Japanese woman is a pretty study. She is almost always small. Indeed, they all seemed to us like girls of thirteen or fourteen. Their dress is very like that of the men,—a loose robe, with immense sleeves that hang down

like wings. This robe is folded around her person, left quite too open at the bosom, and fastened around the waist with a sash which terminates over her loins in a great square bow, like a cushion, and making one feel tempted to think that she carries it to sit down upon when tired. Her face is round and full, always pretty, and all faces very much alike. One

would think it must be very difficult to pick out one's friends in Japan, the faces seem all so uniform. Her complexion is generally rosy, her eyes small and almond-shaped, but bright

and playful, her expression kind, frank and refined. Her hair is black as a coal, and usually combed up in front in a sort of *Pompadour* fashion, and tied behind in a glossy roll, ornamented with flowers, ribbons and combs, variously shaped accordingly as she is married or single, of high or low



A JAPANESE WOMAN.

station. Her figure is usually plump and graceful, and she is mounted on a high pair of stilts or sandals, raising her about three or four inches above the ground, on which she

hobbles about with studied shuffle, which is considered good form and Japanese fashion.

The manners of the people are most polished and studied. A Japanese bow is a thing never to be forgotten. It is quite

interesting to see two ladies approach each other in a room, and bow low, till their foreheads touch the ground, and repeat the ceremony two or three times until you wonder if they are ever going to speak. Much of it, of course, is mere form, and back of it may lie a heart full of hypocrisy and hate. But it is often very pretty, although a good deal overdone.

Their mental characteristics are Frenchy. They remind you irresistibly



A JAPANESE MAN.

of the polished race that leads the fashions of the world. They are very bright, quick, intelligent, ingenious, intense, and enthusiastic; very refined and very progressive, but fond of change, superficial, lacking in feeling and enduring strength.



A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

They have far outstripped the Chinaman at the start, but perhaps the Chinaman will win the race.

Yet their mental faculties are not to be undervalued. Everything must be judged by facts and fruits, and the progress of Japan in a generation is phenomenal and unparalleled.

Ten years ago we thought we knew as much of this land as could be gained by much reading, but we found that we had to begin our studies anew. A decade, even, has revolutionized almost everything.

Japan is an island empire lying south of Korea and about five hundred miles east of China, with a territory of 160,000 square miles, and a population as large as Germany, or about forty millions.

It consists of several large islands and a great many small ones. For ages it had a double government: one spiritual, of which the Mikado was the supreme head, dwelling in sacred isolation at Kyoto, and almost worshipped; the other temporal, under a sort of feudal and military system, ruled by Daimios and Shoguns. The seat of the temporal government was Tokio—or Yeddo, as it was called,—and its head, the great Shogun.

There was a system of classes, like the castes of India. The nobles were the highest class; then came the Samurai or gentry; and then, in order, the farmers, merchants, etc. Within a single generation all these things have been abolished. A body of intelligent, patriotic and determined men, a sort of enlightened oligarchy, having carefully studied and heartily embraced the best results of modern civilization, have pressed their emperor and their country steadily forward into a political and social revolution so complete that the customs and traditions of ages have been thrown off in a single generation, and Japan is to-day a limited monarchy, with two houses of Parliament, like the English Lords and Commons, or the American Senate and Representatives, and

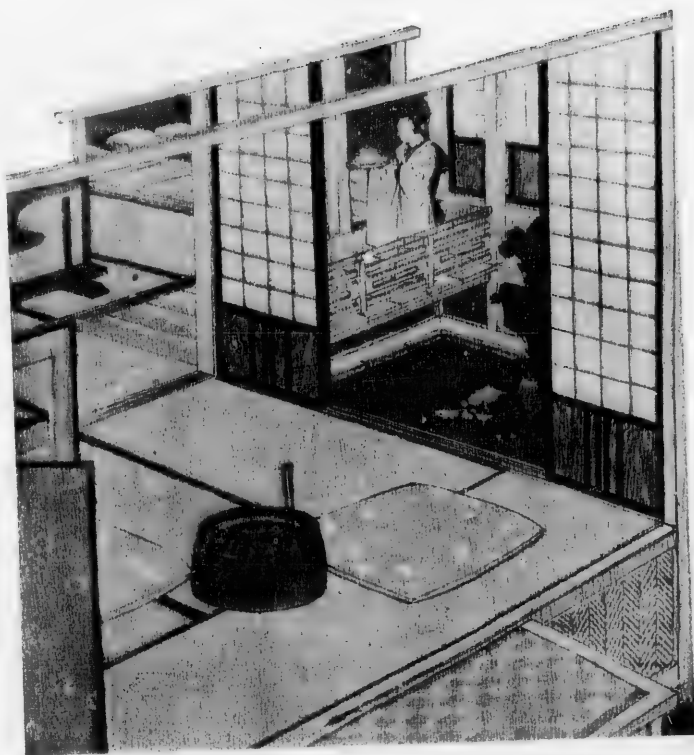
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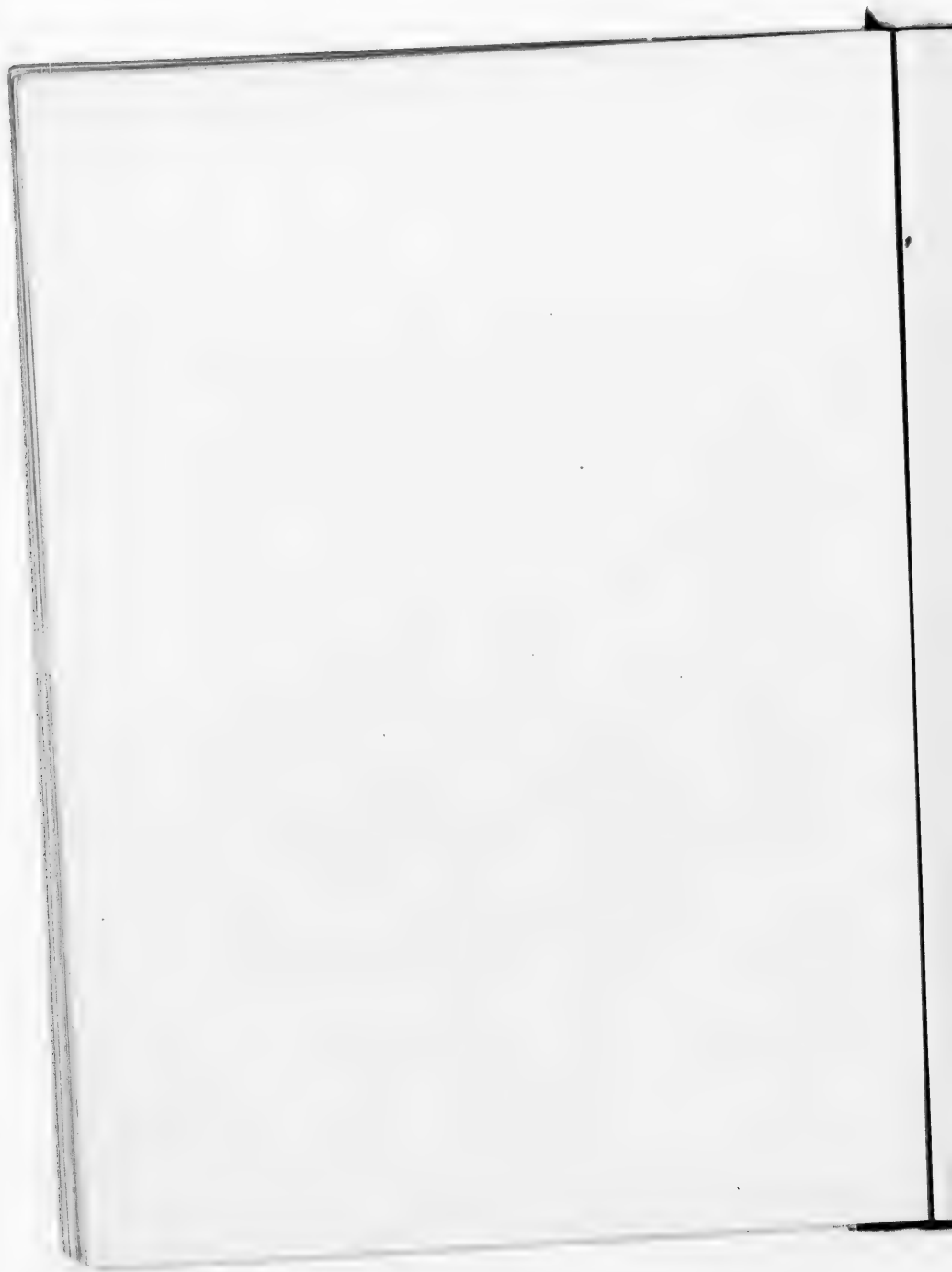
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INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE HOUSE.

Reproduction from a Japanese Painting.



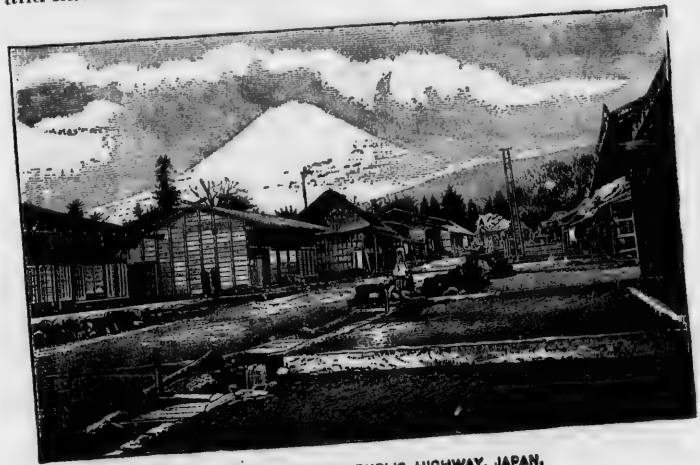


AN AVENUE IN JAPAN.

a franchise much more wisely regulated than our universal suffrage in America; and along with the new political constitution has come a national system of Customs. Post-offices, railways, telegraphs, telephones, police, and common school and higher education almost as complete as in the western countries.

A weekly Sabbath has been appointed, and is kept as a

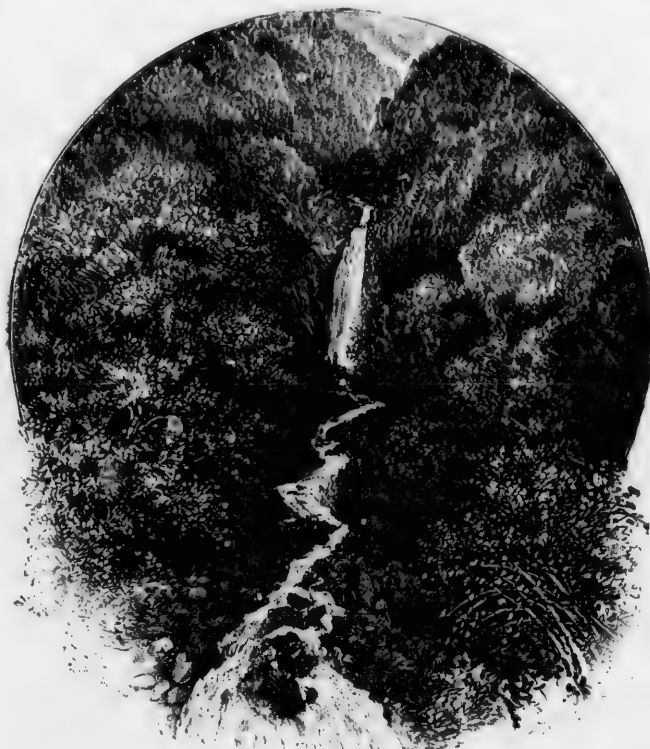
government holiday. A decimal currency is established, and the National Mint at Osaka coins their own silver. Native arsenals and shipyards make their own vessels, gunboats, and cannon, and vie with the great establishments of Krupp and Armstrong. Japan educates her own physicians to-day, and has her own medical colleges taught by natives, and they



THE "TOKAIDO," OR PUBLIC HIGHWAY, JAPAN.

already rank with the physicians of the west. The great University of Tokio has nearly two thousand students, and a graded system of preparatory colleges leading up to it, and themselves giving a liberal education, is distributed through the chief centres of the empire.

The time has passed when the home church needs to



THE FALLS OF HAKONE.

send medical missionaries to Japan or even to teach them higher education. They are imitating every western invention, and even the modern bicycle is manufactured in Japan, and sold at one-half the price it costs in America.

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Their shipping trade is growing fast. Already they run independent lines of steamships to Shanghai and Corea, and are about opening a line to Australia. Of course, they are not yet entirely independent of foreign officers and engineers, but they are rapidly approaching independence. We do not suppose their work is yet equal to foreign, but their progress is worthy of all praise.

We have spoken already of their country. The first thing that impresses the stranger is its beauty. It is a very lovely land. It has nothing quite so grand as Darjeeling in India, or Switzerland with its panorama of mountains and valleys, of lakes and snows. But it is always pretty. It is very much like the scenery of the English lakes. Its shades of green, its dwarf pines, its rice fields cut up like mosaic patterns, its waterfalls and islands, its Fujiyama and Inland Sea, its Hakone Lake and Nikko Mountain views are worthy of comparison with any other land, and its quaint and curious towns and cities, temples and castles, make it to the traveller in search of new and striking scenes an object of fresh and constant interest. Its streets, as a rule, are clean, and its houses attractive and pleasant.

A Japanese house is a perfect ideal of taste and beauty. For a summer residence it simply has no parallel, although for winter use it must be often bitterly cold, and needs much modification before a foreigner can make it a comfortable home. But in summer it is a picture of prettiness, with its light and graceful woodwork, its sliding partitions, its adjustable rooms, all capable of opening into one apartment,

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FUJIYAMA FROM KANBARA.

its pretty paper windows, and its stuffed matting floors, soft as cushions, on which they sit without chairs, and no one ever treads except with unshod feet. You always leave your shoes outside a Japanese house, and the floors are always clean. We noticed that even in the farm cottages the rooms were neat and tidy, and the home life of the people seemed somewhat refined and comfortable.

Coming out of China to Japan seemed like coming out of a cellar into a garden of sunshine. And to change the figure, China seemed like a great Colossus, always looking backward; Japan, like a bright steed, looking ever forward and leaping out into the future in the face of the sunrise.

And yet China has taken hold of our heart, and we believe of the hearts of most Christian workers, as Japan never can, and inspires a confidence and expectation for the remoter future which we believe will be realized when Japan shall have swept through all the stages of her more ephemeral and precocious growth, and have begun to show the reaction of premature age.

There is one subject of which we must speak plainly before we refer to the religious situation. We mean the morals of Japan. We fear they are a frightfully immoral people. The dress of their women is very immodest; and of their men, often outrageous.

Their habits and customs in public baths are said to be grossly improper, and their laws and ideas in regard to the regulation of vice worse than even in India. The dress of the people is not intended to be immodest. The worst thing

about it is the perfect innocency with which they act, and the obvious unconsciousness of evil thought or intent. Indeed, the tone of public opinion is such that an immoral life, even on the part of a woman, does not bring the disgrace it does and should in all civilized lands. We were utterly shocked to learn from good authority that it is sometimes counted a noble sacrifice for a young girl to devote herself for years to a public life to relieve her father from pecuniary distress, and when she returns to society she is received with respect and honor, and often well married. The great idolatrous feasts are scenes of great license. Many of the foreigners live in open relationships of an improper character, and the tone of morals among the natives opens the widest doors to laxity and vice.

We have been told that the dwarfed and defective physical formation of the Japanese men is largely due to the ages of immorality through which the nation has passed. We are strongly tempted to believe it. Almost every Japanese man you see is either diminutive in size or irregular in shape, and bears the marks of some physical deterioration in his ancestors.

We rejoice to know some influential native Christians are bravely working to bring about such a moral reform as will sweep all the way down from the Mikado to the meanest coolie, and will abolish polygamy, licensed vice, and tolerated immorality in every form. If Japan would ever hope to be permanently great and strong, she must elevate her womanhood, purify her manhood, and sanctify her homes.

The political situation in Japan, as it affects foreigners, is briefly this: Through the last treaties with foreign nations, certain cities in the empire are open for foreign trade, and in all other places foreigners can only reside under special passports. These passports are of two kinds; viz., travelling passports, which have to be renewed every few months, and residence passports, which are only given to foreigners who go to teach in the interior in Japanese schools.

These restrictions have greatly hampered missionary work in the interior, and an agitation has been going on to secure treaty revision and free access to all parts of the country.

On the other hand, the Japanese are much dissatisfied with some clauses in the treaty, notably one relating to customs, giving a decided advantage to foreigners; another allowing all foreigners in Japan to live under the jurisdiction of their respective consuls, and to be tried in all judicial processes before consular courts instead of native tribunals. This, the Japanese feel, puts their own people to great disadvantage in all issues with foreigners. And there has been growing up, for some time, considerable political and anti-foreign feeling, until, two years ago, it reached the point of real irritation, which occasionally broke out in acts of hostility.

There has been, doubtless, in the past two years, a strong and favorable reaction, and a real friendliness between the government of Japan and the western nations, which is utterly different from the national sentiment in China.

Japan, indeed, has been copying wholesale the best ideas of the western nations, and freely acknowledges her obligations to them. She sent a Royal Commission abroad to study the institutions of the West, and on their return she decided to adopt the science of Germany, the laws and jurisprudence of France, the railways and industrial improvements of England, and the spirit of American progress.

But now, having incorporated all that is worth borrowing from them, she wants to work it up into a homogenous Japanese system, and make it thoroughly national and a sort of paragon and pattern to the world.

Japan is wildly patriotic and madly ambitious. She regards herself as a nation of Destiny, and called to lead the world in the New Dispensation.

And so she does not wish to be in any sense dependent on foreigners. She is glad to utilize them, but everything must be subservient to the Japanese.

This will prepare us for the present religious situation.

We need not here recall the history of the opening of foreign missions in Japan. After a little more than a generation, there are to-day about six hundred missionaries and forty thousand native Christians in the land. About one-quarter of these Christians belong to the united Presbyterian churches, about one-quarter to the American Board, and the rest are divided among a few other societies. These forty thousand Christians, however, represent an organized native force quite out of proportion to anything that we find in India or China. Many of them are gathered in native

churches, which are entirely self-supporting, and are ministered to by their native pastors, and the foreign missionaries are simply overseers of the work or teachers in the schools. Indeed, very many of the foreigners are not even recognized as overseers; for the native churches have assumed the direction of the entire work, and the foreigners are simply advisory committees and friends, and the native church takes the direction of the evangelistic and missionary operations, as well as the pastoral work of the settled churches.

The United Presbyterian Church has adopted an entirely new creed as the basis of its union, founded substantially on the Apostles' Creed. It does not even recognize the Western Confession of Faith, but is bound together by a declaration as simple and catholic as the constitution of our own Gospel Tabernacle. In its Presbyteries, which control the entire work of the church, the native pastors and elders have seats, and the foreign missionary has not even a vote unless he is either a pastor or an elder, and very few of them are native pastors, so that it can be easily seen an independent native church has been growing up which is very rapidly getting out of the hands of the Foreign Missionary Board.

In the American Board churches, which rank next in number and influence to the United Presbyterian Churches, there is even a stronger movement toward independence, and the American missionaries are more and more feeling it, and preparing for the hour when their presence will be no longer needed. Indeed, very strong expressions of this kind have

been used by leading natives, and the pressure has at times been almost painful. Along with this there has been some severe criticism of the expensive way in which the foreigners live and the comparatively small expense of native preachers.

A foreign missionary costs \$1,000 to \$1,200 in gold, while a native preacher can be supported for two hundred yen—which is only about \$130 in gold. These figures are pressed unduly at times, and yet it is not difficult to see how the growing native church, longing for independence, desiring to develop a real Japanese Christianity, and to make the most of all the money, and perhaps a little ungrateful sometimes for all that it has received, and unable to fully understand and appreciate the different circumstances in which the foreigner must live, should be tempted to say, "Give us your money, and let us direct and do the work."

In view of all these conditions, there is probably at the present time a real tendency on the part of these older societies and larger churches to withdraw the foreign element by degrees, and prepare for a gradual transfer of the work to native hands. A good many are going home and some may not return. But even the work accomplished by these successful missions is not yet sufficient to justify their withdrawal. Together these two missions have as yet only 20,000 converts out of forty million people, and their work has but begun. God must have some other and better way of meeting this difficulty. And we were glad to hear from some of the oldest and wisest of their missionaries the assurance that there was much work yet to be done by foreigners in Japan,

and undiminished need for their presence, counsel and influence.

The other missions and churches do not seem to have felt so strongly or at all seriously this ultra independent spirit. Perhaps there are reasons in their own methods of work which will account for this. As we have looked at the whole situation in Japan, we have had the following considerations deeply impressed upon us as they affect the present needs of the work in this land.

1. There is need for a deep spiritual movement. Much of the progress of Japan has been educational and intellectual. Much of the work, even of the missionaries themselves, has been to develop a young giant of philosophical culture and theological smartness, who is in danger of growing too strong for them. We could not help feeling almost everywhere in Japan this sense of intellectualism and the cry of our heart was for the deeper, humbler, diviner strength of the spiritual life, which crucifies the strong-headed will, which lays ecclesiastical ambition in the dust, which baptizes with tenderness and love, and which brings the power, not of strong and self-sufficient men, but of the Spirit of the living God. We are sure that this and this alone will save the churches of Japan from a great crisis, and that it must come upon the missionaries as much as upon the native churches.

All over China we found the cry for this blessing on the part of the missionaries. We have met a good many in Japan of the same spirit, but not nearly to the same extent as in China. Our heart's cry for this land is a deep spirit-

ual movement, a deepening of spiritual life, a separation from the world, a seeking for personal holiness and nearness to God as well as power and success. Lord, grant it to the missionaries and the Christians of Japan. We are somehow impressed that there has been comparatively little distinctive teaching on these special lines in Japan. There are a few very prominent and successful missionaries whose testimony and example on these lines have been very clear. But they need to come together in some public and united testimony which will create and maintain a public opinion on these truths, and draw to a common centre for help and quickening the hungry hearts that are found upon the mission field as much as anywhere else.

There is a meeting held once a year for Bible study, but it is too wide in its latitude for the end that is required.

We believe God is about to raise up such a movement among the native Christians themselves. We found such a movement springing up among the native preachers in Southern India, and it was hailed with much hope by the older workers there. In the raising up of such men as Mr. Ishii, of Okyama, and in the spirit of his humble and consecrated workers, and of some of the devoted native preachers we met at Nagoya, we see more hope for Japan than in any other direction. God bless these beloved brethren and scatter the holy fire on every altar !

We have often said at home that the only true source of successful missions is a spiritual movement in the church. A spiritual home church will produce itself abroad. And a

worldly church will have like children in heathen lands. It is not very strange that when many of the Japanese students came to America, and found at Harvard and Yale a cold and indifferent type of Christian life, and a very broad and liberal theology, they went back to Japan to tell their people that they had been practicing too rigid a religion, and that the high-toned Christianity of America's best circles was a very much freer and easier style of thing. Is it any wonder that the Japanese mind became saturated with such ideas, and a fruitful soil was prepared for the rationalism, the Unitarianism, the higher criticism and the indifferentism and worldliness that have—alas!—made much headway already in this bright new land. How were these children to know the difference?

The remedy for all this is going to be found in the Holy Ghost. We rejoice to believe that a strong, united and uncompromising party of men and women is being gathered by the Holy Ghost from all the missionaries in Japan. This is the spirit of Mr. Buxton and his workers in the northwest, and his brave, true testimony has been made a great blessing already to the missionaries as well as to the natives.

This, we trust, will ever be the spirit of our missionaries in Japan. And this has been the testimony of many others whom, perhaps, it would be invidious to name, but whom, we believe, God would unite heart to heart and hand in hand to seek for Japan her greatest blessing—the endowment of power from on high.

2. Along with this, the next greatest need of Japan is a

bold, aggressive movement to give the Gospel to the unoccupied fields and the neglected classes.

Very much has been done in the way of aggressive evangelism in Japan—more than we had supposed. We were delighted to find how many towns and villages in all parts of the empire, and far beyond the treaty ports, had been occupied successfully. There is no country in the world nearly so well occupied already. And yet, even in Japan, there are whole provinces without missionaries, and it is to some of these, on the northwest coast, that we hope immediately to go with our little nucleus.

But there is one element that has hardly been reached at all, and that is the lower classes. Japan is an anomaly among missionary lands. The Gospel has not been given to the poor, but to the gentry—the Samurai class—and the common people are yet mainly unevangelized. There are *twelve million fishermen alone in Japan*, and few of these have been reached. God has opened the door to the better classes, and the church has wisely entered it. But He is calling to-day, we believe, for a missionary movement which will go wider and lower, and bring to the higher Japanese themselves an unspeakable blessing in teaching them to go to their humbler brethren in the spirit of Christianity and lead them by thousands to Jesus.

3. We believe there is a special opportunity in Japan for the utilizing of native agencies. As in no other land such helpers can be secured. Of course, the number is limited, but there are materials in Japan for which missionaries in

India or China would shout for joy if they could command them. We believe God is going to raise up and prepare a great many more, and send them out by hundreds and thousands as the future evangelists of Japan. We trust our own work in Japan may be able very largely to utilize and employ these laborers. And it is our prayer that the work of Mr. Ishii may become largely a missionary work, and may train and send forth large numbers, not only of his own boys, but of others, baptized with his own spirit, to preach the Gospel in the power of the Holy Ghost in all the unoccupied regions of Japan.

4. And we believe that God is calling His people in Japan to simpler methods and lives of humbler, holier separation from the world. Our hearts are too full of love to our dear brethren abroad, and we have too deep an appreciation of their trials, hardships, and unselfish purposes, to criticize their methods of living. But we believe that the fact that there have been such criticisms, both from the natives and from other sources, should make us all willing to learn any lessons God has for us, and to set such an example of simplicity, economy and separation from the world as will make the line of demarcation abroad as sharp as it ought to be at home between the humble follower of Jesus and the fashionable friend of the world.

We have already said that the cost of living in Japan is much higher than in most other mission fields, and we are willing to concede all that is reasonable and necessary for comfortable and healthful homes, foreign food, winter fires

and extra travelling. Every true missionary should be kept from all need or care about these things. But elegant mansions, Shakespearian readings, garden parties, tennis courts, long summer vacations, and social entertaining surely are unnecessary.

We have no doubt that there are two classes of missionaries here, as elsewhere, and probably the greater temptations and the freer social life of the treaty ports of Japan have led some farther across the Christian line of social demarcation than in other places. But the remedy is not to be found in sweeping charges or indiscriminate criticisms, but in the modest, consistent and uncompromising example of the men and women whom God has raised up in that land to live a true missionary life before their brethren and before the heathen. We believe that they will be able to prove to the world that a simple, spiritual, efficient, and, at the same time, economical work can be carried on in Japan as well as in India or China. An earnest missionary of one of the Boards said to us, only a few days ago, that eight native preachers could be sustained for the amount which he alone receives as a salary, and that it was a grave question with him whether he ought not to retire, and whether more good could not be done by the eight natives than by the one foreigner. We do not feel that he should retire, but that some method should be formed by which both classes can be employed, and yet the utmost economy, without the sacrifice of real efficiency, secured. To prove that this is practicable is one of the aims of our missionaries in Japan. Let us pray

that their experiment may be so successful that the result will be full of encouragement for the future work of foreign laborers in Japan.

What is the prospect of the evangelization of Japan? It seems brighter than that of any other foreign country. With tact and wisdom almost every part of the interior can now be reached. The truths of Christianity are fairly understood by the reading portion of the nation. The sentiment of the people is not so anti-Christian as it is anti-foreign. A native Christianity is fairly popular. Buddhism, Shintooism and the ancient faiths have lost much of their power. There is none of the Caste difficulty we meet in India. There is none of the desperate antagonism we find in China. There is a fair disposition to listen to the truth almost everywhere. Converts are much more quickly won than in all the other fields. Much can be done through an interpreter while the language is being acquired; and yet we would advise all missionaries to learn it and use it as soon as possible. Native workers can be obtained more easily than in any other field. At present our advice would be to send comparatively few new foreigners, and only those of the very highest class, and ever to utilize native workers as much as possible, and by judicious oversight scatter them widely through the yet unoccupied districts of the land.

We believe Japan will be evangelized before the end of the century, and that a blessed missionary movement will go forth from its people, which God will use to reach the millions of Corea, and the vaster myriads even of interior China with the light of the Gospel.

BEAUTIFUL JAPAN.

Off the coast of Asia, 'mid the mighty ocean,
 Lies an Island Empire, strangely fair and bright ;
 Ere the morning sunbeams touch the Asian headlands,
 All her isles are glowing in the dawning light.
 " Kingdom of the Sunrise," well her children call her,
 For 'mid Asian nations she is in the van ;
 First to catch the radiance of a brighter Sunrise,
 Islands of the Morning, beautiful Japan !

Like a youthful giant she is leaping onward,
 Gathering up the spoils of every age and clime ;
 Kindling with the vision of a grander future,
 She would fain outstep the very march of time.
 But her boasted progress and her brightest culture
 Only can exalt the pride and power of man ;
 What she needs is Jesus and His glorious Gospel,
 Only Christ can save thee, beautiful Japan !

Land of wondrous beauty, what a charm there lingers
 Over every landscape, every flower and tree !
 But a brighter glory waits to break upon thee
 Thine, thy cloud-capped Mountain, or thy Inland Sea.
 'Tis the Father's glory in the face of Jesus,
 'Tis the blessed story of Redeeming Love ;
 Wake to meet the dawning of the heavenly Sunrise ;
 Rise to hail the glory shining from above.

At the gates of Asia, foremost of her nations
 God has set her people, in His wondrous plan ;
 China's teeming myriads, and Corea's millions
 Wait for her to lead them to the Son of Man.
 Rise to meet thy mission, haste to claim thy calling,
 'Mid Millennial nations leading on the van ;
 First to catch the Sunrise of the Coming Kingdom,
 Islands of the Morning, beautiful Japan !

XXX.

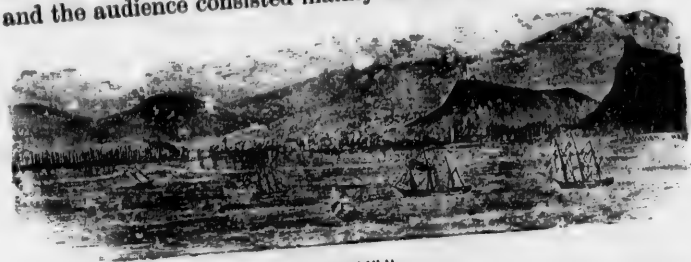
HOME COMING.

THE voyage across the Pacific lasted nineteen days, and was broken almost midway by a short stay at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. Our steamship was the "Oceanic" of the Oriental and Occidental Line, San Francisco. She is fairly comfortable, but by no means a quick boat, and our greatest speed only slightly exceeded three hundred miles a day. She was the first of the ocean racers of the White Star Line, but her engines have been greatly reduced in power and she is now chiefly a cargo boat.

The ships of this line are not comparable with the splendid ocean queens of the Empress Line, and we should certainly advise all our friends bound for the Orient to take the Canadian Line, if possible. They make the trip in about a week less than the San Francisco boats, and all the arrangements are immeasurably superior. We had about fifty passengers on board, including seven or eight Japanese gentlemen. The weather was only moderate, and the Pacific Ocean did not maintain its reputation for pacific qualities, but tossed and squalled a little worse than we have usually seen in the Atlantic, especially in summer, but we had almost got used to the sea, in a journey, nearly half of which was

spent on shipboard, and we rather enjoyed the leisure for our literary work.

The religious atmosphere of our party was not the very highest. Three Sabbaths were spent on the voyage; and on the first, no effort was made to have a religious service until the evening, when we begged the captain to permit us to gather a little company in the saloon, but no more than two or three of the passengers attended, and none of the officers, and the audience consisted mainly of the Japanese on board.



HONOLULU.

The second Sabbath was chiefly spent by the captain, purser and engineer, and most of the gentlemen, in playing cricket on deck, and the same small company attended the evening service in the saloon.

The third Sabbath we had a morning service, and in response to our earnest appeal, the captain consented to give up the Sunday cricket game, but he said he had got so used, in San Francisco, to spending the Sabbath in this way, that he did not see any harm in it. This was but another chapter in the long story of the godlessness of the English and the

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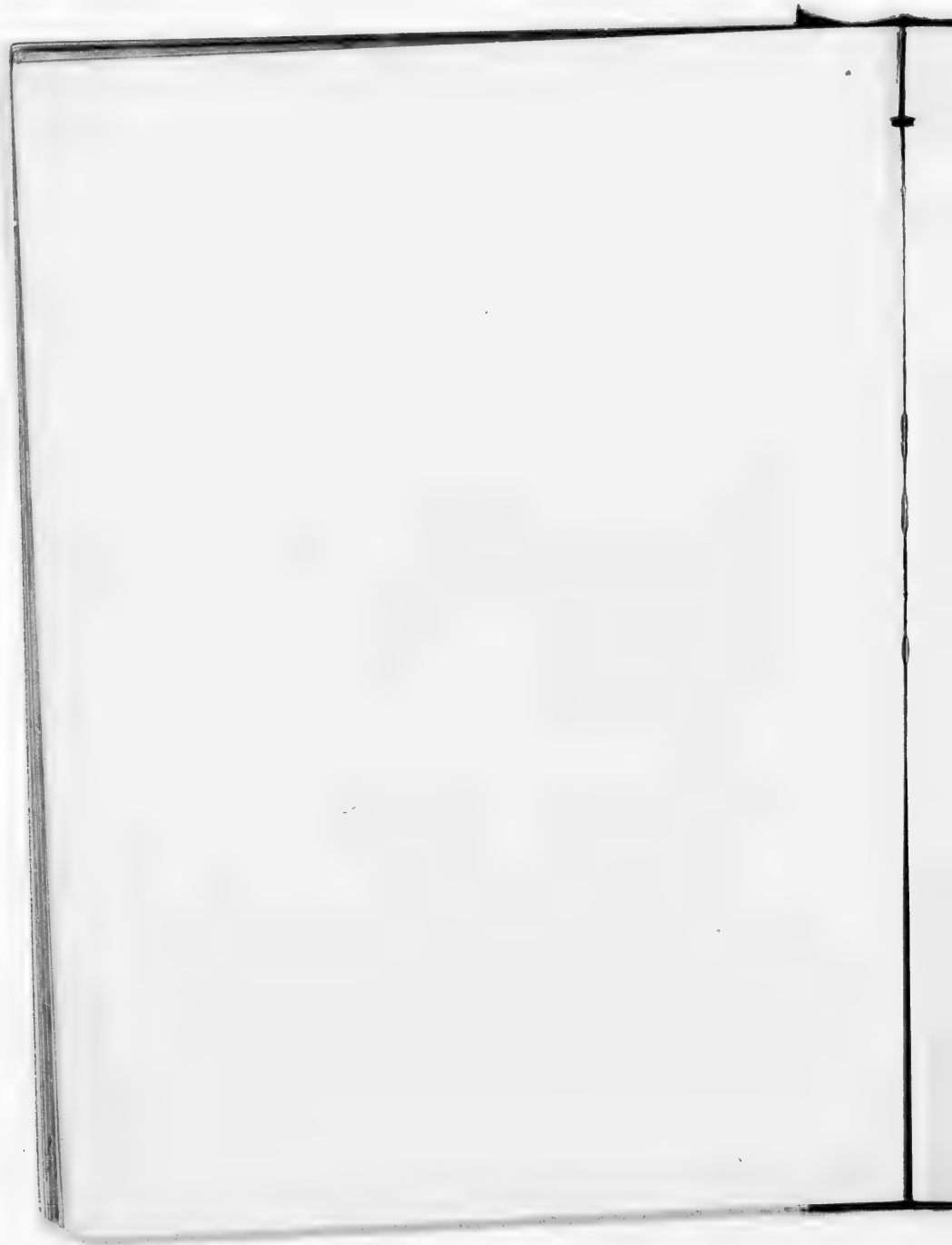


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THE PALACE, HONOLULU.





Americans abroad, and as we looked at that little company of Japanese devoutly worshipping God in the midst of American ungodliness, we thought the day might indeed come when we should see companies of Japanese and Chinese missionaries coming to America to preach the Gospel to the heathen of this land.

Our stay at Honolulu was very pleasant. The day was charming, and the climate of the islands is, indeed, superb. It is, probably, the finest in the world. The thermometer ranges from seventy to eighty most of the year. It is never cold and it is never disagreeably warm. The trade winds continually blow across the islands, and maintain a perpetual breeze which is most refreshing. The vegetation is tropical and luxuriant, very much like Hong Kong, and almost as rich as Singapore.

We took a drive to the mountain behind the town, and looked over the brilliant panorama of valley, hill and shore. The picture was a very pretty one. At our feet the city lay embowered in palm groves; and, just beyond, the water was gently breaking over the coral reef which surrounds the island, and which looked like a beautiful necklace of diamonds, while the lagoon between the reef and the shore was the richest green; and, beyond, the waters of the great Pacific sparkled in the glorious sunshine in every tint, from the deepest blue to purple and crimson, at the far-off horizon line where the ocean met the sky, and the exquisite blue of the glowing firmament was fretted and chased with many-colored clouds.

Two hundred miles south of Honolulu, on another island, is the grandest volcano in the world. Several of our party stopped off to visit it, and we heard the most thrilling descriptions of its majesty and grandeur. It is, literally, a lake of fire, and its lurid light illuminates the night with terrific glory.

We found the islands agitated about the question of annexation to the United States. We had the opportunity of speaking with some of the leading residents on the government side, and we have also met a number of members of the opposition party. We believe the foreign residents are largely in favor of annexation, but there is a considerable party, even of these, who are opposed to it, and nearly all the sugar planters regard it as likely to prove fatal to the business of the islands, as it will exclude the Japanese and Chinese laborers on whom they entirely depend for the cultivation of the plantations. We have no doubt that annexation under the Geary law, which excludes Asiatic immigration, would be fatal to the prosperity of the islands; but if that outrageous act were abolished, and the restriction upon the incoming of the Japanese and Chinese removed, we believe it would be to the interest of the islands to join the American republic, and we are sure it would give to the United States an influence in the East which would be of immense advantage.

It is impossible for one who has not gone abroad to appreciate the value to Great Britain of her colonial possessions. A chain of military stations literally girdles the

world, and gives to Great Britain a commanding influence among the Oriental nations which can scarcely be exaggerated, and which to a great extent constitutes the glory of the British Empire. The American abroad is constantly made conscious of the absence of all these on the part of his own country, and the opportunity afforded in the Sandwich Islands, at present, for the United States to hold the key to the Pacific Ocean is one that ought not lightly to be thrown away. We found the desire for annexation on the part of the American people very intense, and the feeling of disappointment at the coolness with which the proposal was received at home is very strong and painful.

We believe the American government is gravely weighing the whole situation, and we have reason to hope that they will act with fairness and wisdom. No words can too strongly express the outrageous excesses of the late dynasty, and the thoroughly corrupt queen who was deposed last January through the storm aroused by her own despotic and reckless course.

All the islands put together, however, do not amount to very much, numerically at least. The whole population does not reach to 100,000, and as one looks over the Blue Book there seem to be almost as many officials as there are citizens. The resources of the islands are, however, considerable. Sugar is the principal product, and prior to the recent tariff system, immense fortunes were made by the planters.

The principal value of this little country is its strategic position as the key to the great Pacific Ocean, and the island

world. To Great Britain it would be a point of vast importance, and if she gets the opportunity of annexing them, she will not be slow to improve it. To the traveller it is an ideal paradise, and if one had nothing else to do in life but breathe balmy air and gaze on glorious vegetation, one might maintain a very pleasant existence on these dreamy shores. But even Honolulu soon grew tiresome to us, and we were glad when the hour came to take our leave and finish our voyage.

The most pleasant incident of our stay was the courteous hospitality of the kind missionaries of the American Board who received us most cordially to their home and took us down to the vessel on leaving. We found very excellent work among the Chinese of Honolulu. There is also a good work among the Hawaiians, but the native races are fast fading away, and before another generation will probably be extinct. There is, however, no more thrilling story of modern missions than the account of the early evangelization of the Sandwich Islands and the labors of the first American missionaries.

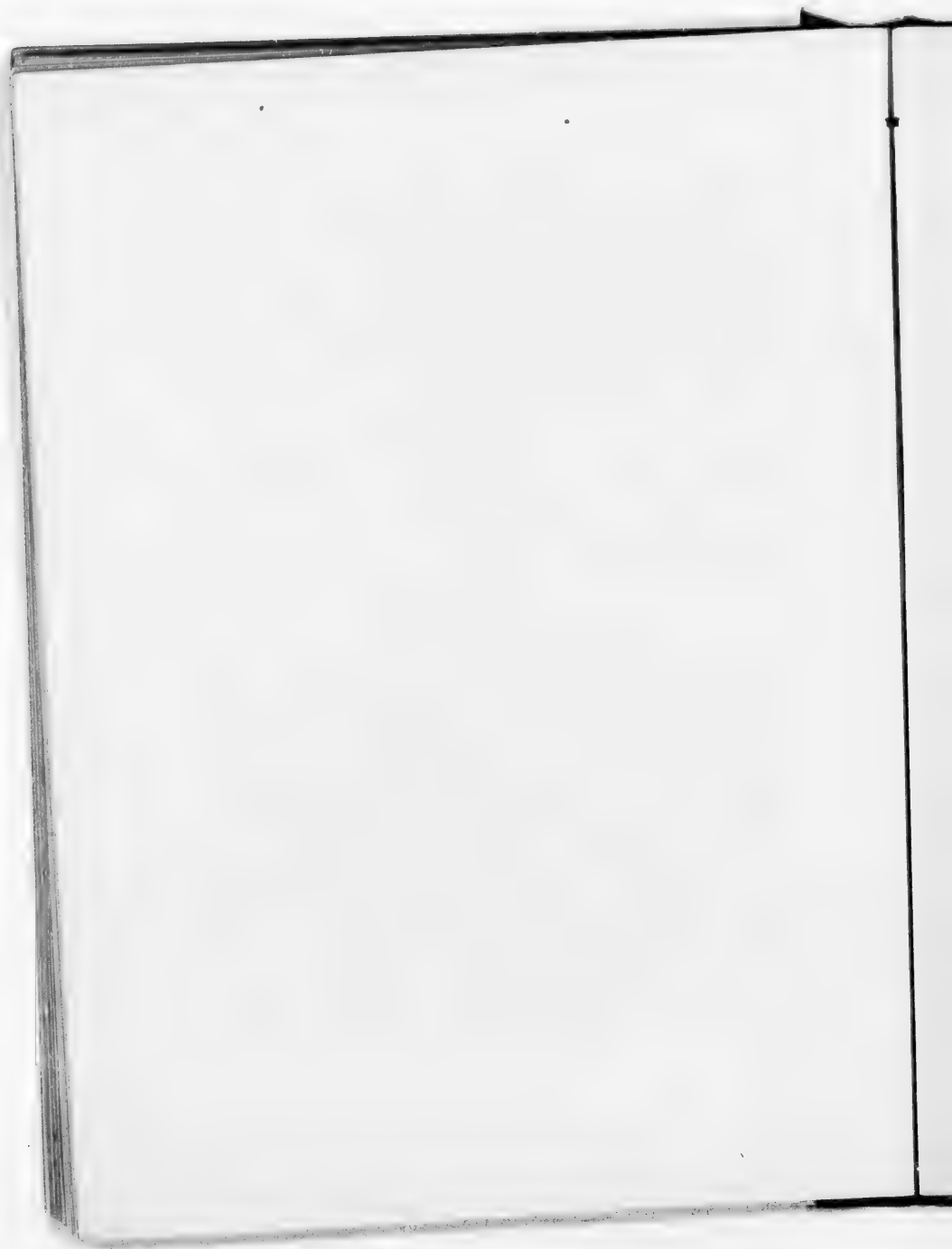
These islanders were originally a splendid race, and the specimens we saw are fine examples of physical development. The men are of gigantic stature, and the women, even, of great size. It is said that the early queens met by the first missionaries were all over six feet in height, and we saw a good many Hawaiian women who made the statement seem exceedingly probable. They are rather a coarse race, and their morals are simply indescribable. They are a bright and happy people, and when the time came for our

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AVENUE OF DATE PALMS, HONOLULU.





steamer to leave, the send-off was characteristic. The wharf was crowded with hundreds of people, and everything had a gala appearance.

A band of music was playing the liveliest airs, and every one who came on board was garlanded with the most gorgeous wreaths of flowers, and amid music and brightness we were sped on our journey by these genial and hospitable people. It seemed as if their heart was turning homeward, and they were calling to their mother-land to receive them and recognize them as her children. Swarms of naked boys followed in the wake of our ship as we left the harbor, diving for pennies like the little African urchins that we had seen at Aden. At length we were off again, and before sunset the bold heights of Diamond Head had disappeared beyond the horizon, and the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean were again surrounding us on every side.

Eight days more brought us to the Golden Gate, and our hearts were strangely moved as we gazed on the Seal Rocks at the entrance of the harbor, and at length rounded the promontory and saw just before us, lying in a beautiful basin, the terraced streets of San Francisco.

We had just an hour to catch the eastern-bound train, but again the kind Providence of God assisted us, and as the sun went down we found ourselves sweeping homeward through the Sacramento Valley, while that beautiful American sunset seemed like a smile of welcome. And as we rode for six days across the mighty continent we wondered how the world had done so long without America.

We broke our journey for an hour or two, in Chicago, to meet with Mr. Moody and other friends to arrange for the coming International Convention of August 13th. We spent the Sabbath in Canada, in our old Hamilton home, and on the following Monday we were, at length, clasping the hands of our precious friends in New York, and uniting with them in thanking God for the extraordinary blessing of more than half a year of separation.

As we look back we find that we have been just two hundred days away from home, have travelled over thirty-three thousand miles, of which more than two-thirds have been on seas and oceans; have been eighty-six days on ship-board, and a passenger on twenty-six different vessels; have passed through fourteen great nations, and mingled with people speaking twenty-six languages; have traversed fifteen seas and oceans; have crossed fifty parallels of latitude and three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude; have been through almost every climate, from the Equator to the North Temperate Zone, and have met with eight hundred missionaries, and passed through heathen countries representing a population of more than seven hundred and fifty millions, or one-half the population of the globe. In all these changing scenes and circumstances, God has never once failed us or permitted us to lose an hour through sickness, or even to miss a single connection by land or water. We cannot thank Him enough for all His faithful love and care, not only over us, but over all the dear friends and precious interests that were left in His hands in the homeland.

Oh, may He help us both together to press on to still greater things for this lost world, which He has permitted us to see only that we might make these needs more real to the hearts of His people at home, and help them more faithfully to fulfill their sacred trust for its evangelization and for the hastening of that glorious hour when this wonderful and beautiful world shall be redeemed from the curse that rests upon it, and realize the glorious purpose for which it was created and redeemed !

One of the strangest incidents of our journey is the gain of a day in the circuit of the world. In our Oriental diary we reached home on Tuesday, but by the Western Calendar it was only Monday. Somewhere out on the Pacific Ocean we had to drop a day. We had overtaken the sun and gained a day, and so we had two Thursdays in one week. It is quite an unusual thing for us, in our busy life, to have a day to spare, but we trust we shall henceforth be found not behind time, but at least a day in advance. It won't hurt our self-importance as Americans to remember that our friends in China and Japan, that we think so slow, are nearly a day ahead of us in the march of Time, and while it is night here it is morning there.

We wish the Christians of America could realize how very small a portion of the world lies within the circumference of their little circle.

Beloved, let us enlarge our vision ; let us see this great world as God sees it ; and in the arms of our intelligent faith and His infinite love, let us claim it all for Him.

574 *LARGER OUTLOOKS ON MISSIONARY LANDS.*

Brothers, let us stretch our heart-strings,
Wide as human woe;
All around this world of sorrow
Let our blessing go.
Over every land and nation
Be His flag unfurled;
Send the Gospel quickly, widely,
All around the world.

XXXI.

THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK.

HOW does the world appear to one who has endeavored to look at it with the Master's eyes, and in the largest vision of faith and hope?

Well, it certainly looks very dark, and if we were working for its salvation under the existing agencies, we should say, very hopeless.

There is no part of it which looks more hopeless than what we call Christian lands. After centuries of preaching and teaching, America and England are farther from a spiritual millennium than they have been for a century.

WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED?

Doubtless very much. In one hundred years it has been estimated that perhaps as many as ten millions of souls in heathen lands have come under the influence of the gospel, and nearly half that number have perhaps been saved.

The most important centres in India, China, Japan, Burmah, Siam and Polynesia have been occupied, and many of the most difficult and remote regions of Central Africa have become missionary centres.

An army of seven thousand foreign missionaries girdles the globe, and forty thousand native assistants are working with them.

The churches of Christ give annually \$12,000,000 for this work, and nearly two hundred societies are working to evangelize the world.

This is much indeed, if we remember the condition of things just one hundred years ago, when Carey, one of the first missionaries, went out, and a small collection of \$60 was the commencement of modern missionary beneficence.

When we put alongside these general results the incidents in detail which have marked the progress of the century, the thrilling, Providential and Pentecostal story of Madagascar, Tahiti, Fiji, the New Hebrides, and the Sandwich Islands; of Moffatt, Livingston, McKay and McCaul; the story of the Zambesi, the Niger, the Congo, and the African Lake missions; of the Telegus, the Tamils, and Northern India; of Burmah and Siam; of Morrison, Medhurst, and the China Inland Mission; and last of all, the marvelous transformation of Japan, in a single generation; truly it may be well said that there have been no facts since apostolic times so startling, so supernatural, and so divine, as the missionary chapter of the nineteenth century.

WHAT YET REMAINS?

And yet, when we look at the other side of the picture, there is nothing on earth so dark.

Mohammedanism has increased more than thirty mil-

lions in one hundred years, while it is doubtful if Christianity has won one thousand souls from its ranks in all this period.

Heathenism has gained two hundred millions in the century, while Christianity has won ten millions from its ranks.

Christian lands have grown in wealth and power, but have made equal progress in wickedness and worldliness; so that to-day the most fearful examples of immorality and vice in heathen lands, and the most powerful obstacles to the progress of missions are to be found in the lives and influence of our own people in these countries.

Notwithstanding the progress of modern missions to-day, the destitution of the best evangelized foreign lands is appalling. Even India has hundreds of thousands of villages that have never heard the gospel. The interior provinces of China are only yet manned by little bands of half a dozen lone workers.

Two vast provinces in China have no missionaries whatever.

Thibet, Anam, Nepaul, Bhotan, the Philippine Islands, most of Borneo and New Guinea are in utter darkness.

The vast Soudan, with its 90,000,000 of people, is only fringed with less than a score of missionaries, and thousands of tribes throughout Central Africa have never seen the face of a white man, or heard of Christ.

We have just passed through lands which contain a population of 750,000,000 of heathen souls, and no language can describe the immensity of the destitution and the con-

sciousness of the utter wreck of this fallen world which everywhere oppresses one.

A hundred thousand souls a day
Are passing, one by one, away
In Christless guilt and gloom ;
Without one ray of hope or light,
In darkness deep as endless night,
They're passing to their doom.

We should certainly count upon centuries if we were going forth with the hope of bringing all men to receive the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and King, and we should be very strongly tempted to begin with the rising generation, and through the children prepare for influencing future generations by the Gospel.

We regard educational missions as the natural and logical sequence of a belief in the final conversion of all the world, through the church and the establishment of a spiritual millennium by means of the Gospel.

But we do not believe that this is the Scriptural standpoint of missions ; and if we are to do effective work, we surely must understand and work in harmony with the plan of our great Leader.

GOD'S PLAN FOR THE WORLD'S EVANGELIZATION.

We believe this plan is not the salvation of the whole human race under the present dispensation, but rather the immediate publication of the Gospel among all the tribes of earth, with a view to the gathering out, from the nations, of

the company of Christ's elect so speedily that the Lord's coming may be immediately hastened, and the promised kingdom brought in which will accomplish for the world in a single generation more than all our work could do in a hundred centuries.

If **this** be the true standpoint of missions, we are not called to build up great educational institutions, and aim slowly to spread in the minds of heathen peoples the principles of Christianity, and lead them gradually up to the Gospel. But our business is to strike once for the present generation of men and women in whom God's Holy Spirit has already been preparing by His secret touch for the reception of the Gospel.

Thoughtful missionaries tell us that there are such people to be found among all heathen nations; men and women like Cornelius, who are "devoutly seeking God and feeling after Him, if haply they might find Him," and when the Gospel comes they recognize it as the voice of the unknown God whom they ignorantly worshipped.

We know not the number that shall compose "the fullness of the Gentiles," but we know God has a people among all nations, and that He is gathering out the first fruits in this dispensation: and when the Master comes the full harvest will be gathered in, and the great Feast of Tabernacles will celebrate the glorious end through the happy millennial world.

THE SCRIPTURAL PLAN.

That this is the true Scriptural conception of missions,

will appear to every thoughtful student of the New Testament. James has laid it down very distinctly in his address to the Council at Jerusalem.

"God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people to His name."

This is just a visit, and it is for the special purpose of taking out of them a people for His name. It is a temporary dispensation. It is the same idea which the Apostle Paul expresses in his great argument in Romans, chapters ix to xi, where he says, "Blindness in part has happened unto Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in."

And so the Lord Jesus has also said that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled."

Hence we find the early Apostles pressing rapidly forward in a great aggressive movement "to the regions beyond," and publishing the Gospel with a rapidity that has never since been equalled, to all the heathen peoples of their time.

But what is to follow this?

The Apostle James has distinctly told us of the Divine plan in the next chapter.

"After this I will return and build again the tabernacle of David, that has fallen down, and will repair the breaches thereof."

This is the restoration of Israel—God's ancient people—which is to follow the close of the Gentile period, and to be brought about by the coming of the Lord Himself.

So the Apostle Paul has also said: "And so all Israel shall be saved; for it is written, I will send unto Zion a Deliverer, and He shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob."

But there is still another stage of development in this great plan.

James has also sketched it with a bold, clear hand, where he adds "that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, who doeth all these things. Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." (Acts xv, verses 14 to 18.)

This last section unfolds the great hope of the world and its universal salvation. It tells us of the time when the residue of men and all the Gentiles shall come to the Lord. That is not to be until the tabernacle of David is rebuilt and the Lord Himself has come.

If therefore, we would hasten the universal salvation of our race, and the restitution of our globe to its long-lost peace and righteousness, there is but one way to do it,—to call out of the Gentiles, as quickly as possible, the people for whom Christ is waiting, and so hasten His return, and with it the blessings which His advent will bring, and which we never can anticipate without His personal presence.

A PRACTICABLE PLAN.

Now this plan is practicable, and immediately so.

The conversion of the world is beyond our power, but the evangelization of the world, so as to bring the Gospel

within the reach of the race within a single generation, is within our grasp. And while in some respects this may seem a smaller outlook than the great conception of a movement embracing the salvation of nations, yet it is really a larger outlook; for this, and this alone, will bring the Hope of the ages, and the Morn for which earth's dreary night has long been waiting.

Often we accomplish the greater by aiming at the less; and while we cannot attack the whole front of the enemy's line successfully, we may, by a combined attack upon a single strategic point, carry the whole line.

The real strategic point in this battle is the coming of the Lord, and the gathering out from all lands, of the Bride of Jesus, the finding out of those whom the Lord is waiting to call, the completing of the number of His chosen ones among the nations, and the hastening of His own return.

All this throws a wondrous light on that distinct and unmistakable promise which the Lord Jesus Himself made in His last discourses: "This Gospel of the Kingdom must first be preached in all the world, as a witness among all nations, and then shall the end come."

Under this banner, and on this battle plan, the Holy Ghost is to-day mustering the missionary forces which represent the blessed hope of the Lord's return. Let all who cherish this hope unite on this line in a wise, concerted and wholly consecrated movement, and we may hope to see the consummation of the grandest ambition and the sublimest hope of all the ages.

To accomplish this will involve tremendous efforts, even in a single generation, but we believe it is not impracticable.

India, for example, which represents one-third of the unevangelized people of the globe, could easily be evangelized in ten years.

Within two years, our own humble work will have planted missionary stations, we believe, in every centre of the provinces of Berar, so that there will be a missionary for every one hundred thousand people, or a missionary party for every county in that province, and every human being can be made fairly acquainted with the Gospel within a decade or less.

Now, if this can be done in Berar, with fifty missionaries, what could be done in India with five thousand missionaries? And these five thousand missionaries could more easily be sent by all the churches of America than the fifty that we have sent by the little company of Christians who are standing back of them.

There are over twenty powerful Societies laboring in India. If each of these would send two hundred and fifty missionaries into the field within the next five years—that is, fifty a year—India would have a force of five thousand more missionaries at the end of five years; and wisely distributed in the unoccupied fields, these would be sufficient to plant the standard of the cross in every strategic point of that vast empire.

This is not impracticable, or even difficult, with a church half in earnest.

We will be glad, by the grace of God, to endeavor to bear our part in sending this number, and the great Societies of our land and other lands could much more easily do the same.

Let us pray that the Holy Ghost will open the eyes and enlarge the hearts of His people to an enterprise commensurate with the vastness of the opportunity and the hope.

China is a more difficult field, and we need to go more slowly in sending large bodies of missionaries to new fields in that land; but we believe that in five years, at least half as large an increase of missionaries can be placed to advantage, and occupy nearly all the great neglected centres.

Africa is the next great field, and its interior is still a grave problem. But God has always gone before His church, and His providence has opened the way in advance for her march, and we are sure that if a great concerted movement were made to plant the Gospel in interior Africa, God would open the way faster than we could follow.

We do believe that such a movement as we have suggested is practicable, if God's people would honestly face it and rise to its grandeur.

THE FAILURE AT HOME.

The greatest lack in the missionary movement to-day is not in the foreign, but the home end of the work. If the same spirit which we have witnessed abroad among the missionaries of most of the Societies were found in the churches at home, the world's evangelization would be very speedily realized.

It seems a great deal to say that the churches of America gave five million dollars last year for foreign missions. But how much did they keep? The best authorities tell us that the actual increase in the wealth of American Christians is five hundred million dollars every year. What are five million dollars out of five hundred millions? Our people could give two hundred times as much as they are giving, and yet not draw a single dollar upon their principal. Instead of seven thousand missionaries, we should then have a million and a half.

This would give one missionary to every seven hundred of the heathen world; and this would be just the proportion in which this land is supplied with ministers.

Our Christian churches have one Protestant minister to every six or seven hundred of our people. We send one missionary to every five hundred thousand heathen. That is to say, we do nearly seven hundred times as much for the evangelization of America as we do for the evangelization of the heathen world.

We laugh at the egotism of China, when it makes its map of the world with China in the centre, and other nations lying in little strips along the edge. But in the sight of heaven, our map is more grotesque, for the needs of America occupy nearly all the centre, and the fringes are given to the myriads of unevangelized lands, which represent twenty times the population of our own country.

THE REMEDY.

How is this state of things to be remedied?

First of all, we believe, by getting the true missionary idea into the hearts of the Christian ministers and the Christian workers of this land.

In other words, it must become our business, rather than an incident of our Christian work. It is the one great thought of God, and ought to be the supreme thought of His people.

Secondly. By getting Christ's true plan of evangelization upon the hearts of His people.

The intelligent understanding of His method and purpose will be of immense value in directing the missionary work of all the churches and societies. Especially should those who rightly apprehend this great thought of the Master work in as close fellowship and co-operation as possible.

Thirdly. We may lay the responsibility of this work upon individuals, rather than societies.

It is to *each* of us that Christ has said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

We can go just as really if we send some one in our place. We believe that there are thousands of Christian men and women in this land to whom it would be an unspeakable blessing to sustain a missionary abroad, and if our Missionary Societies could so adjust their work as to give to our people this opportunity, and reduce the actual cost of the support of the missionaries to the lowest possible sum, there would be thousands of the Christians of this land who would gladly accept this responsibility.

In our own work we have found this to be a great inspiration, and we believe the two hundred already employed can be increased indefinitely as the work grows.

Fourth. We must cease to be surprised at the large gifts which the rich are bestowing, and we must expect that they shall do much more.

We must not be surprised when men give millions, instead of thousands, but the standard of our expectation must be so raised that men's conception of duty will be enhanced to something like the Master's ideal of His people and His work. If David, at a single offering, gave nearly one-hundred million dollars for the erection of the temple, because he loved the Lord and His house; how much more becoming that we, with far greater wealth and vaster opportunities, should give as grandly for the erection of the more enduring temple of the coming Kingdom.

There are individuals who, out of their own means, could evangelize whole nations, so far as the cost is concerned; and we ought to claim for these last days of the Christian dispensation a consecration as magnificent as the opportunities which God has given to us.

Fifth. We must expect a higher class of missionaries. The day is past for supposing that anybody will make a missionary, and we must keep our best talent at home.

God wants the strongest men for the foreign field. There are no such opportunities for glorious service to be found at home. We want to expect large numbers of our most gifted and consecrated men and women to choose these

fields, and go forth a living army of faith and love, to claim the world for Christ in a generation.

Sixth. We want more sacrifice. We want those who go to be willing to go in the most self-denying spirit, and set before the world a living example of the simplicity, zeal, and holy separation which marked the early followers of Christ and the first heralds of the gospel, and we want the church at home to sacrifice as much as the missionaries abroad.

We want the day to come, when every needless luxury and indulgence will seem a crime, when we look at it in the light of perishing souls, and see it stained with the blood of immortal beings whom we have never sought to save.

Seventh. We want a spirit of faith and prayer.

The best and greatest thing that any of us can do for the accomplishment of the world's evangelization, is the ministry of believing prayer, as it is prompted by a spirit of intelligent faith and divine desire.

This is the Master's own prescription for the accomplishment of the work. "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

There is nothing more marked in the annals of modern missions than answered prayer, as shown in the opening of doors, the removing of barriers, the providing of means and missionaries, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the hearts of the heathen.

May we be permitted to mention a few, in order to encourage and inspire our friends to larger outlooks at the throne?

Some years ago, a few women met in a New England city to pray that God would send large gifts of means. In that town there lived a very wealthy man who was not particularly friendly to foreign missions. A few months later he died, leaving one of the largest bequests to one of our missionary Boards which had ever been made by a single individual. It was afterwards found that he had made his will just at the very time when these sisters were praying in that town. He never knew whence came the touch that moved his heart to give that munificent bequest for the world's evangelization. But in the day when all things shall be revealed, those simple women shall be credited as much as he, with that enormous gift.

A few months ago, the writer was speaking in a Western meeting on missions, and telling how much seven million dollars would do for the immediate evangelization of the world. He noticed a very remarkable face in his audience. It was a dear sister in a Quaker bonnet.

She grasped him warmly by the hand at the close, and quietly said: "I think I've got it." "Got what?" he said. "Oh, that seven million dollars." "Oh," he asked, "you mean by faith?" "Yes," she said, "what better way is there to get it? But I will write you when I am sure."

A few weeks later he received a letter from her, written with as much importance as if she had sent him a check

for the seven million dollars, and she said: "Now I am sure, and you may rely upon the Lord to send you that money for the evangelization of the world."

We are not ashamed to say that we felt quite as much encouraged as though we had received a large check from a millionaire.

In the story of Finney's life there are very many extraordinary examples of the power of believing prayer. His greatest helper was an old saint who had been miraculously baptized of the Holy Ghost, and who, when he prayed, believed. In his last days he kept a diary of his prayers, and a record of the places for which he had prayed, and after his death his diary was published, and compared with the records of the religious press, and it was found that special times of blessing had followed the very order of his prayers, and the Holy Ghost had been poured out in an extraordinary manner in the places for which he had prayed. That man, from his little closet, had been able to sweep the world with the power of God's almighty hand.

While in India, the writer met a very beautiful girl, the wife of a native preacher, and learned that she was one of a class of five who many years before were heathen girls filled with all the degradation and misery of a heathen training.

So discouraged had their teacher become that she was almost on the point of abandoning her work. She wrote to a Christian friend in Ohio and asked him to pray for them.

One Saturday night, he came home from his work and went into his closet and spent the evening in prayer for those

girls. At the close he felt that he had been answered, and he rose from his knees and wrote to his friend that God would save those girls.

That Saturday night was Sabbath morning in India, and at the very hour when he was praying for them, those girls were gathering with their teacher in the class. She was surprised that their whole manner was changed, and at the close of the class they came to her and asked her to forgive them, and promised to live a Christian life. They kept their word, and all of them have become Christian women.

Could we have seen what heaven witnessed that day, we would have beheld a flash pass upward from that little closet until it reached the heart of Christ; and then, after lingering a moment, borne onward by the Holy Ghost, continue its circuit until it fell, with the morning sunlight, in the centre of India, where it breathed the living love and peace of heaven upon those heathen souls. Oh, beloved, thus may we all be missionaries.

Not less mighty is the power of prayer to remove difficulties. Some time ago, in Quangsi, the Southern Baptists had established their first station in that difficult province. After awhile, the drought began to disturb the minds of the people, and their priests told them it was because the dragon was offended on account of the foreigners, and they must drive them out.

They gave them four days to leave, and told them that if within that time the rain did not come, they would have to go.

They gathered together for prayer, and waited unceas-

ingly upon the Lord. Before the end of the stipulated time, the clouds gathered, the rains fell, the mission was saved, and the heathen were compelled to acknowledge the hand of the living God.

These are some of the things that prayer can accomplish.

Prayer can send laborers into the harvest, and the right kind of laborers. There is nothing more important or difficult than the securing of the right kind of missionaries. Many of the most promising candidates are liable to fail when they reach the field. The Holy Spirit alone can select the workers who can endure the pressures of climate and circumstances, and who possess the qualities of mind, body and heart which will perfectly fit them for this difficult work. One heaven-sent missionary is worth a dozen of mere human selection.

God can take men from every class of society in answer to prayer. A few years ago, in a most wonderful manner, while friends in London were praying for God to raise up missionaries from among the educated young men of England, a spontaneous movement at that very time sprang up among the Cambridge students, and while the Board meeting in London was praying, a telegram came to one of the secretaries, asking the committee to meet and pray for young men who were waiting upon the Lord about their call to the foreign field.

Prayer can raise up workers from among the natives who will become like Sheshadri in India, Neeissima in Japan,

and Rabinowitch in Russia, instruments in the hand of God to call their own people unto Christ. Oh, may the Holy Ghost call some of us as definitely to this ministry as He has called others to the field!

This is a special priesthood to which God will ordain willing and consecrated hearts who stand continually in the holy place, and hold the incense in believing prayer.

Of such men He says: "I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bring forth much fruit, and that your fruit should remain, and that whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He may give it you."

The ordination is unto prayer as much as for fruit-bearing. Oh, for men who have been set apart for the special purpose of getting answers to their prayers!

We read in the Book of Revelation that when the incense of prayer had been presented before the throne by the ministering angel, "there was silence in heaven by the space of half an hour." Everything above was hushed, that the whisper of prayer might be heard. Then we read, "the censer was filled with coals of fire that were poured out upon the earth, and there were voices and thunderings, and a great earthquake."

And so, when we are true to this mighty priesthood, and send up through the ministering hands of our ascended Lord, our believing intercession, the waiting heavens will listen, the mighty forces of Providence will begin to move, and the trembling earth will reverberate with the echoes of His mighty working and the tread of myriad feet, as the

procession of the advent heralds moves forward to meet the Master's coming.

Above all other blessings, prayer will uphold the lone workers on the field, and give us a hallowed partnership in their toils, trials and recompenses.

They have gone there to represent us, as well as Him. Let us not for a moment fail to uphold them, and to be the channels of life and blessing to their hearts as they go down amid the awful depths of heathen darkness.

HOLD THE ROPES.

Down amid the depths of heathen darkness
There are heroes true and brave,
Shrinking not from pain, and toil and danger,
They have gone to help and save.
But we hear them calling, "Do not leave us
Mid these dreadful depths to drown ;
Let us ever feel your arms beneath us,
Hold the ropes, as we go down."

So beneath the billows of the ocean
Divers plunge for treasures rare,
But through hands that hold the ropes above them
Still they breathe the upper air.
Seeking precious pearls of richer value,
Braver hearts have dared to go ;
But our faithful hands must every moment
Hold the ropes that reach below.

Who can understand the awful darkness
Of these realms of Sin and Death ?
Even the very air is scorched and poisoned
With the Dragon's fetid breath.
But across the widest ocean billows
Love can reach to heathen lands,
And beneath the deepest, darkest surges
Prayer can hold a brother's hands.

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Think you was it only for our brother
 Jesus spake His last commands ?
 Is there nothing left for you to suffer
 In these dark and heathen lands ?
 If you cannot go yourself to save them,
 There are those that you can send,
 And with loving arms stretched out to help them
 Hold the ropes, as they descend.

Let us hold the ropes with hands more loyal,
 Let us pray with faith more strong ;
 Let the love that never fails nor falters
 Faint not, though the strife be long.
 Let us lay our treasures on the altar,
 Let us give our children too ;
 There's a part for each in this great battle,
 And the Lord has need of you.

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